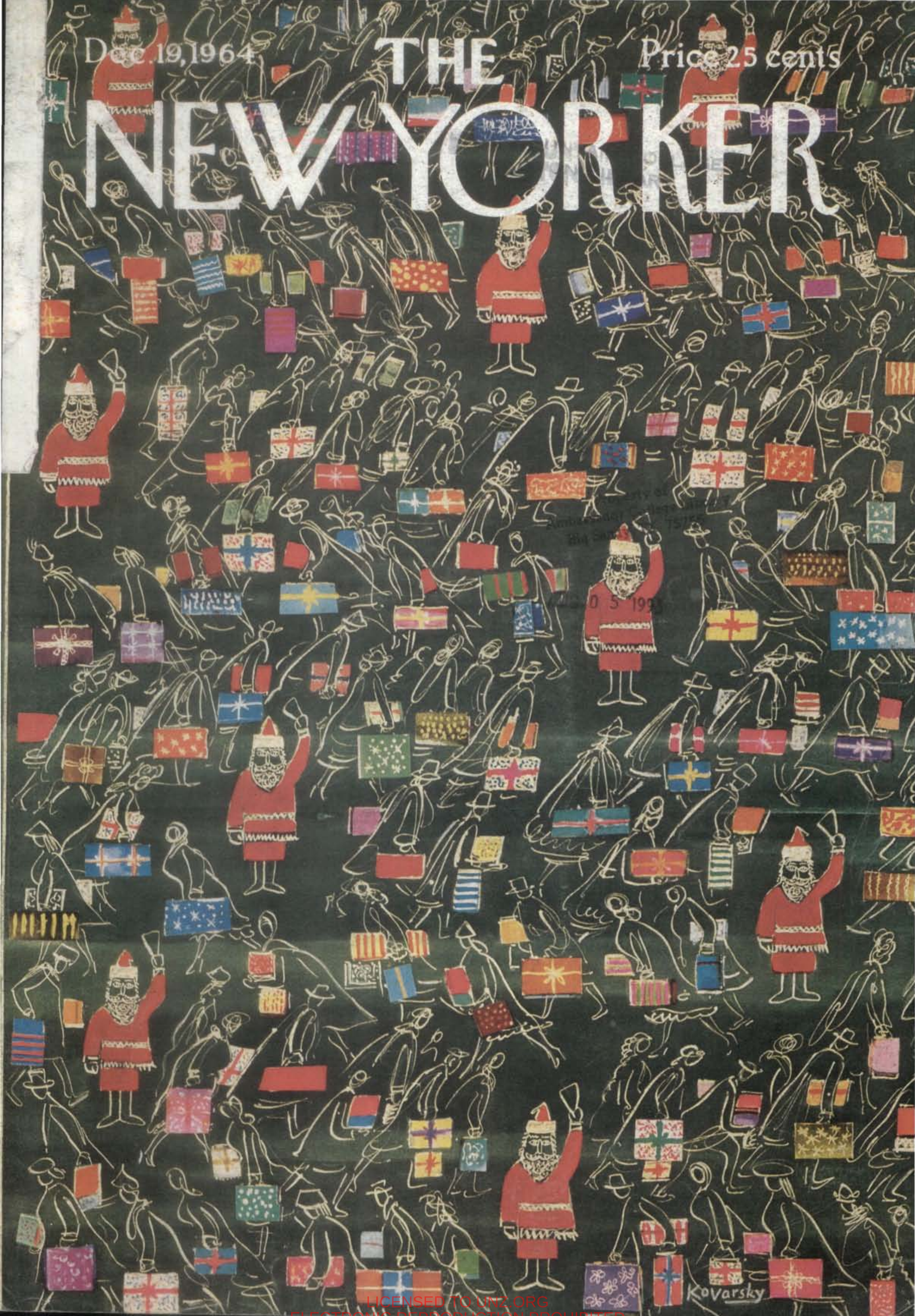
Dec. 19, 1964

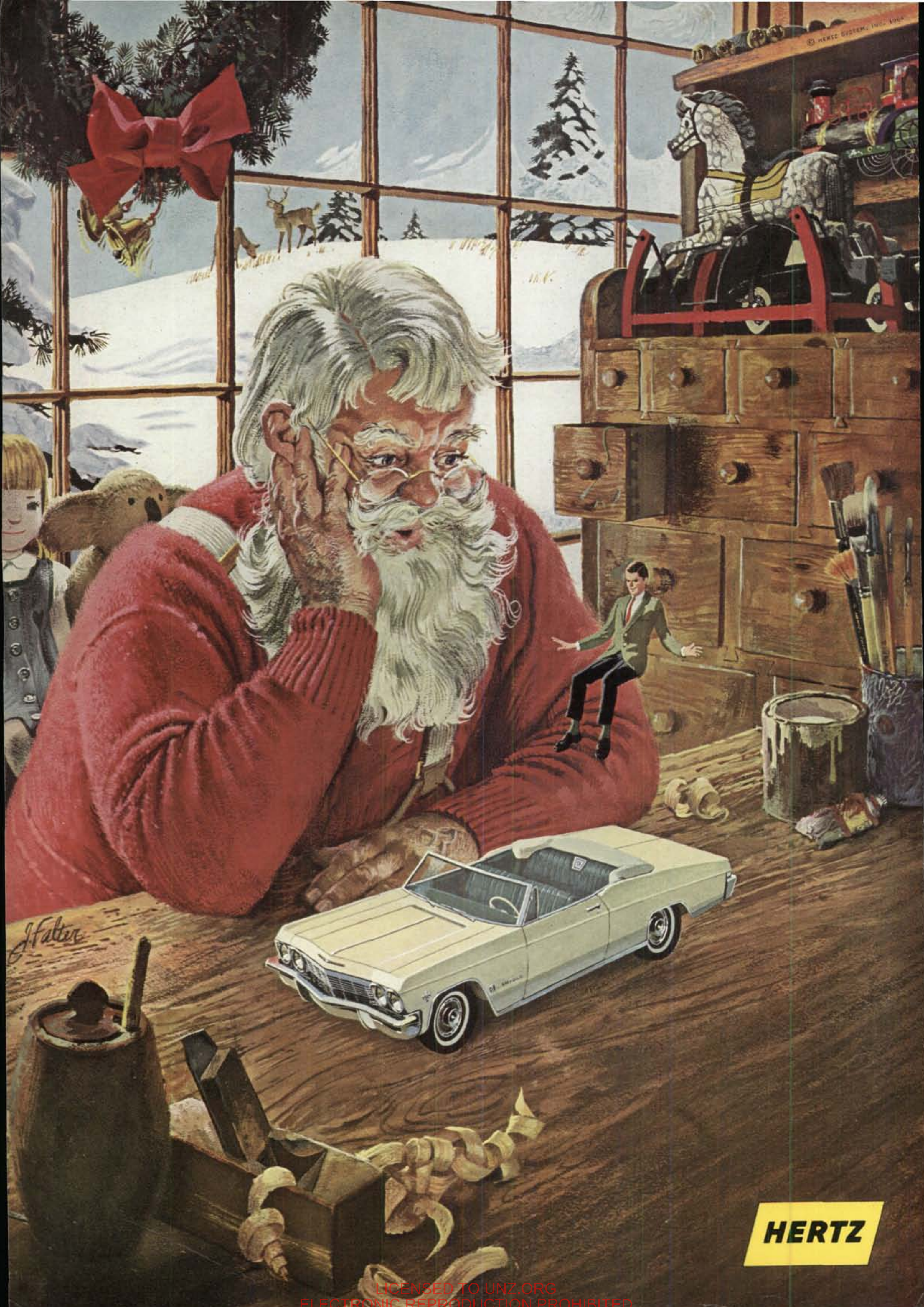
THE NEW YORKER

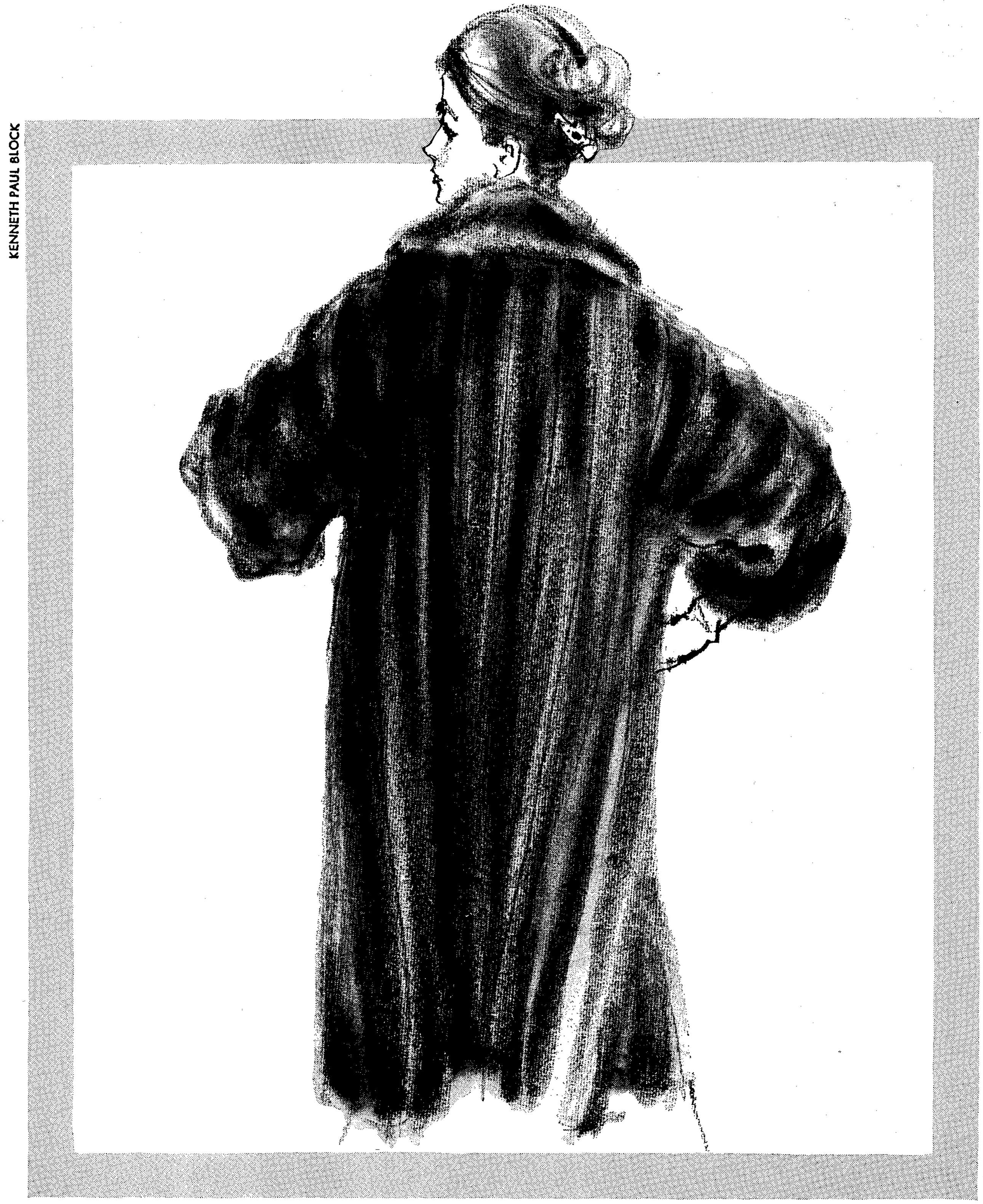
Price 25 cents



Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

[illegible] 0 5 1993


© Hertz System, Inc. 1964
J. Falter
HERTZ



KENNETH PAUL BLOCK

MATCHLESS...BONWIT'S KIMONO COAT IN CANADA MAJESTIC MINK*

From our Gunther Jaeckel Fur Salon, an exclusive design that is a joy to behold: kimono sleeves flowing in an unbroken line from a slim body...its elegance of line perfectly echoed by the natural Canada Majestic mink, extraordinarily dark and silky, 4500.00 plus fed. tax In our Gunther Jaeckel Fur Salon, it has...THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH

BONWIT TELLER

*Trade name of Canada Mink Breeders

New York Manhasset Chicago Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—An eccentric professor who needs a job and his eccentric family try to persuade a corporation spy that they are utterly normal. An admirable company of players, led by Fred Clark, do very well by this comedy, which was written by Ira Wallach. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 20.)

Beyond the Fringe '65—A four-week return engagement of the English revue, with Donald Culland, James Valentine, Robert Cessna, and Joel Fabiani. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 9.)

Luv—A funny triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal, which has an excellent cast—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson—and has been wonderfully arranged by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. The play has been skillfully directed by Arthur Storch, and has a set designed by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—A drunken English poet pursuing his reluctant views and anything else that happens along in Greenwich Village. This comedy by Jean Kerr has its witty moments, and a commendable cast headed by Alan Bates. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ready When You Are, C. B.!—A dreary item about a young lady who rents her Riverside Drive rent-controlled apartment to a Hollywood Adonis for a high fee, and then falls in love with him. Julie Harris is the female in the case, and Lou Antonio is the object of her desires. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—Lorraine Hansberry's description of how things are among the Greenwich Village avant-garde intellectuals. Gabriel Dell is the Brustein of the piece, and Rita Moreno, as his wife, and Alice Ghostley, as his stodgy sister-in-law, help him along, as do most of the others in the cast. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—A trio of eccentric neurotics gabbling away in a seedy candy store in darkest Brooklyn. The play was written by William Hanley, directed by Joseph Anthony, and has George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels as its players. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity about the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A sixty-year-old gentleman is dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies dancing, prancing, reading tea leaves, examining palms, and all that sort of thing in a lively creation that has a book by Ernest Kinoy and music and lyrics by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro is responsible for the choreography, and the musical has the nimble services of Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, and many other attractive performers. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—An old-time piece of agreeable schmalz on the order of the Shubert operettas. The best thing about it is wonderfully ingratiating Robert Preston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge doing his stimulating stuff, this time with Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. Although the material is rather too frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 152
BOOKS 165
THE CURRENT CINEMA 151
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 156
MUSICAL EVENTS 163
THE RACE TRACK 72
A REPORTER AT LARGE 75
THE THEATRE 66

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy but not quite as good as you might hope. The book is by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill. Kay Medford and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. Reopens Monday, Dec. 21, after a week's vacation. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—Sammy Davis in an adaptation of a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of fine production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie frisking through a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. Beulah Garrick will replace Miss Lillie for one week starting Monday, Dec. 21. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What A Lovely War—Joan Littlewood and a couple of collaborators have astutely assembled all kinds of compelling sidelights of the First World War for this revue, and the old songs of the period are still arresting. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

Zizi—Jeanmaire leading a well-drilled corps de ballet in several precision numbers invented by Roland Petit, and singing a few songs, too, when the dancers need a breather. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

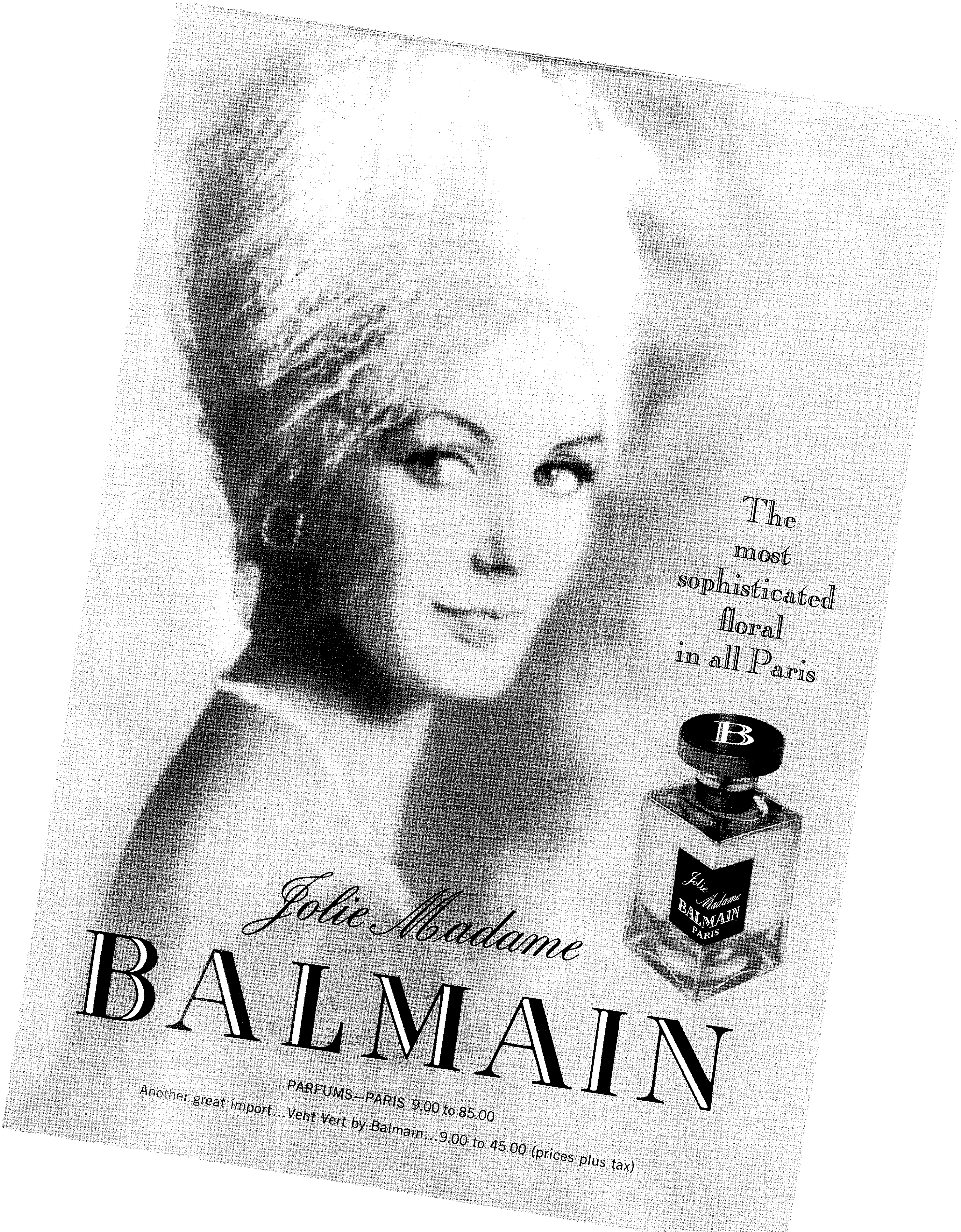
Long Runs—**hello, dolly!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Ronnie Welsh plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Jeff De Benning plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. Reopens Monday, Dec. 21, after a week's vacation. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

I Had a Ball—A musical with a book by Jerome Chodorov, music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman, and a cast headed by Buddy Hackett and Richard Kiley. Joseph Kipness is the producer and Lloyd Richards

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 44, December 19, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.


B
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS

The
most
sophisticated
floral
in all Paris

Jolie Madame

BALMAIN

PARFUMS—PARIS 9.00 to 85.00

Another great import...Vent Vert by Balmain...9.00 to 45.00 (prices plus tax)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

the director. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Alfie!—Terence Stamp, Juliet Mills, George S. Irving, and Margaret Courtenay in a London comedy by Bill Naughton. Directed by Gilchrist Calder and presented by Frederick Brisson. Opens Thursday, Dec. 17. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hughie—Jason Robards and Jack Dodson in Eugene O'Neill's two-character play, in its first presentation here. José Quintero is the director, and the producers are Theodore Mann and Joseph E. Levine. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 17-19, and Monday, Dec. 21. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Mondays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 7 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"The Changeling," some seventeenth-century hokum cooked up by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, has nothing to recommend it. Elia Kazan put the company through its awkward paces. Final performances Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 22-23, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Incident at Vichy," Arthur Miller's belated examination of the processes that sent Jews to horrible slaughter when the Nazis were in charge in Vichy in 1942 contributes nothing new to the grisly record. However, Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne breathe a bit of life into the play toward its conclusion. Performances Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24-25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "After the Fall," also by Arthur Miller, has its faults, but it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement as it goes its autobiographical way. Performances Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

City Center—d'Oyly Carte Opera Company: Final performances of a five-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. "Iolanthe," Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **New York City Center Light Opera Company:** Opening performances of a two-week holiday revival of Lerner and Loewe's "Brigadoon" (with Peter Palmer, Linda Bennett, Scott McKay, Louise O'Brien, and Edward Villella) that will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30 (preview); Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30 (opening); Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8:30; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

APA at the Phoenix—Shaw's "Man and Superman" is the first in a series of three plays by this exhilarating company. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 25, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 and 8. . . . ¶ Tolstoy's "War and Peace," in an English version by Robert David MacDonald, will be the second offering. Previews Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 22-24, at 8:30. Opening Monday, Jan. 11. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, at 8:15.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and The Zoo Story—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Helen—A play by Wallace Gray. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Sundays through Fridays, except Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Mama—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio, and an agreeable straight one by Julius La Rosa. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays—except Christmas—and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays and Christmas at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On the Necessity of Being Polygamous—A Brazilian comedy by Silveira Sampaio, translated by Roberto Campos. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is very good as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Pictures in the Hallway—A three-week revival of Paul Shyre's adaptation of the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, with Peggy Wood and Staats Cotsworth. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

The Room and A Slight Ache—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and The Toilet—Two new plays by LeRoi Jones. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of stinging and funny one-act plays by Will Holt. For the second of them, Mr. Holt has written songs that manage to be satiric and tuneful at the same time. The performances are good, too. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker" is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3, after which the company will go into repertory. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 5:15; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 12:15 and 5:15; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 22-23, at 5:15; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 12:15 and 5:15; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

Alba-Reyes Ballet Español—Maria Alba and Ramon de los Reyes with their company of dancers and musicians. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement of three operas for adults that will run through Friday, Jan. 8. "The Magic Flute": Thursday, Dec. 17, at 7:45; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Abduction from the Seraglio": Friday, Dec. 18, at 7:45; Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Die

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA

A
B
C
D
G
H
I
K
J
R
Q
S
F
W
V
P
L
T
U
O
E
M
N

Rope him in this Christmas

From a collection of rope jewelry for men in 14 and 18 karat gold. A. Tie-bar, $ 55. B. Tie-bar, $ 55. C. Tie-bar with cabochon sapphire, $ 65. D. Key chain, $ 189. E. Tie-bar, $ 35. F. Tie-bar, $ 48. G. Knot tie-bar, $ 85. H. Knot key ring, $ 35. I. Knot cuff links, $ 140. J. Lapis cuff links, $ 115. K. Lapis studs to match, $ 90. L. Money clip, $ 95. M. Loop belt buckle, $ 125. N. Knot cuff links, $ 88. O. Knot cuff links, $ 95. P. Coil cuff links, $ 110. Q. Twist cuff links, $ 88. R. Bar cuff links, $ 110. S. Loop cuff links, $ 90. T. Knot cuff links, $ 60. U. Knot cuff links, $ 90. V. Knot cuff links, $ 84. W. Coil money clip, $ 95.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO 233 Post Street BEVERLY HILLS 9501 Wilshire Blvd. HOUSTON First City Nat'l Bank Bldg. FIFTH AVENUE AND 57th STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Fledermaus": Sunday, Dec. 20, at 9, and Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant's wallflowers (in the mural sense) are vast enough to make anyone feel Lilliputian, but the music is just life-size. George Anaya's minute band, which is Latin and American, does it menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This fashionable watering place, long under the rule of the Perona family, is now under Rule Britannia; i.e., John Mills, the London worldling. The dance music is still dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The plaisance once called Perona's is now a *discothèque* called the Garrison; the Champagne Room, where a trio (non-dance) presides, is still the Champagne Room. The entire operation is closed Sundays and Christmas.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—This, the finest of our remaining floating palaces, is where Stan Rubin's Tiger Town Five and Riverboat Ramblers are offering up music, ancient and modern, to dance to, Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—Milt Shaw's dogtrot band, which is rattling away in the Seven Hills, one of the best residential quarters in Rome, retires on Saturday, Dec. 19, and the Quintetto di Roma, a set of Tiberians, will arrive on Monday, Dec. 21. The pleasurable Dino Palermo, whose voice is filled with flying colors, will be a part of the Quintetto. The music begins at eight and ceases at one. Mario Peralta and his mighty bandonion, a concertina of infinite possibilities, appear off and on, too, beginning a bit earlier, whenever he is not in this hotel's Place Lautrec. Sundays and Christmas are days of rest.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, one of Ben Cutler's jolliest do-or-die-for-dear-old-Yale bands is chattering away every night of the week. Alex Geraldo, who sings to his own guitar, is, though, given every Monday off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, though still a young man, has acquired all the tricks of the trade known as balladry—an acquisition he doesn't need, for he does very well without trickery, especially when he silences his big band and floats casually along on Doug Talbert's consummate musings at the piano. Mr. Jones is a dinner and supper specialty in the Persian Room. The sonorous band of Emil Coleman and the scampering band of Mark Monte wax eloquent through the night. Mr. Jones ends his too brief visit on Tuesday, Dec. 22; next evening brings the first song recitals of the two Barry Sisters, a vigorous commercial enterprise. On Christmas, the Sisters will appear just once, at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's heart-and-soul violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely handmaidens laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights and Christmas Eve are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The tallest star in the firmament. Remote control brings the music of George Cort's quintet to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—That old *concours d'élégance* known as the Maisonette offers the roseate orchestra of Peter Duchin and Quintero's practically peerless Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which are expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Nothing is more up-to-date than the country dances and city dances (the newest is the Urban Sprawl) executed (which is the *mot juste*) by the crew of athletes that haunts this Egypt of another day. The music is issued by computers, untouched by human hands, and it rolls on from eight to four every night.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The wide-open spaces, half a city block long, are occupied by serious dancers who want (and get) room for their daring but still decorous choreographies, and are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud. They sound off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one, but Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-forty-five to six, and a floor show at eleven-fifteen on Tuesdays. Closed Mondays.

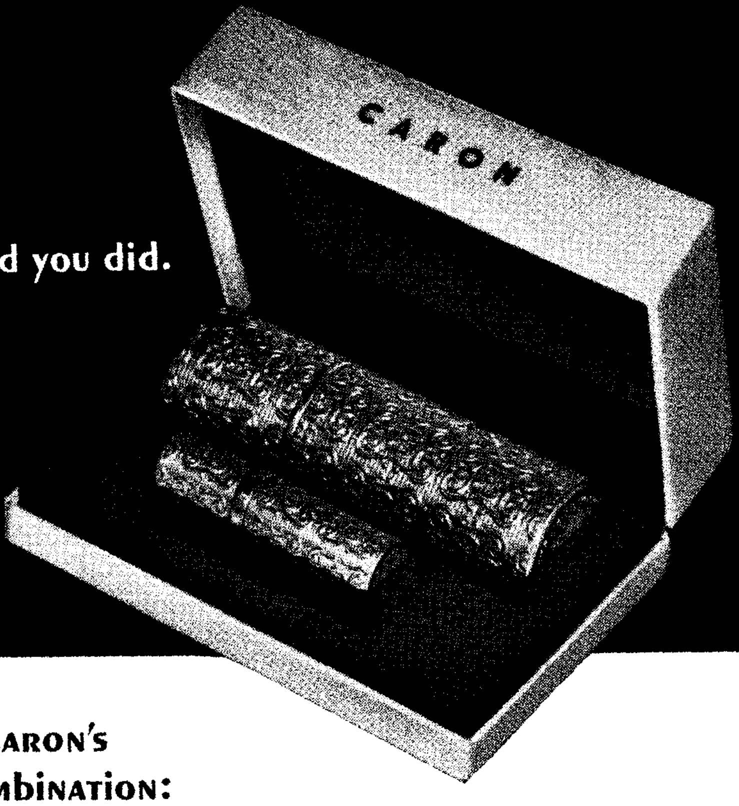
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Boys and girls together, sidewalks of New York, and bar-and-grill—all of which make for one of the biggest conversation pieces in town. Through this merry crossfire can be heard the sound of music, and on this schedule: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat, double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors and sopranos willing to sing for their supper (and dinner, too) without benefit of microphones and other extra added detractions tackle anything from Porter to Puccini. Right now, "My Fair Lady" seems to be their pet pièce de résistance. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also casual dance music. Closed Mondays and Christmas. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jet is the setting, and jet is the set. Bobby Short, to whom such surroundings are customary, plays flip piano and sings flip songs from ten-thirty until the smallest of hours. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms. Jules Kuti lifts the piano cover at five-thirty and plays until nine. Closed Sundays and Christmas Eve, and doesn't open until eight on Christmas. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The evergreen kingdom of Cy Walter, the Bureau of Standards by which drawing-room musicians must be measured. His piano, both succinct and succulent, is presented on a timecard that is generous—six to one, except Sundays. . . . **THE LATE EDITION,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): It's the new home of Hugh Shannon, whose voice and piano have a late-late-show sound that keeps the room—and the adrenalin—jumping. Ten until three is his stint, and the customers are wined and dined all along. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough time for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): All the ills that love is heir to are alleviated, or even cured, by the artful lyrics that no one but Mabel Mercer has on the tip of a wise old tongue. Her ministrations to the walking wounded commence at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton, her lifetime equerry, is her pianist. Closed Sundays and Christmas Eve. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The divine right of a king to play at being Royal Architectural Nonesuch has been fully exercised in this castle keep. Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The optical illusion is that you have joined a royal Crusade to the Holy Land; it is *not* an illusion that the army involved travels on its stomach. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by half a dozen musicians eternally on the prowl. Closed on Christmas. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from José Luis Franco, whose guitar warms itself with thoughts of sunny Seville. He begins at eight in the third room back of this opulent display. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—the guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. He absents himself on Mondays. Closed on Christmas. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys who belong to television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every day of the week. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. Closed on Christmas. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This tribute to northern Italy and its cookery leads a nice, easy life—Joe Candullo's cheery dance threesome from eight-thirty on. Fridays and Saturdays, voices are apt to join in. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission the bandonion with which he also appears in the Hilton's Seven Hills. He wanders about the dining tables of the Place every so often between six and ten. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-

if you'd
gone to France
on a business trip,
she'd want you
to bring back
some of those
fabulous
fragrances
by Caron.

this Christmas, pretend you did.



make it merrier with Caron's "matched set" gift combination:

a beautifully-wrapped-and-ready presentation case (even the paper's French) containing both the purse-size, perfume-loaded Derringer and the exquisite Golden Spray filled with Eau de Toilette, in the Caron fragrance of your choice.* $12 and $13, plus tax, at all fine stores. Each is available separately . . . refillable anytime.

PARFUMS CARON, PARIS.

CARON

*FLEURS DE ROCAILLE • BELLODGIA • NUIT DE NOEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday, the golden-haired Daphne Hellman quietly plies her golden harp; the rest of the week, Gladys Hubner does the honors. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's nip-and-tuck between the scenery and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. During the week, they come out even (sound effects from five-thirty to eleven), but the musicians, augmented by dancers, always win out on Sundays (sound effects from one to nine, a schedule that will hold good on Christmas, too). . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, a plenitude of sombre *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these). Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, chants at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle-washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays and Christmas. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which the *Social Register* is compulsory reading. George Feyer noodles through his *point-d'Alençon* piano readings from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Show tunes get a nice, casual hearing from Al Valenti's guitar, which is front and center in this minute but regal bar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. No dining. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner keeps a cool head and a cool keyboard going on and on from five-thirty until midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): This year's *pied-à-terre* for Ralph Strain, court pianist for the Hamptons set. His carefully constructed music flows gently through every evening but Sunday and Christmas. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar, there is piano every so often from six until one-thirty by Tony Garody, who sheds a lovely *clair de lune* upon everything from Moon River to Vermont. Enzio Lembo, guitarist and tenor, sets to at nine-thirty. Mr. G. is away Mondays, Mr. L. is away Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night," a dream of fair women come true, is likewise a prodigious caper choreographed to the hilt by Richard Barstow. It is replete not only with young ladies but with the customary astounding variety acts—the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire, the death-wish French ballet of the Caron family, a maniacal Japanese demon-driver sequence, the very British Dagenham Girl Pipers. The New Zealand rock-'n'-roll group is, however, just grin-'n'-bear. It will be replaced on Wednesday, Dec. 23, by George Matson, as funny a lampooner of the fair sex as you're apt to meet in a lifetime. Dancing. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Norm Crosby (talk, talk, talk in the Broadway manner) is supplemented by Lou Monte (sing, sing, sing) and by an octet of coiffed and cushioned blondes who, stock-still or in their elemental ballet, are good to look upon. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, Erskine Hawkins' quartet carries on as if there were no tomorrow. It stands to and delivers from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): This emporium, which can change its mind as quickly as it can change tablecloths, has suddenly come up with Carmen McRae, whose sculpturing of arias is always a treat, and Sal Salvador's orchestra, which, for the first time in history, will provide for dancing in the Basin streets. All hands depart on Saturday, Dec. 19, to be replaced on Monday, Dec. 21, by the All-America bandsmen of Duke Ellington, peer of the realm. Jean-Paul Vignon will be the tenor of the evening. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In romping rhetoric that is both contemporary and Congreve, the way of the world is cajoled, chivvied, and contemned in a revue—Julius Monk's fourteenth, "Bits & Pieces, XIV"—that rises and shines above all other ventures into the medium. The swift completion of its merry-go-rounds is accomplished by Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson, well-remembered faces from earlier Monk animadversions, and also by the newcoming Barbara Minkus, a tumultuous tomboy, and Nancy Myers, a little seraph. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are the pianoforte orchestra. Nine and eleven-thirty every evening but Sunday and Christmas Eve. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Another bale of flamenco artists has just cleared customs and is on jubilant exhibition in the back room. Dinner and supper is the schedule for these players, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance here continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, giving every line he reads a wonderful flavor of lunacy, is the prize of a tiny revue, "The Game Is Up," which also makes good use of Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. The revue itself is sometimes sly, sometimes at a loss for words. The runs begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays and Christmas Eve. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The British spoof called "Cambridge Circus," involving half a dozen young Britishers and one girl compatriot, is wending its uneven way here. Ray Bryant's threesome is the musical background. The charivari takes place at eight-thirty most nights, at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Oscar Brown, Jr., who sees life through a glass darkly, assembles words and music more or less to match, and sings them with becoming simplicity. His plan of attack is Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Among the musicians here is Mose Allison's trio, endeavoring always to keep current, keep cool. Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. No music Mondays, which are dedicated to *conversazioni,* often spirited, by people accustomed to speak their minds. The topic is always what's wrong with what, and the shooting begins at nine-fifteen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem may smile when they dot the Irish "i"s and cross the Irish "t"s of their lyrics, but they mean every rebellious word they sing. Alongside are ranged the quartet of Thelonious Monk, whose piano seems to have found the lost chord, and Letta M'oulo, a South African singer. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway (GR 5-7804): The Village's leading coffee *finca.* Mike Settle, a gentle Ozark zephyr, carries on the tradition that folk music is king here, and a less effective Israeli threesome follows suit. Just for the hell of it, there is comedy, too, by the budding Dick Cavett. On Wednesday, Dec. 23, the Israelis will be succeeded by the Bitter End Singers. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): You can't tell the players without the program, which is always a crash one. Late afternoons, the music issues not from templed hills and rocks and rills but from rocks and rolls; later on, Max Kaminsky leads a bumptious band (Jake Hanna and Bob Wilber are in it) into action, and Red Allen's muskeeters help them out. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): One group is dominated by Dizzy Gillespie and his horn of elfland; the other is dominated by Gerry Mulligan and his gale-force instrument. Jam sessions Mondays, when the standing army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): To the amazement of no one, Jim Hall and Lee Konitz, who run a quartet, are temporarily at home again. On Friday, Dec. 18, though, John Coltrane's foursome will take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Teddy Wilson, timeless, precise, imperturbable, and cheering, fingers a piano for the benefit of a trio; Charles Lloyd's quartet, which fills in, will be replaced by Roland Kirk's group on Tuesday, Dec. 22. On Mondays, the music comes from the Upper Bohemia Six, a collection of gentlemen jockeys. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko's assemblage of ah, yesterday musicians—Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leeman among them—really enjoys turning time backward in its flight. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): All there is to know about playing jazz piano—all, that is, until Mary Lou Williams, the narrator, invents some more of it. Her threesome shares the podium with John Bunch, whose solo piano is likewise of intricate interest. Nine-fifteen is starting time; no music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Zutty Singleton are his snap-the-whip aides. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four every night, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and not especially ancient come-as-you-are devotees. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty there is a Dixieland jazz concert. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, weird, wild, and sort of wonderful, plays piano and organ, and sings, too, after ten o'clock. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris is in it) use this period

THEATRICAL COSTUMES
RENTAL OF COSTUMES
COSTUMES FOR SALE
RD

Hearts are gay in Mexico

■ Laughter ripples through the land. Smiles are shy yet warmly welcoming. Music is everywhere. The lift you get from your vacation in Mexico will buoy your spirits long after your suntan has faded or you've stopped bragging about the biggest marlin ever!

Mexico indeed has magic. It also has modern, even luxurious hotels and restaurants—all the basic comforts you want plus some mighty spectacular charms all her own.

Where else can you combine sparkling blue seas with snow-capped volcanoes...modern architecture and the marvels left by Mayans and Toltecs a thousand years ago...swimming among gardenias and soaking away fatigue in any of a dozen famous spas ...deep sea fishing and dancing under a tropical moon to *mariachis*. Where else the winding cobblestoned towns, great museums, golf, jai alai, horseracing and bullfights.

Mexico has all this and more, much more. So come to relax, have fun, join the frolic at a colorful village fiesta, skin dive in warm, clear waters or simply laze on a beach. Your travel agent will fill you in on marvelous Mexico.

MEXICAN NATIONAL TOURIST COUNCIL
Mexican Government Tourist Dept.
Dept. NY6, 2 East 55th St., New York 22, N.Y.

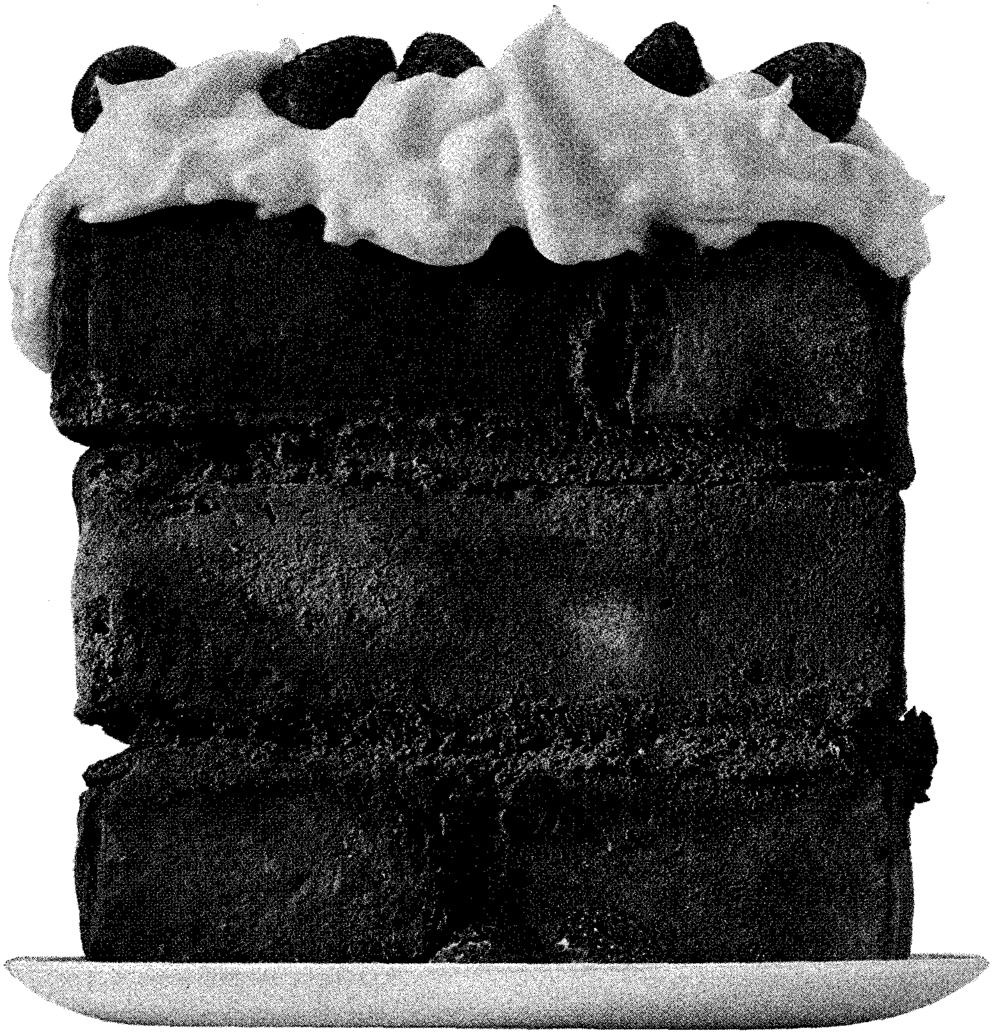
Gentlemen:

Please send me illustrated literature on Mexico.

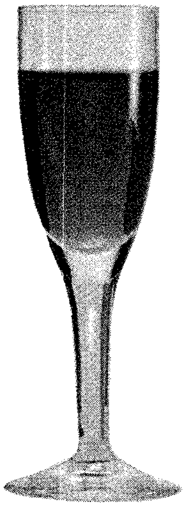
NAME______________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY________________ZONE____STATE________

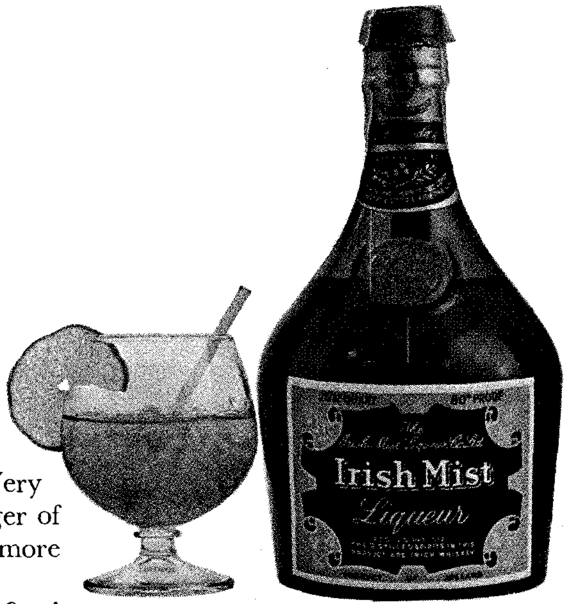


Skip the heavy dessert.



Sip
the light
one:
Irish Mist
Liqueur.

What is Irish Mist Liqueur? An engaging blend of Tullamore Dew, rich heather honey, rare Gaelic herbs. Smooth. Smart. Very satisfying. Order neat as above, or in an Irish Mister (one jigger of Irish Mist Liqueur over ice with fresh lime). You can't ask for a more pleasant escape from heavy desserts. **Bartenders tend to confuse Irish Mist Liqueur with Irish Whiskey (excellent though it is). So be firm!**



80 PROOF. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

piece to make music that matches it. Closed Mondays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): A fairly Junior League, and a fairly informal one, spends the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. A nice, easygoing band of traditional standing does the exercise music from nine-thirty until early morning night after night, except Sundays, when another band gives the proceedings a different Twist.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas.)

GALLERIES

MAX BECKMANN—An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—Abstract paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 31. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER—Semi-abstract watercolors of landscapes and seascapes; through Jan. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS COLE (1801-48)—American and European landscapes, mostly early; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

EDGAR DEGAS—Nine monotypes of landscapes; through Dec. 31. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ELAINE DE KOONING—Portraits and sketches of President Kennedy; through Dec. 31. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

EMLEN ETTING—Drawings done over the past twenty-five years; through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GRACE HARTIGAN—Abstract paintings and collages; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

PHILIPPE HOSIASSON, EMIL SCHUMACHER, AND IAROSLAV SERPAN—Abstract paintings by three Europeans; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ANGELO IPPOLITO—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HERBERT KALLEM—Semi-abstract and abstract sculptures in welded metal and found objects; through Dec. 31. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MANOLO (1872-1945)—Sculptures and drawings by the Spanish artist; through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEO MANSO—Collage-assemblages; through Dec. 31. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MATTA—Bronzes by this Paris artist better known for his paintings; through Jan. 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY V. POOR—Paintings, drawings, and ceramics; through Dec. 30. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MARIA POTOCKA—Watercolors by a Polish artist; through Jan. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MEL SILVERMAN—"Collages: People and Places;" through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW—Drawings, dating from 1927 to the late forties; through Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

FRANCISCO TOLEDO—Watercolors and oils by a Mexican Indian who lives in Paris; through Jan. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BEN WILSON—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Granite, 63 E. 57th St.)

IAN WOODNER—Watercolors; through Jan. 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

THE SCULPTOR AND THE ARCHITECT—Elevations, blueprints, photomurals, drawings, and models of sculptures illustrating how sculptors and architects (such as Harry Bertoia, Minoru Yamasaki, Antoni Gaudi, George Rickey, and Victor Gruen) work together; through Jan. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANA—An exhibition of weathervanes, music boxes, paintings, trade signs, decoys, decorative eagles, and toys of the last century, from the Shelburne Museum, in Shelburne, Vermont; through Dec. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays; closes Thursday, Dec. 24, at noon.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings ($75 to $2,500) by American and European artists, including Milton Avery, Max Ernst, and Egon Schiele; through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 40 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures ($25 to $350) by Randi Aaroe, Alf J. Stromsted, H. T. Snell, and others; through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Ben Shahn, John Marin, and William Zorach are three of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints ($100 to $2,500); through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Joseph Hirsch, Raphael Soyer, and Chaim Gross are among the contributors to a show of small paintings, drawings, and sculptures ($75 to $1,200); through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: French works in a variety of mediums ($450 to $14,500) by, among others, Renoir, Pissarro, and Rodin; through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Watercolors and gouaches ($150 to $500) by Karel Appell, John Hultberg, Grace Hartigan, Paul Jenkins, Lester Johnson, Bob Thompson, and Wendy Vanderbilt; through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **MARKS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Drawings, watercolors, lithographs, etchings, and sculptures ($50 to $1,000) by Miró, Lyonel Feininger, and Peter Chinni (to mention a few); through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Three of the participants in a show of small oils, drawings, collages, and sculptures ($25 to $300) are Zalmar, Richard Byrnes, and Peter Wrangell; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SUDAMERICANA**, 10 E. 8th St.: Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures ($5 to $500) by twenty-five Latin-American artists from fourteen countries; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays; open Friday evening, Dec. 18, until 9:30.). . . **WEYHE**, 704 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints ($5 and up) by Braque, Chagall, Frasconi, and others; through Thursday, Dec. 24. . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures, drawings, and paintings ($50 to $750) by, for instance, Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Kurt Seligmann; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and others; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such artists as Fannie Hillsmith, Reginald Pollack, and Stanley Bleifeld; through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran, Homer D. Martin, and other artists of the Hudson River School; through Dec. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Three Generations," a loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures covering the period from Brancusi and 1910 Cubism through Abstract Expressionism to pop art; through Saturday, Dec. 26. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Part II of the gallery's twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, made up of paintings by Edward Hicks, Grandma Moses, Henri Rousseau, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 19.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Old-master drawings (late fifteenth to early nineteenth century) by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Piranesi, Ruskin, and G. F. Watts; through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs by four members of the Cobra group—Pierre Alechinsky, Corneille, Asger Jorn, and Henry Heerup; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit loan exhibition, "Important European Paintings from Texas Private Collections," including works by Cézanne, Klee, and Modigliani; through Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . **PACE**, 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Giacometti, Henry Moore, and other modern masters; through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations beginning with anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts and ending with prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A travelling retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the German Expressionist Max Beckmann; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibition is the Beckmann showing at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Francesco Bassano's "Adoration of the Shepherds," painted between 1580 and 1590, on loan for the Christmas season from the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in Vienna; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—"Robert Henri and His Circle," an exhibit celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, in which his paintings are supplemented by those of, among others, George Bellows, William Glackens, and George Luks; through Jan. 10. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Beach, the Burlesque, and the Bowery," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Marsh, marking the tenth anniversary of his death; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ A survey of paintings (1928-64) by the French artist Jean Hélion, tracing his development from earlier abstraction to current realism; through Dec. 27. (Tuesdays through

Young New Yorkers

—long mad for madras—have discovered a new way to wear it: quilted! Marvelous new look for this famed Indian cotton—suit-making jacket and skirt by Stratford, sizes 5 to 15, 25.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays, except Christmas; noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Shaped Canvas," consisting of twenty-six paintings by Paul Feeley, Sven Lukin, Richard Smith, Frank Stella, and Neil Williams; through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Dec. 24, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Art Israel: Twenty-six Painters and Sculptors," a travelling exhibit of works by contemporary Israeli artists; through Jan. 24. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except Christmas, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries from the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne;" through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Jan. 15. (Weekdays, except Christmas and Saturday, Dec. 26, from 9:30 to 5. Closes Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—This year's Christmas exhibit features the Stettheimer doll house, a mansion of fourteen rooms, each in a different style, from Louis XV to modern and Pennsylvania Dutch to Oriental. The glass-enclosed elevator moves up and down, and there are even original miniature works of art by Lachaise, Duchamp, Archipenko, Bouché, and the like. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Amusements" is the name of a show made up of toys, constructions, books, figures, dolls, paintings, and other things to look at and play with; through Jan. 17. (Weekdays, except Christmas, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; through Jan 31. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Biserka Cvejic, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Judith Raskin, Otto Edelmann, Karl Dönch, and Barry Morell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Barry Morell, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 21, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Raina Kabaivanska, Carlo Bergonzi, Nicolae Herlea, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Manon," with Mary Costa, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Janis Martin, Arturo Sergi, Robert Merrill, Paul Franke, and Agostino Ferrin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, John Alexander, Anselmo Colzani, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Judith Raskin, Otto Edelmann, Marko Rothmuller, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: "Falstaff," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Regina Resnik, Jeanette Scovotti, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—William Steinberg conducting, with Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 18, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Thursday, Dec. 31.

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn directing Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Janice Harsanyi, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and the Cantata Singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Raya Garbousova, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Izler Solomon conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 21, at 8:40.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Dvořák program. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a benefit Christmas concert. (St. James' Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 2-5350.)

Hamilton College and Wells College Choirs—A joint concert, directed by R. Douglas Sheldon and with the Hamilton College Brass Choir. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing a Bloch-Mennin program, with Ephraim Biran, baritone, and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing an all-Mozart program with Louise Natale, soprano; Georgia Davis, contralto; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; Fred Jones, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

New York Christmas Music Festival—At Philharmonic Hall—Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 21-22, at 8: Lukas Foss directing the Buffalo Philharmonic and a chorus in performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and other soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8:30: Lukas Foss directing the Buffalo Philharmonic and the State University of Buffalo Chorus, and playing the piano, in an all-Mozart program, with Marilyn Tyler and Lynn Owen, sopranos; Lillian Garabedian, mezzo-soprano; and Jacob Barkin, tenor. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra in a Vivaldi-Pergolesi program, with Marilyn Tyler, soprano, and Maureen Forrester, contralto.

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Heidi Krall, soprano; Mary Davenport, contralto; Jerold Siena, tenor; and Raymond McAfee, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

The Play of Daniel—The second of two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of fifty includes singers, actors, and players on medieval instruments. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28-29, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 30, and Friday, Jan. 1, both at 3 and 8:30. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 877-3300.)

Note—On Saturday, Dec. 19, two concerts of Christmas music will be presented in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. The New York University Glee

Club, directed by Jon de Revere, will appear at noon, and choristers from St. Patrick's Semi-Military Academy, directed by Angela Menna, will appear at 3.

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of medieval music of Burgundy and Flanders. (Fuentidueña Chapel, the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 2:45. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Artists' Choice Concert—Sonya Monosoff, violin; Robert Conant, harpsichord; and Janos Scholz, viola da gamba, in a program of baroque music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley, Werner Josten, and Jacob Druckman, performed by Stanley Hoffman, violin; Zita Carno, piano; the New Haven Schola Moderna, directed by Hugh Ross; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violin; Michael Tree, viola; David Soyer and Lynn Harrell, cello; and Peter Serkin, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3 and 9.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Diahann Carroll, Phyllis Curtin, Colleen Dewhurst, George Gaynes, George C. Scott, Isaac Stern, Maria Tallchief, and the New York City Center Orchestra conducted by Julius Rudel. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Tony Bennett and Woody Herman's band. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 25, at 6:30: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Boxing—Oscar Bonavena vs. Billy Stephans, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 18. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

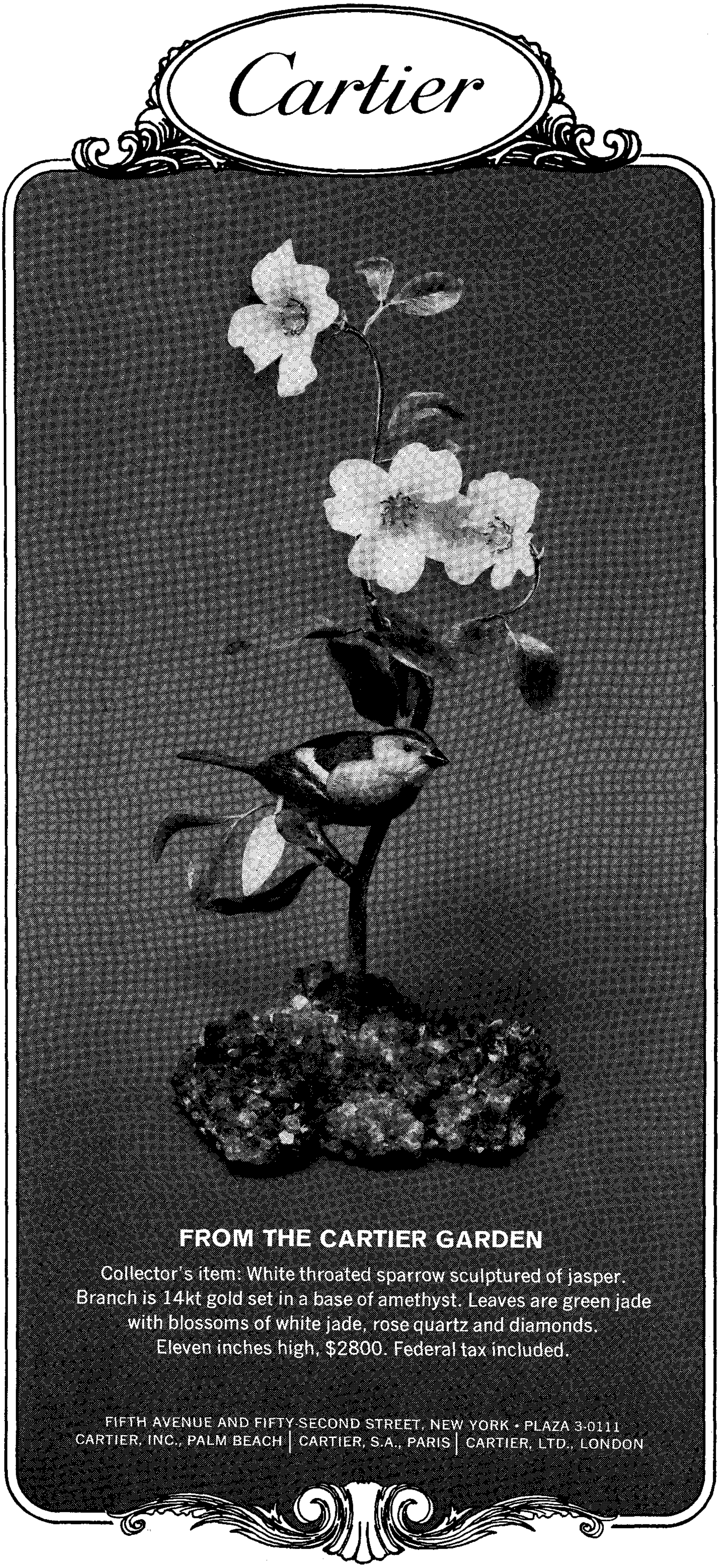
Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 20. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at noon. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operetta—By the **amato opera company**: "The Barber of Seville," Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.) . . . **brooklyn academy of music**: "Hansel and Gretel." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Opening children's performances of a three-week engagement. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturday, Dec. 19, at 1; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 21-23, at 4. . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday, Dec. 19, at 4; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 5; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 21-24, at 1; and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 4. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Stage Shows—**come along with mara**: "Princess



Cartier

FROM THE CARTIER GARDEN

Collector's item: White throated sparrow sculptured of jasper. Branch is 14kt gold set in a base of amethyst. Leaves are green jade with blossoms of white jade, rose quartz and diamonds. Eleven inches high, $2800. Federal tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111
CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH | CARTIER, S.A., PARIS | CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

"I wonder if they'd just sell me one of their boxes."

Most understandable to us. We feel the Abercrombie box stands for all sorts of special bits of things—like knowing they won't let you buy something unless *it fits just right* under the arms—or feeling that if the Abercrombie people say you should own it—nobody, anywhere, makes a better one at any price. To one man we know, this box is where the solid corners of the old get together with the smooth lines of the new. (He's something of a poet.) And we can fill this box with a 65¢ gray ghost fishing fly—a $90 hand-embroidered cardigan—a $23.50 golf jacket to wear in the rain.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK A&F CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., N.Y. 10017—MU 2-3600

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Qua-Qua." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **JAN HUS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MERRIMIMES:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 1, 2:30, and 4, and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays, and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PENCIL BOX PRODUCTIONS:** "Fee Fi Fo Fum." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 3, and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 3.) . . . **RENATA THEATRE:** "The Brownies." (53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4, and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Jack and the Space Beans." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Skies of Christmas Past." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2, and 3:30; and Christmas at 1, 2:30, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Yanco," a Mexican film. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2:30.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thursday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Christmas. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Thursday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Claire Bloom. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON—This will occur on Friday, Dec. 18, commencing at 7:59 P.M., with the fullest phase at 9:07 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 1:45: English and other furniture and decorations, belonging to Igor Cassini and others.

Next best thing to mistletoe is

Rèplique

Hauntingly beautiful, mysteriously compelling...in elegant "keep forever" bottles. One ounce 22.50, one-half ounce 12.50, one-quarter ounce 7.50. The perfect gift, also, in toilet water, bath oil, soap and powder. Replique ...the very essence of romance...every precious drop bottled and sealed in France.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Les Abysses—A modish French thriller, directed by an excitable newcomer named Nico Papatakis. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through Dec. 22.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history, and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Finest Hours—A documentary about the greatest living Knight of the Garter. Of course worth seeing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 23.)

Girl with Green Eyes—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 23.)

Guns at Batasi—Gorgeous nonsense about a British outpost in impertinent Africa. Richard Attenborough is something to behold (and hear) as a regimental sergeant major. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through Dec. 21.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 23.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pumpkin Eater—A miserable wife and mother, brilliantly played by Anne Bancroft, is the central figure in this curious examination of the married state. Also on hand are Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. Fancy but effective direction by Jack Clayton. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 23.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings Sundays through Fridays at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 23.)

The Soft Skin—The latest François Truffaut picture is a fine, gentle study of adultery and its consequences. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 23.)

Topkapi—A Jules Dassin thriller, with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, Istanbul, and too many reached-for jokes. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Dec. 21.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 21.)

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 22.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 20-21.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 22.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 18-20.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 22.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 18-19.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 20-21.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy life of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 17.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 18-20.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 17.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 22.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 18-20.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Dec. 22.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Dec. 19.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 23.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel concerning underworld doings in Europe. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 22-23.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, here with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 18-19.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 18-20.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 20-22.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 21.)

Quo Vadis (1951)—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through Dec. 22.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 17.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Dec. 23, tentative.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and many others. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; Dec. 17.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Dec. 19.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of George M. Cohan. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder"—Through Dec. 19: "Emil und die Detektive" (1931), a German film; no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 20-23: "Ninotchka" (1939), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
20	21	22	23	17	18	19

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)

Through Dec. 21: **TOPKAPI.**

From Dec. 22: "Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)

Through Dec. 22: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 23, at 8:30: "Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)

Through the afternoon of Dec. 21: "Slave Trade in the World Today," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

From Dec. 21, at 8: "Goldfinger," Sean Connery. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)

Through Dec. 22: **QUO VADIS,** revival.

From Dec. 23: "The Disorderly Orderly," Jerry Lewis.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

"Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)

Through Dec. 22: **LES ABYSSES** (in French).

From Dec. 23: "Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)

Through Dec. 23: "Santa Claus Conquers the Martians," John Call; and "The Snow Queen," revival, a full-length Russian cartoon, with English dialogue.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)

"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)

"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)

"The Naked General" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)

Through Dec. 22: "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

From Dec. 23: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)

"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film on a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Dec. 22: **AMERICA AMERICA,** revival; and **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival.

From Dec. 23: **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through Dec. 23: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT;** and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

Through Dec. 23 (tentative): **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)

"To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)

Through Dec. 22: "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

From Dec. 23: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

Through Dec. 21: **TOPKAPI.**

From Dec. 22: "Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

Through Dec. 22: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 23: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)

Through Dec. 19: **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**

From Dec. 20: "Rattle of a Simple Man," Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)

Through Dec. 21: **GUNS AT BATASI.**

From Dec. 22: "Goldfinger," Sean Connery.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

BECKET.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

Through Dec. 21: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

From Dec. 22: "World Without Sun," another Jacques-Yves Cousteau documentary on life in the ocean depths. With an English narration.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)

Dec. 17: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Dec. 18-20: **JULES AND JIM** and **GRAND ILLUSION** (both in French and both revivals).

Dec. 21: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY,** revival; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.

From Dec. 22: **LORD OF THE FLIES,** revival; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

Through Dec. 23: **THE FINEST HOURS.**

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

Through Dec. 20: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

From Dec. 21: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

Through Dec. 22 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "Sunday in New York," revival, Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

From Dec. 23 (tentative): "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through Dec. 22: "Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

From Dec. 23: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

Through Dec. 23: "Santa Claus Conquers the Martians," John Call; and "The Snow Queen," revival, a full-length Russian cartoon, with English dialogue.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

Through Dec. 22: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer; and "North to Alaska," revival, John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

From Dec. 23: "The Disorderly Orderly," Jerry Lewis; and "The Five Pennies," revival, Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)

Dec. 17: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

Dec. 18-20: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival; and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival.

From Dec. 21: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through Dec. 19: **MAJOR BARBARA,** revival; and "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier.

Dec. 20-22: **THE PAJAMA GAME,** revival; and "Damn Yankee," revival, Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston.

From Dec. 23: **A SHOT IN THE DARK;** and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Dec. 22: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT;** and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

From Dec. 23: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8330)

Through Dec. 21: "A Woman Is a Woman" (*In French*), *Anna Karina*, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

From Dec. 22: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through Dec. 22: "Fate Is the Hunter," Glenn Ford, Nancy Kwan; and "Back Door to Hell," Jimmie Rodgers.

From Dec. 23: "First Men in the Moon," Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries; and "Ride the Wild Surf," Fabian, Tab Hunter.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Through Dec. 19: "The Great Escape," revival, Steve McQueen, James Garner; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Dec. 20-22: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Woman of Straw," Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery.

From Dec. 23: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES;** and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

Through Dec. 22: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

From Dec. 23: "Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

"The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)

Through Dec. 19: **WEST SIDE STORY,** revival.

From Dec. 20, at 7:45: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets call OR 9-3200, Ext. 3383.)

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

Through Dec. 21: "Utamaro, Painter of Women" (in Japanese).

From Dec. 22: Tchaikovsky's "Yolanta" (in Russian).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

Dec. 17: **TOM JONES,** revival.

From Dec. 18: "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)

"Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

NEW YORKER, B'way at *88th.* (TR 4-9189)

Dec. 17: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

Dec. 18-19: **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS,** revival; and **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE,** revival.

Dec. 20-21: **A DAY AT THE RACES,** revival; and **THE BANK DICK,** revival.

Dec. 22-23: **THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS,** revival; and "King Kong," revival, Fay Wray.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and **HUD,** revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Dec. 17: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French and both revivals).

Dec. 18-21: "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

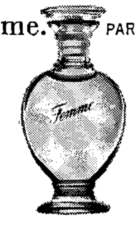
From Dec. 22: **THE INFORMER,** revival; and **CITIZEN KANE,** revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)

Through Dec. 22: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "Bandits of Orgosolo" (in Italian), revival.

From Dec. 23: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES;** and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).

Comment dit-on femme en Anglais? Femme. PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS / NEW YORK



How to become an ITALIAN lover in one easy lesson ♥ ♥ ♥

IMPORTED FROM ITALY
CINZANO
ITALIAN VERMOUTH

Start with one sip of Cinzano's superbly sweet Italian Vermouth. Then add another. And another. So satisfying, your taste will want to stand up and shout "Bellissima!" So sweet, *you'll* want to take it home to mother.

and a great FRENCH lover in another !

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
CINZANO
FRENCH
EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

Then there's Cinzano's celebrated French Vermouth. As delectably dry as the best Gallic wit. Invariably brings out the best in company. Especially if the company is gin and an olive . . . Try Cinzano Sweet and Cinzano Extra Dry tonight, and become a great Italian and French lover—for life!

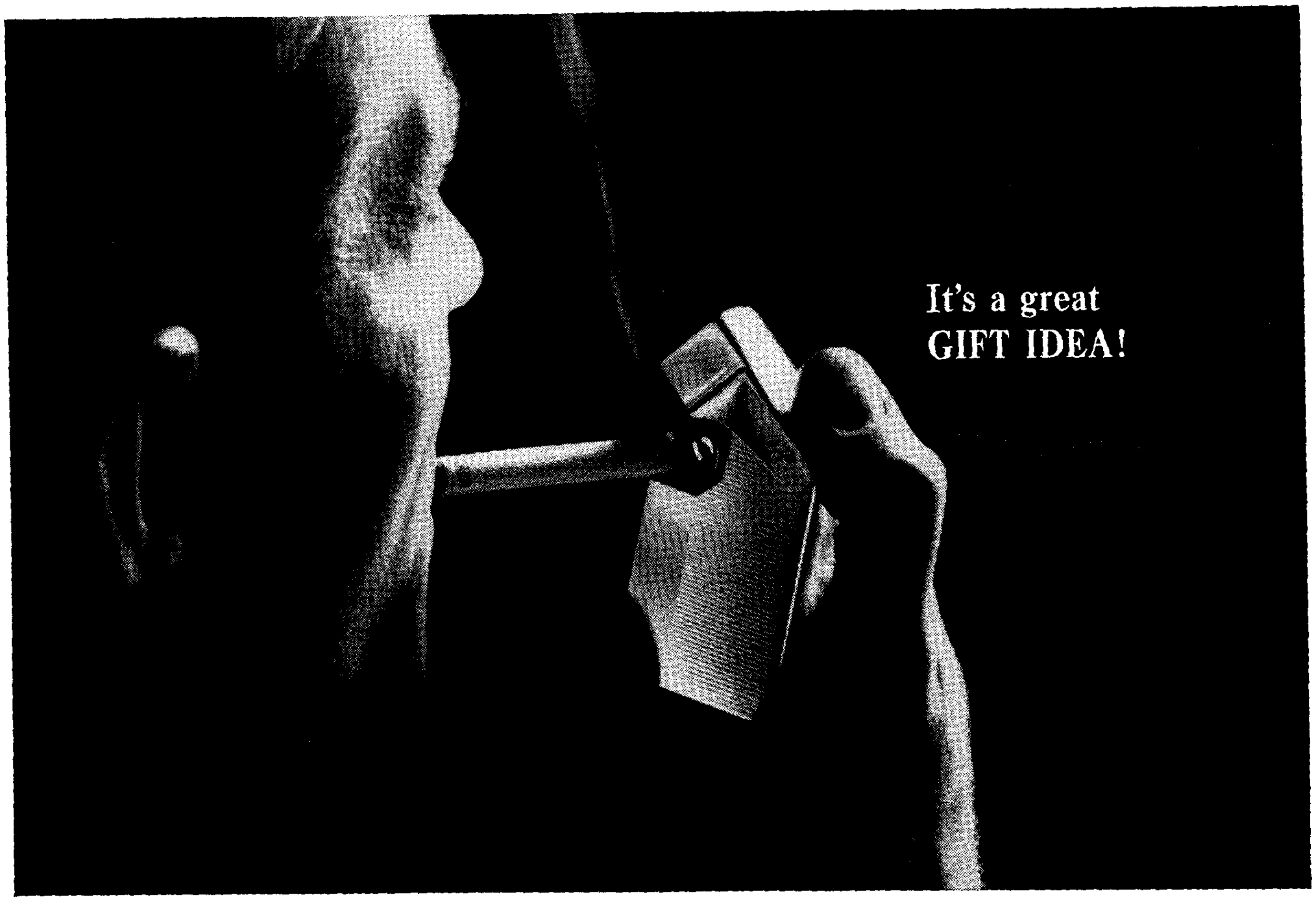
When you mix with Cinzano you mix with the best!

CINZANO
VERMOUTH

Sole Distributor U. S. A.: Munson G. Shaw Co., N. Y., N. Y.

90°
CANOE
Dana
PARIS – FRANCE
EAU DE COLOGNE
Dana
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

New G-E Rechargeable Cigarette Lighter never needs fuel, flints, or refills.



It's a great
GIFT IDEA!

This instant-lighting electric lighter works something like your car lighter. It's flameless, windproof, and doesn't give off any fumes. A handy flip-up top protects the heating element.

Makes an ideal Christmas gift for friends or business acquaintances. You can have the lightweight case engraved for that perfect, personal touch. Recharges overnight in a convenient recharger unit that has a tray for holding change, cuff links, and other easy-to-lose things.

For those lighter moments in your conversations (and for those breezy ones, too), get a General Electric rechargeable cigarette lighter today. And put several on your gift list right now.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

3 Hotels/Jamaica: Montego Beach Royal Caribbean Jamaica Inn

Call your travel agent or Ray Morrow, 51 E. 42 St., N.Y.C. OX 7-2340.

Down at the Montego Beach Hotel there's an old pirate waiting to take you for the sailboat ride of your life. And to fill you full of tales taller than the Jamaican mountains, of voodoo spells and forbidden coves and wild salt spray. Maybe he'll tell you the one about the White Witch of Rose Hall and how she killed her lovers and planted them under her tall cocoanut palms.

It's really true.

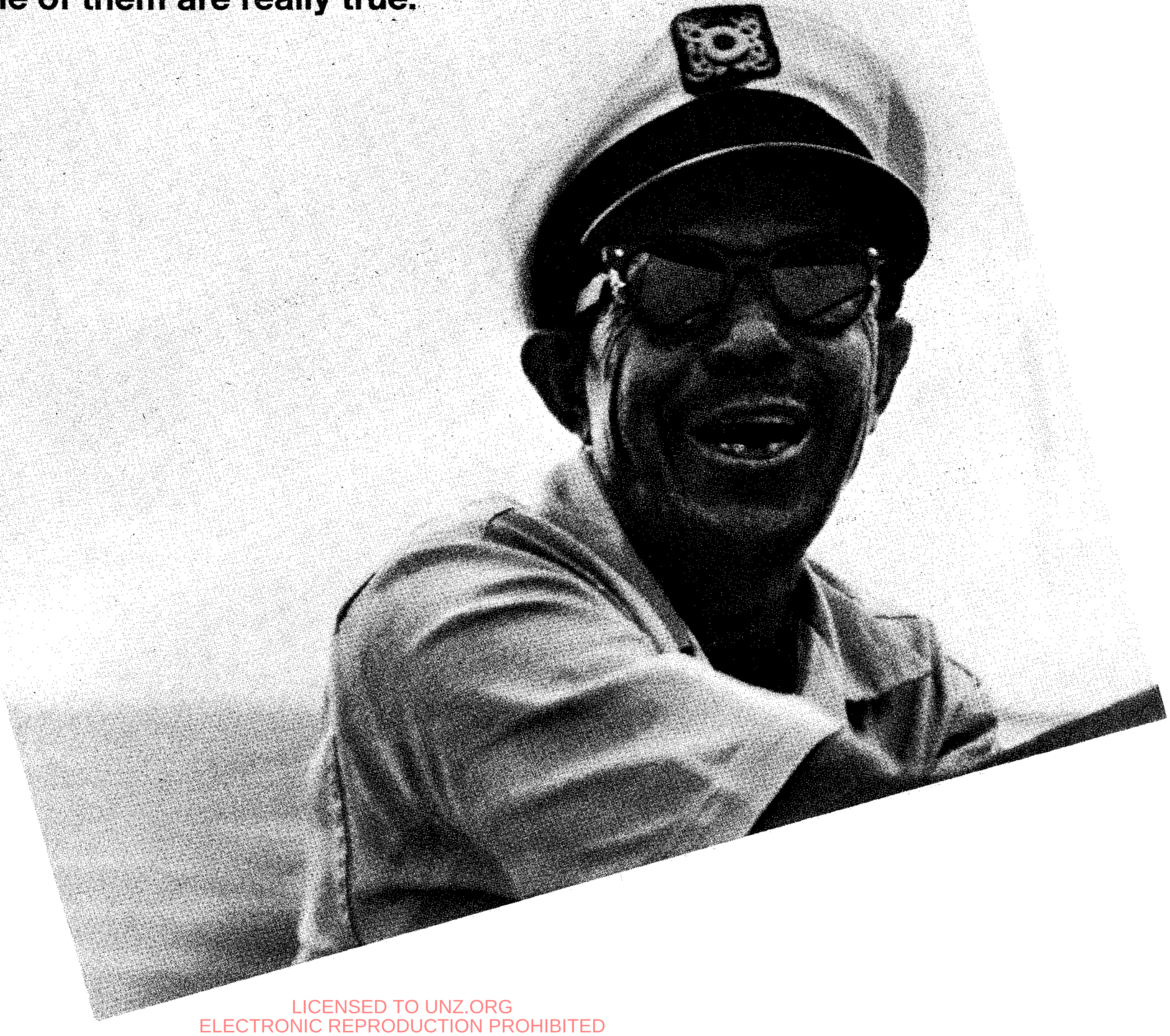
And it's really true that Thursday nights at the nearby Royal Caribbean, you feast on the beach. You watch the ancient drum-driven duel of Blowfire and the Demon Horse (a voodoo St. George and the Dragon, with George doing the fire-breathing, swigging kerosene out of a pop bottle). Afterward you can join the limbo line and, if you're limber enough, win a bottle of Jamaican rum.

And it's really true that sixty miles down the coast at Ocho Rios, at the jungle-hidden Jamaica Inn (only 35 rooms) you find peace. You can spend an hour making friends with the sugar birds (they're hopelessly hooked on it, and they'll eat it out of the bowl at your elbow looking you straight in the eye). Or maybe you want to study the sea's moods from your private terrace, sipping a tall rum punch. The staff here knows how to help you do it beautifully.

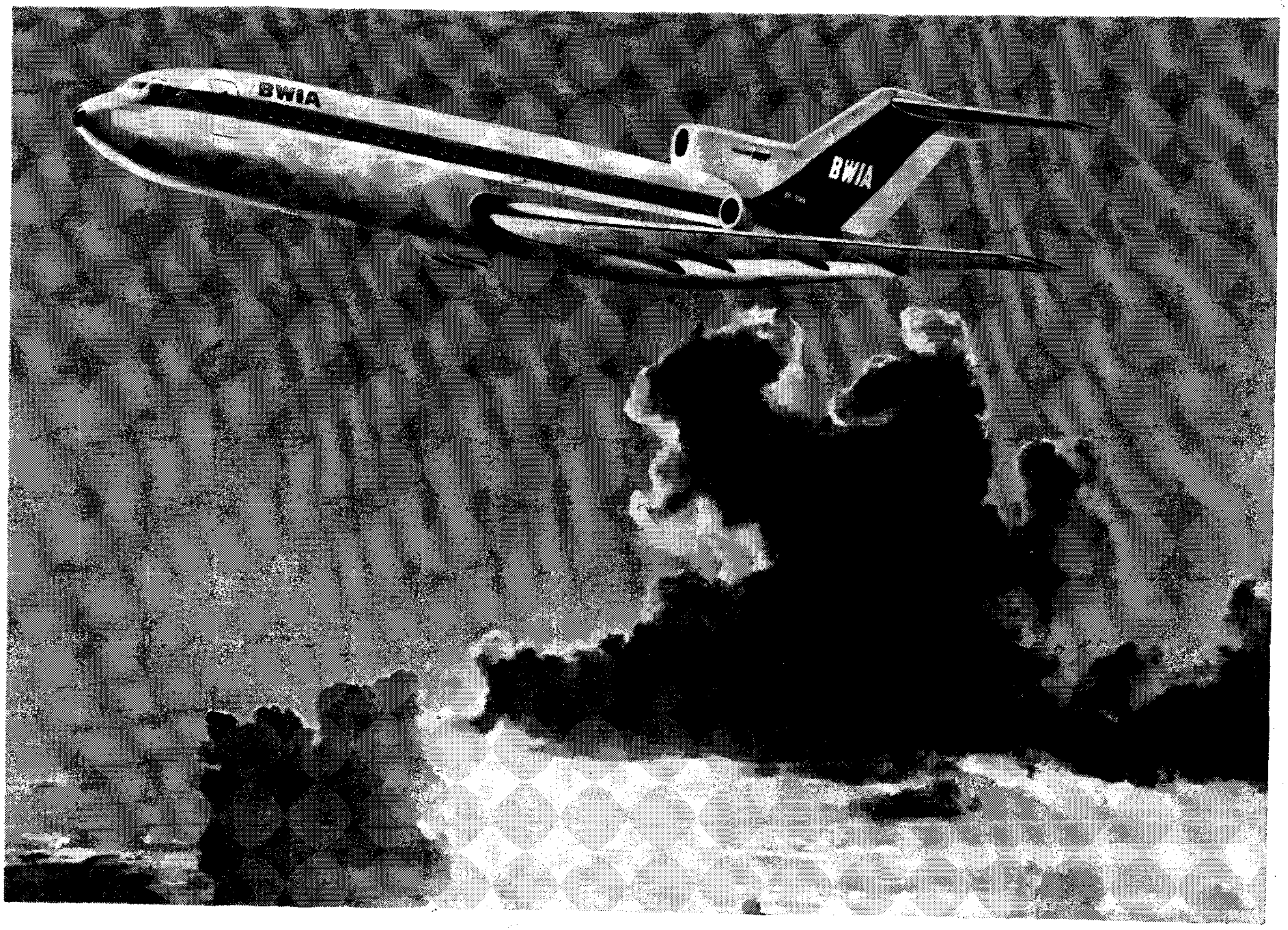
In case you'd have a hard time choosing between our three hotels, we've arranged it so you don't have to. You can check in at any one of them, then travel around and enjoy all the facilities of the others. Or spend part of your vacation at each (provided we have the room).

Whatever you do, don't miss Cap'n Jack. Any friend of ours is a friend of his. And you're welcome to go back telling his tall tales as your own.

When you're sailing with Cap'n Jack, you hear more stories about Jamaica than any six guidebooks could tell you. And some of them are really true.



Where do the Sunjets go?



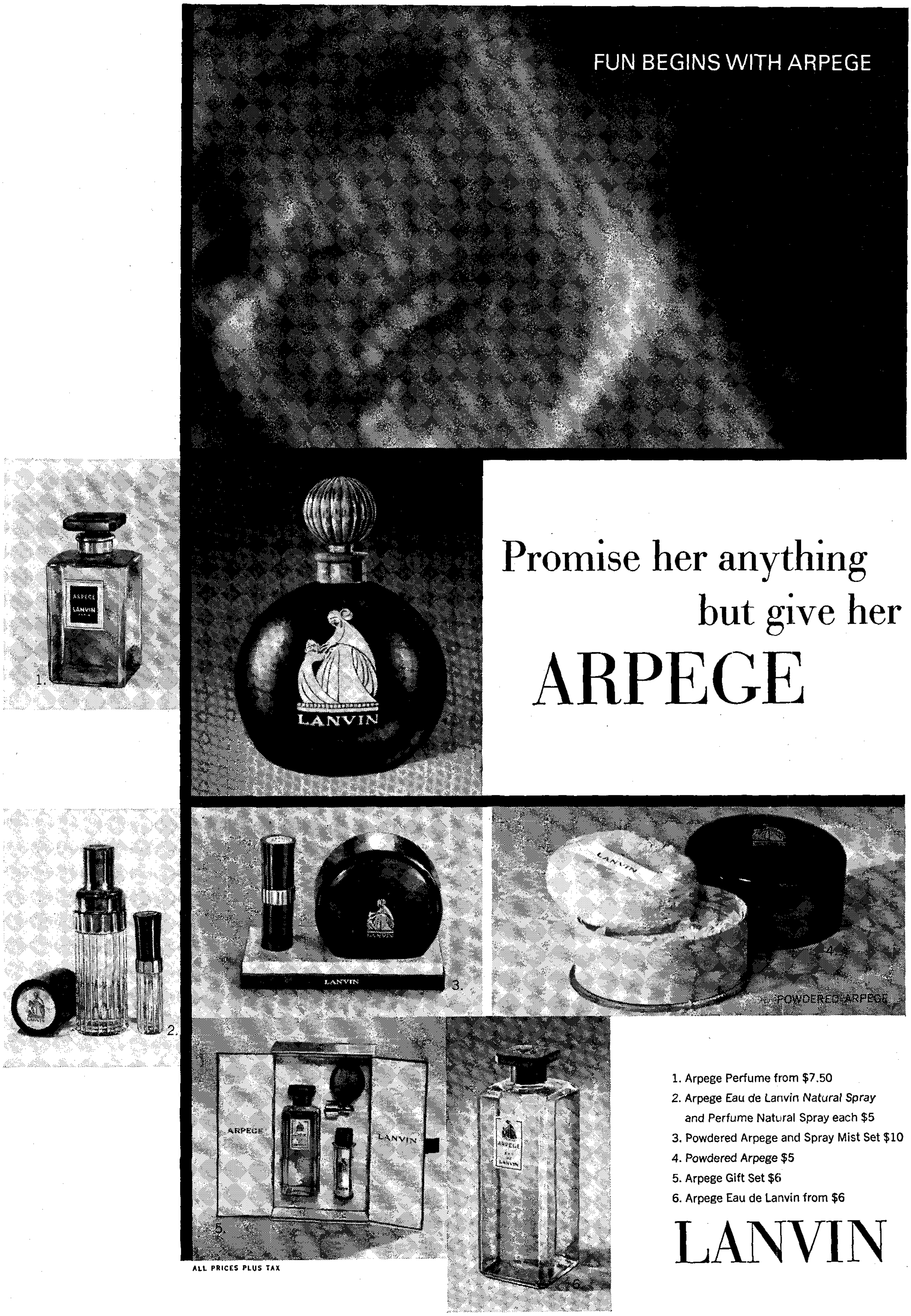
Prepare to sigh. And dream. Antigua—a seagirt fantasy, splendidly detached from the twentieth-century. Barbados, with its delicious singularity, British culture leavened by the exotic. Beautiful Jamaica, land of eternal spring, textured with mountains, rivers, tropical forests. Trinidad—where Oriental bazaars and mosques add dazzling variety to Latin color and tropic greenery.

A Sunjet is—BWIA's own special version of the great new Boeing 727. Notice those powerful fan-jet engines back in the dramatic T-tail. They leave the sound behind. Never have you experienced a flight so restful. And cabin comfort? New climate controls make it superb.

Stifle those sighs, drop the dream—and ACT. Catch a Sunjet—funward and sunward—by calling your Travel Agent, confessing your yen to fly to the West Indies. Or—tickle your imagination and do some future-planning, by sending for our free "Caribbean FunPak." It contains complete information on each of the islands where the fun comes from. Write to: BWIA, Dept.N12,530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. (10036) Contact your Travel Agent for full details, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami.

BWIA
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS

ANTIGUA / BARBADOS / TRINIDAD / TOBAGO / JAMAICA / GRAND CAYMAN / PUERTO RICO / ST. THOMAS / ST. KITTS / GUADELOUPE
DOMINICA / MARTINIQUE / ST. LUCIA / ST. VINCENT AND GRENADA



FUN BEGINS WITH ARPEGE
LANVIN
ARPEGE
LANVIN
1.
2.
3.
4.
POWDERED ARPEGE
5.
6.

Promise her anything
but give her
ARPEGE

1. Arpege Perfume from $7.50
2. Arpege Eau de Lanvin *Natural Spray* and Perfume Natural Spray each $5
3. Powdered Arpege and Spray Mist Set $10
4. Powdered Arpege $5
5. Arpege Gift Set $6
6. Arpege Eau de Lanvin from $6

LANVIN

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

Do you have a "his" and "hers" living room?

MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE
MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE

Try Medaglia d'Oro.

Medaglia d'Oro does more than spark the conversation. It ignites the imagination. Medaglia d'Oro is different—darker than ordinary coffee, but never burnt, never bitter. More aromatic than ordinary coffee. Far more flavorful than ordinary coffee. Make it in your own home. Make it in a percolator, drip pot, or macchinetta. Enjoy the coffee that's favored in almost every civilized country on earth.

Brew-it-yourself Espresso Kit. Postpaid anywhere in U.S.A. $3.98. You get a 6-cup authentic aluminum macchinetta (mock'-e-netta) imported from Italy; three 4-oz. vacuum packed tins of Medaglia d'Oro coffee; one 4-oz. jar of Instant Medaglia d'Oro coffee. Send check or money order to Medaglia d'Oro Coffee, 43 Grand Ave., Palisades Park, New Jersey. Supply limited.

INSTANT MEDAGLIA D'ORO Espresso COFFEE
4 oz. Net Wt.

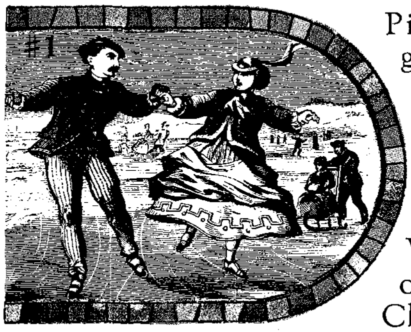
Instant Medaglia d'Oro is the unbelievably authentic espresso that keeps fresh almost indefinitely. Perfect for making delicious iced coffee with real coffee character, or hot espresso coffee at a moment's notice.

Medaglia d'Oro, the internationally famous espresso coffee. S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. Est. 1899.

Beware: there are 7 more Danger Days that can trap you into giving Pinch before Christmas.

You probably won't admit it. But you have a Big Soft Heart. And the 7 Danger Days could have a philanthropic effect.

You could be passing out the Pinch with both hands when you shouldn't.

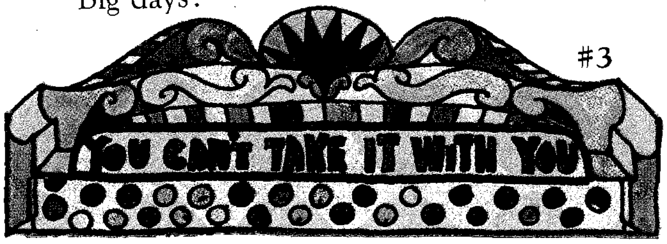


Pinch is much too good and much too expensive to give for anything but Galas! Natal Days! Sentimental-Remember-Whens? And Times of Rejoicing! Like Christmas. But between now and Christmas you and your Big Soft Heart will be faced with some pretty strong temptations.

The Hudson River froze over on the 10th of December in 1814 (#1).

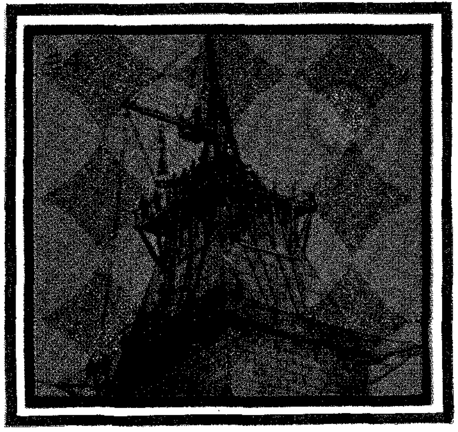
On the 11th a dentist first gave laughing gas (#2).

Big days!


#3
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

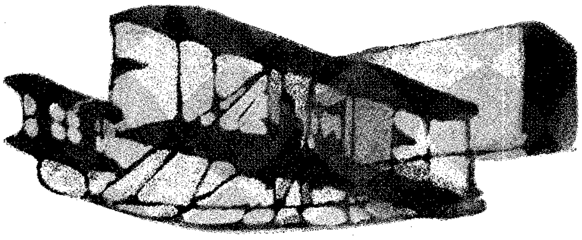
On the 14th, in '36 "You Can't Take It With You" opened on Broadway (#3). They capped the Washington Monument on the 17th (#4).

The Wrights first flew on that date (#5). The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock on the 21st (#6). As if that weren't enough the first crossword puzzle was published on the very same day (#7). Every day a whizzer!

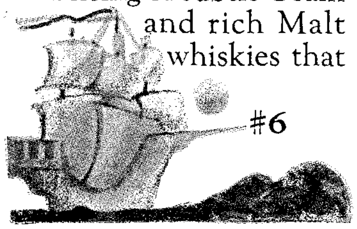


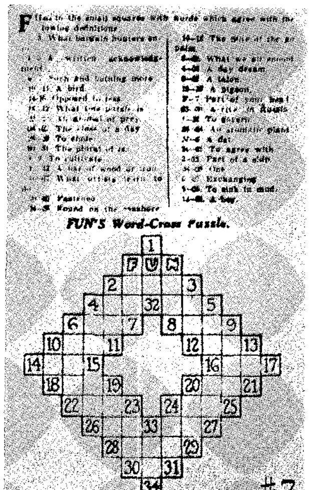
But not big enough to celebrate with Pinch.

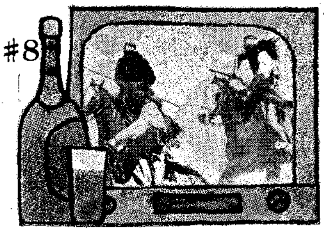
Consider the nature of Pinch. It is, of course, Mellow and Smooth, as good scotch should be.



But there's another thing: *Pinch tastes delicious.* The flavor of Pinch comes from a delicate balancing of subtle Grain and rich Malt whiskies that has taken the House of Haig over 300 years to develop. Flavor such as Pinch gives you is only for Great Gestures.







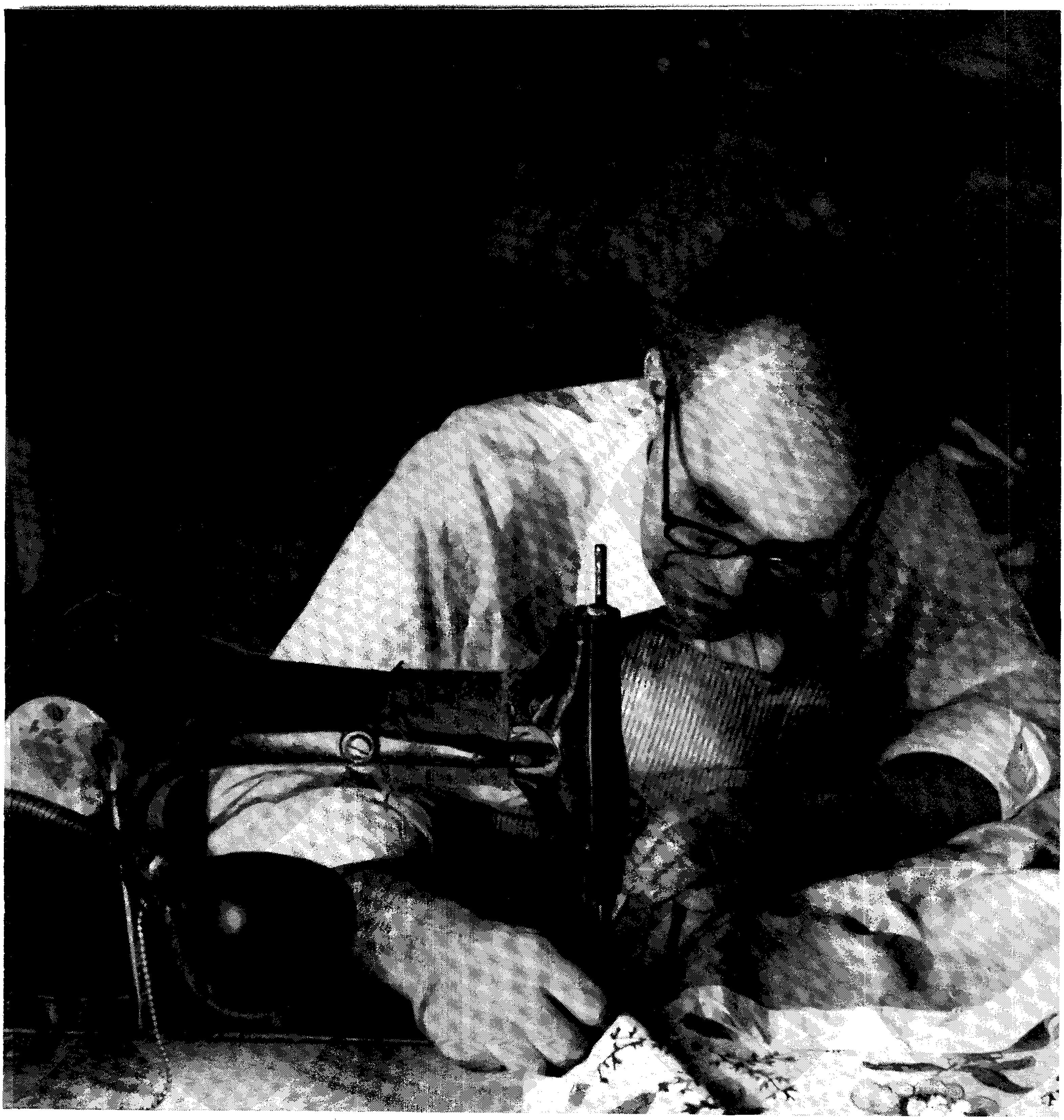
Other times a man has to be satisfied with scotch in Round Bottles. Not that scotch in Round Bottles isn't good (#8). It is. Plenty good enough to give away for the 7 Danger Days.

But when Christmas comes, give Pinch!

PINCH
PINCH
PINCH

Pinch®... for Celebrations & Great Events (even when *they're nobody's business but your own*)

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY/86.8 PROOF/RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



*Mr. Henry Urban, of Thomas De Angelis, Inc., is shown sewing Bourne Mills Sateen to $12 a yard drapery fabric.

What's my lining?

You don't have to play the question-and-answer game with Henry Urban.* When it comes to drapery linings, you'll get the same answer every time. *Good draperies have to be lined with sateen.* Why? Well you wouldn't want to put just anything in back of fine material, would you? But, more important . . . for your draperies' sake . . . you shouldn't. Not if you want protection against fading. Or privacy. Or keeping them clean longer. Or having them hang rich and full the way they should. Not too long ago, Henry would have insisted on cotton sateen. But, like all true craftsmen, he's quick to recognize an improvement when it comes along. Like Bourne Mills 'cotton plus'® fabric. Cotton plus Zantrel®. . . cotton plus Zantrel polynosic® fiber. That's quite a mouthful. To say it another way, that's real protection! Great for that privacy you want. Looks silky. Doesn't crease as fast. Has a real nice 'hand'. Henry thinks there's nothing better than Bourne Mills sateen for drapery linings. Next time you're buying draperies in a store or through a decorator, ask for it. (If you want to make Henry happy . . . insist on it!) *Bourne Mills Sateen.*

BERKSHIRE/HATHAWAY inc.

HOME FABRICS DIVISION / HATHAWAY FABRICS & BOURNE LININGS / 261 FIFTH AVENUE / NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

®ZANTREL, POLYNOSIC, AND COTTON PLUS ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE AMERICAN ENKA CORP.

Photographed with one of the world-famous marble lions on the Grecian Isle of Delos.

HABERDASHER
At Peck & Peck

New softness for the Peck & Peck Girl's resort life

The classic Haberdasher shirtwaist, new with a gentled dressmaker feeling in its pin-tucked bodice and full mobile skirt. Softest Kodel® polyester and cotton, charmingly printed in pink, blue or periwinkle on white. 8 to 16, *25.00*
The brass-handled attaché inspired bag of vinyl-coated rattan, *9.00**

**plus 10% federal tax*

When in Palm Beach, shop at Peck & Peck on famous Worth Avenue.

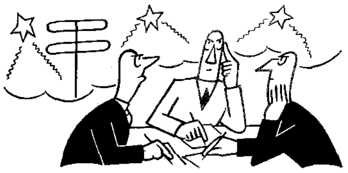
Fifth Ave., New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester • Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis • Twin Cities • Indianapolis • Washington, D.C. • Atlanta • Kansas City • Hartford • Buffalo • Providence

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ORDINARILY, we are unable to derive much intellectual satisfaction from the Nielsen Report, that periodic snowflake census which somehow determines the popularity of each television program, the comparative success of the various television networks, and, ultimately, no doubt, the number of carats in the cuff-links worn by each television executive. We habitually scan the Nielsen survey with care, hoping to find in it some reflection of our own private tube preferences, but as a rule its findings—that a TV drama about a dashing frontier pediatrician, say, has leaped into first place in America's heart, barely nosing out a wacky family comedy about the misadventures of a grandmother traffic cop, and that the public fancy has suddenly strayed from a taut dramatic series about a Comanche conscientious objector—leave us as mystified as a syndicated horoscope column does. Both bring us messages from outer space, decoded by semi-occult processes and apparently of urgent universal significance, but, try as we may, we cannot find in either of them the faintest applicability to us or to anyone we know. It was astonishing, therefore, to discover the other day that the most recent Nielsen ratings contained news of eloquent import and clarity.



The newspaper stories carrying the latest Nielsen Report headlined the fact that the three major television networks had fallen into a virtual dead heat in national popularity. The survey found that the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company shared an evening "prime-time" rating of 19.4, while the American Broadcasting Company stood at 19.3. The accounts went on to explain that these figures constituted a triumph for A.B.C., which had gained eighteen per cent in public attention in the past year; a success for N.B.C., which was up eleven per cent; and a disaster for C.B.S., which had lost eleven per cent. As we studied these figures, however, it suddenly came to us that their true significance lay not in the rise of one electronic empire and the decline of another but in the levelling off of three desperately competitive rivals at such a delicate, almost perfect point of equipoise. The more we think about it, the more this apparently coincidental balance looks inevitable; it shines with the immutable clarity of a mathematical law. The television industry, since its inception, has devoted its vast energy and affluence almost exclusively to discovering exactly what the lowest common denominator of the American public would pay attention to for the longest possible period, and then providing that commodity in unceasing abundance. It has perfected listening devices like the Nielsen Report, and has placed absolute faith in the tiny squeaks and omens that come echoing out of the earpieces. Now it is evident that the three networks, tuned in to the same devices and impelled by the same desire to win instantaneous and total acceptance, have independently arrived at the same answer. All three have now achieved complete homogenization—the precise brew of comedy, drama, variety, news, sports, and public affairs that will produce exactly the same mildly tangy taste and thus go down exactly the same number of throats. The probability that no one listener will entirely like the flavor or feel that it was compounded to his personal order appears to be of no significance. What matters is that the potion has now been perfected, as the latest Nielsens certify; no foreign ingredient—undue spontaneity, excess dullness—has been allowed to intrude, and now that the identical secret formula is locked up in three separate corporate vaults, the companies can dismiss their chemists and theorists and replace them with accountants to keep track of the identical profits.

Over and Out

ORGANIZED talk seems to have overflowed the various TV channels and started seeping into our night spots. The Village Vanguard, a tiny jazz cellar on Seventh Avenue South, has inaugurated a series of Monday-night colloquies called Speak Outs, which were established to probe such large subjects as prurience, marijuana, and the free press. We were present on a recent Monday when a Speak Out convened, with a panel of experts and an audience of enthusiasts, to take up the question "Is Satire Futile?" When we arrived, at nine, the Vanguard was filled with a fine assortment of young beards, kohl-eyed maidens, and, to our surprise, several comparatively aged speakers-out, looking itchy but *engagé* in bulky turtleneck sweaters, which they had apparently put on as a kind of good-will gesture toward the occasion. The speakers-out, who were already ardently arguing futility among themselves, were clustered around the dime-sized cabaret tables that dotted the cellar; the panelists—Garry Goodrow, an actor and improvisational satirist from the San Francisco revue "The Committee;" a critic who sometimes contributes to these pages and who there-

fore (we like to avoid intramuralism) will remain anonymous; Marvin Kitman, a writer and editor for *Monocle*, a monthly satirical magazine; and Paul Krassner, the Speak Out moderator and permanent panelist—were sitting on a platform at the far end of the room.

Mr. Krassner, who looked boyish and ingenuously offhand in a maroon sports shirt, introduced himself forthwith as the editor of *The Realist* and explained to the less informed speakers-out that this was an occasionally contraband journal of "free thought, criticism, and satire" with a circulation of forty thousand copies. Then he rang a large cowbell, with which he planned to restrain all long-winded and/or boring speakers-out during the evening, and when the echoes had died away, he ordered beer for his panelists and launched the discussion by asking them whether, in their view, the mark of a truly effective satirist was a lively record of incarceration.

The critic leaned back and sucked his pipe reflectively. He said he feared that these were indeed lean times for satire, since Lenny Bruce was the only satirist *he* knew of who could always count on getting thrown in jail for his work. "In fact, not going to jail is something of a status bust for Lenny," he added.

"But don't forget," broke in Mr. Goodrow, a wiry young man of considerable earnest charm, "that Lenny always gets booked for obscenity, and that's easy. A really effective satirist would get booked for causing mass apoplexy. That's *my* goal."

Mr. Goodrow turned, for comment, to Mr. Kitman, a plump, cigar-smoking, and amiably bemused fellow, who said, "You just can't shock anybody any more. You have a hard time making a mockery of things." He shook his head sadly.

The critic brightened. "That's because mockery today is weak and clubby and bland," he told Mr. Kitman. "Satire needn't necessarily be futile. The reason Dewey lost both times was satire. And Goldwater—*he* lost because of satire."

Mr. Goodrow looked up from his beer and remarked that the Goldwater satire was "unintentional self-satire." The audience cheered.

"Well, maybe everything today is so absurd you just can't make it any more absurd," the critic ventured.

Mr. Krassner rang his cowbell.

"Marvin Kitman, say something right now that will get you put in jail!" came a voice from the back of the cellar.

Mr. Kitman scratched his head and said he really couldn't think of anything bad enough.

"I can tell you something that will get you put in jail!" cried a young lady in a turquoise velvet sweatshirt.

"Tell us," replied the panel, in unison.

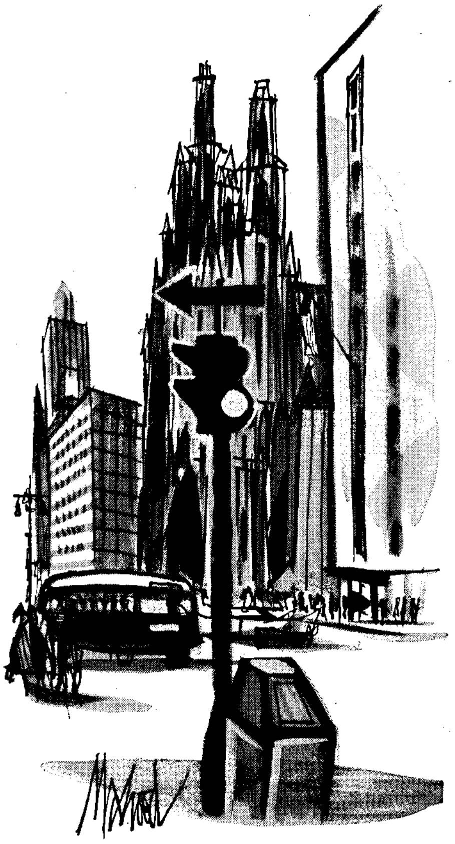
The young lady giggled. "I'll tell you later," she said.

Mr. Krassner shrugged, and seized his cowbell. He proposed an immediate consideration of the difficulties of getting arrested, and seemed just about to discuss them when a gloomy-looking young man stood up and shouted, "Who wants to hear about getting arrested? I'm a Socialist, and I want to hear you satirists hit at the real problem—the rotten capitalistic system!"

Mr. Krassner replied that he would have to demur, because he, for one, was not a Socialist. He then turned hopefully to the critic. The critic said that he was no Socialist, either, adding that he had only recently been converted from Socialism to a newer, more felicitous system.

Mr. Kitman glanced over his cigar at Mr. Goodrow, as if to suggest that he take a stand. "I think you may have missed the point," Mr. Goodrow said. "It's not the system that's at fault. Any system can work out all right. It's the people. Not enough people have love in their hearts."

"Do *you* have love in *your* heart?" Mr. Krassner asked the Socialist.



"Yeah," the Socialist said.

"Ooh, I'd like to comment on that!" called the girl in the velvet sweatshirt.

"No comments, only questions!" Mr. Krassner called back to her, and asked, "Are there any questions?"

Several young speakers-out raised their hands.

"Existentially speaking, don't you agree that satire is perhaps relevant only because it *is* futile?" demanded one speaker-out.

"Can we have four more beers up here?" Mr. Goodrow asked.

"Why is the audience for satire such a small percentage of the population?" inquired a second speaker-out.

"Only a small percentage of the population is for *anything* besides money," Mr. Krassner replied.

"My trouble is I don't relate to satire anymore," said a third speaker-out. "Is it my fault, or are you guys wrong?"

"We're wrong," the critic replied courteously. "We've copped out. Most of us are building on the surface. We don't get near the core."

"Still, you might say that even the satirists who cop out are helping to build a sympathetic climate for those people who don't cop out, who do get to the core," said a voice from the floor.

"I can't really say," Mr. Kitman answered. "I don't really know what 'cop out' means, although I have a feeling that it's something negative."

A silver-haired man who had arrived at the Speak Out in a dinner jacket jumped up suddenly and cried, "Say, what does 'satire' mean, anyway?"

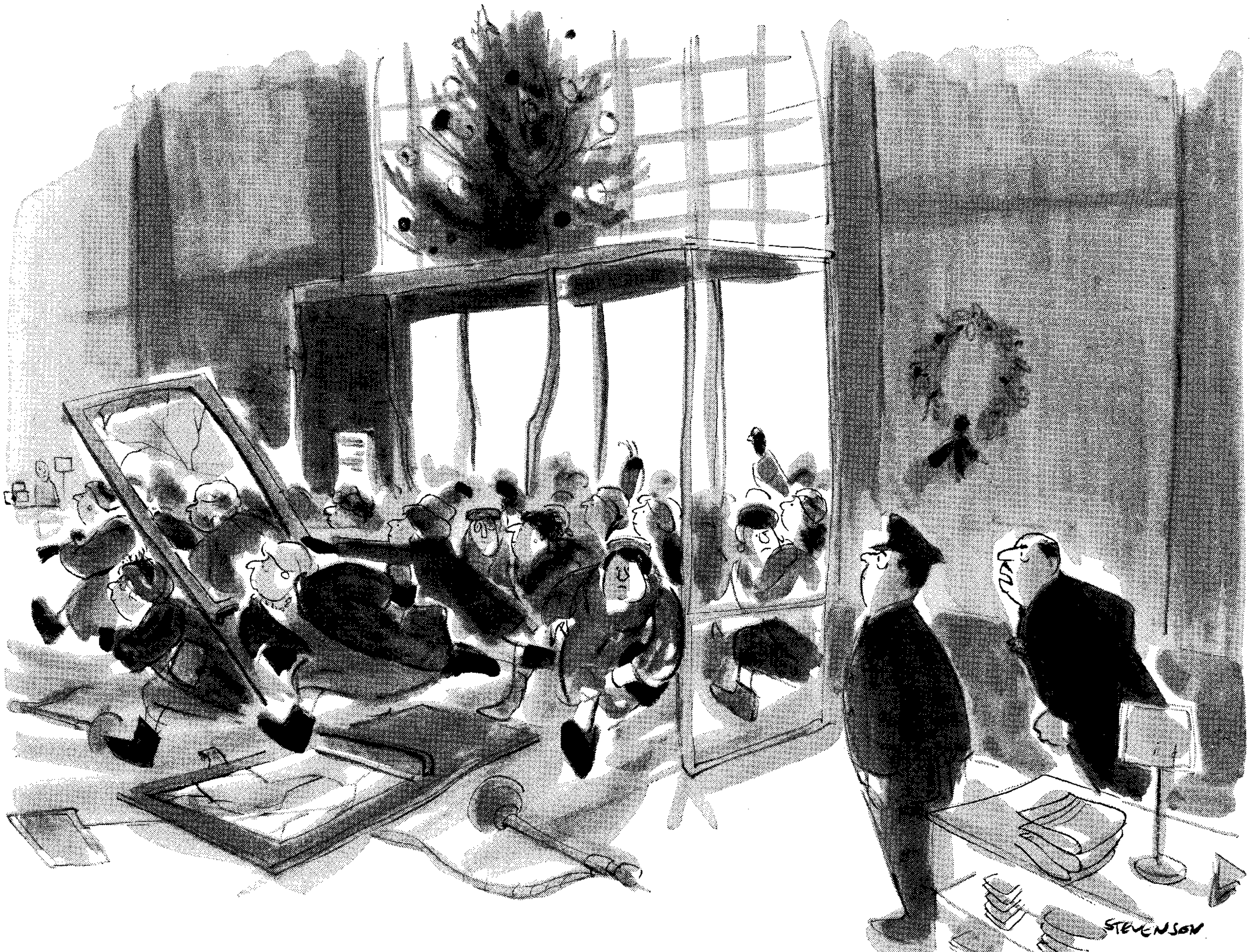
Mr. Kitman reflected for a minute and then said he thought that "satire" came from a word meaning "bowl of fruit."

"Well, whatever it means, it's the application of art to an awareness of wrongs or absurdities," the critic said. "Take Bob Dylan. What makes his music satire and not polemic is his art. And Fats Waller. When Fats sang, he could turn a love song full of clichés into a satire on the whole damn contemporary world."

The other panelists nodded reminiscently and chatted about Fats Waller until Mr. Krassner rang his cowbell.

"Things are not as simple as they seem," trilled the girl in the velvet sweatshirt.

At this incisive note, a highly agitated goateed speaker-out at a front table leaped up, trembling. "I've just had an illuminating thought, a startling



"During the holiday season, McGraw, those doors must be opened promptly at nine."

• •

thought, and I must share it with you!" he cried, clutching his goatee. "It suddenly came to me that satire might be not merely futile but *positively evil*, in that it provides—now, listen to this—in that it provides a safety valve for righteous indignation."

The audience cheered, and the speaker-out, apparently exhausted, fell back into his chair.

"Ooh, can I say something about the futility of satire?" shrieked the girl in the velvet sweatshirt.

"Well, since we never did say what satire *is*, I don't see how we can say whether it's futile or not," replied the critic.

Mr. Krassner rang his cowbell. "Speak Out's over for tonight," he said.

Protection

A FRIEND of ours reports that he dropped into Woolworth's Fifth Avenue store the other day for a few house plants to brighten his apartment over the holidays. Having selected several red-blossomed begonias, he took them to the salesgirl at the checkout counter, who proceeded to wrap each plant in a neat cocoon of newsprint, which, she explained, would shield it against the chill air outside. When our friend got his plants home, he discovered that Woolworth's protective wrappings were pages from the *Wall Street Journal*.

Albee Revisited

EDWARD ALBEE's new play, "Tiny Alice," is in rehearsal at the Billy Rose Theatre, where the line of people waiting to buy tickets is very, very long, considering that the tickets are for a still not opened straight play, and the other morning we called on Mr. Albee at his home, an eight-room duplex on West Tenth Street, to accompany him to a rehearsal. We hadn't seen him since his "The Zoo Story" days, almost four years ago, when he was thirty-three. We thought he was looking somewhat leaner now and, for a man wearing corduroy slacks, a tweed jacket, and a shirt open at the collar, impressively dignified and reliable. He instructed a gray Persian kitten, whom he addressed as George, to get down from a bookshelf, and then to get off a French library chair. After taking the chair himself and pulling another one up for us, he lit a cigarette and, at our urging, gave us a quick rundown on the past forty-odd months.

"I'm a couple of plays older, and I'm learning more—a *little* bit more—about how to write for the theatre," Mr. Albee said. "And I now own a house, for the first time. It's in Montauk—on three acres, on a hill, sixty feet above the ocean. There are two bedrooms, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen, and there's a guest house. There's plenty of grass and trees and flowers. I have three cats now, and they love it out there. I drive them out in my car, a Lancia, which I bought in Italy last spring. The cats run about and climb trees. The house is a year-round one, with central heating and with fireplaces, too, and it's great in the fall and winter. The air is fine to breathe. I do a lot of walking on the beach. I stayed out there all last summer, while I was writing 'Tiny Alice.' 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' has been opening all over the world, and I suppose I could spend my time now just travelling around to see the various productions. Ingmar Bergman did it in Stockholm, and Zeffirelli directed it in Rome and in Paris, where it's just opened. It's been put on in London, Berlin, Prague, Budapest, Brisbane, Tokyo, Mexico, and a couple of places in South America—I've forgotten exactly where. And I'm not sure about Israel; I get a little confused. In October, 1963, it opened in Stockholm, and two days later in Berlin, and in Venice two days after *that*, and I wanted very much to go over, but the time coincided with the last week of rehearsals of 'The Ballad of the Sad Café,' and I couldn't leave it. Besides that, I don't like to fly. And when you're in Europe you want to spend a lot of time there. I managed to get to the opening in London. I spent half my time fighting with the Lord Chamberlain's office. They wanted to make seventy-five cuts in the play, including deleting the line 'Jesus H. Christ!' I suggested substituting 'Mary H. Magdalene!' and they said *that* was fine. Their suggestions for cuts were preposterous. I got them down from seventy-five to three." Mr. Albee laughed.

"How did the play do there?" we asked.

"It was received beautifully," he said. "Better than most American plays in the last ten years. The leads at the moment are being played by Constance Cummings and Ray McAnally. It opened in February and it's still going, which is quite remarkable."

"Any trouble anywhere else?" we asked.

"No," he said. "In Australia, the church people were pretty much upset about it, but the critics said, 'Stop being silly,' and that was that."

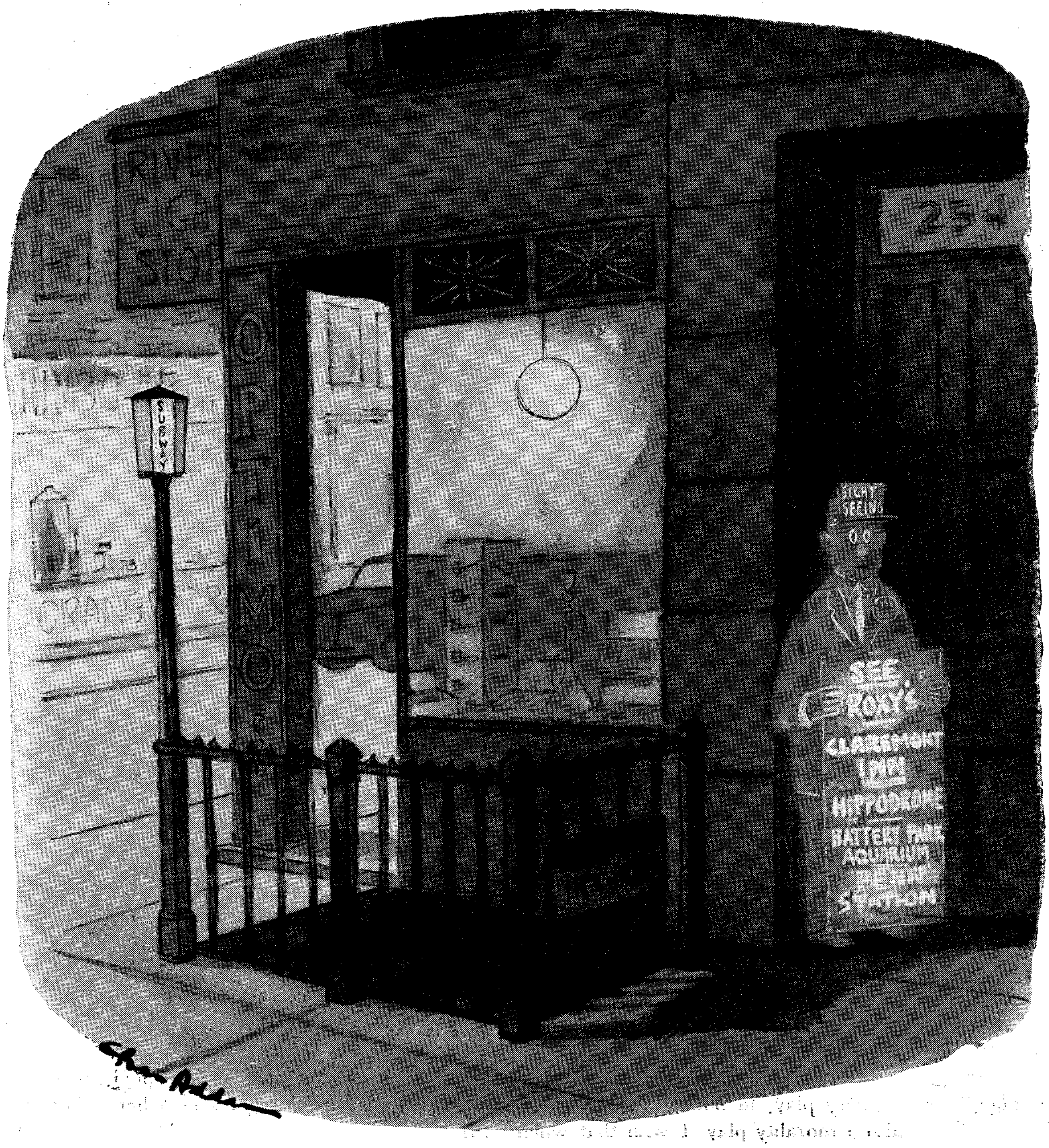
"Haven't you seen any of the other productions?" we asked.

"I saw the *rehearsals* of the play in Prague, on my way back from that two-month trip I made last winter to Russia and Eastern Europe," he said. "The Czechs were good actors. I couldn't understand a word of the language, but I'm used to that. I know who speaks after whom in the play and exactly what they're saying. I know 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' so well I sometimes think I could rewrite the entire play from memory."

Mr. Albee looked at his wristwatch and said we'd better get going to the rehearsal. He quickly got into a camel-colored duffel coat with a hood and picked up a large package wrapped in brown paper. "Rug samples, for the staircase of the set," he told us, firmly tapping the package into position under his arm. "I'm up at six-thirty every morning, and today I spent all morning going around to wholesale rug houses looking at rugs. I like to help. It's interesting, if you do a play, to watch what's happening with the set, with the lighting, with the props. But I don't pretend to be a professional."

"What about rehearsals?" we asked.

"I didn't go until the actors began to know their parts," he said, leading the way downstairs and taking two steps at a time. "This week I'll start spending more and more time there. Plays have been known to get away from their authors, but that's no problem here—not with Alan Schneider, our director. I like to go and see if I contradicted myself in the



middle of the play, or if I created confusion. The play exists in its total and real form on the typewritten page, where it's three-dimensional. When you start working with it on a stage with actors, it becomes artificial, and then it's gradually brought back to reality."

"Is there any disparity between the first reality and the final one?" we asked.

Mr. Albee laughed again. "You get so involved in watching that you can't quite tell," he said. "In any event, you find that *a* reality has emerged. I hope you don't mind taking the subway," he added, heading for the Independent. "It's the fastest way uptown."

"Not at all," we said, and urged him to tell us the history of "Tiny Alice."

"I never know how long a play is going to be until I start to write it," he said as we hopped aboard a train. "Last spring, I was working on two plays—'Tiny Alice' and 'The Substitute Speaker.' At the time, I didn't know how long they'd be. It turns out now that 'The Substitute Speaker' is going to be in two acts, and 'Tiny Alice' in three. It's a little shorter than 'Virginia Woolf'—maybe by twenty minutes. I can't remember what started me thinking about it. Probably something I read in a newspaper a year or so ago—something that turned into other things once I started thinking about it, and eventually, as I thought about the play, turned into still something else. The actual writing time was very short. It took about three months. I finished it on September 15th—rehearsals started a month later—working four hours a day, five days a week. I can't go for more than four hours. I still use yellow paper, and I work on the typewriter. For one thing, I can't read my handwriting. For another, I get the rhythms of the speeches by listening to the typewriter."

"Are you still stuck on the theatre?" we asked.

"I like the sense of immediacy, of the present," he said. "I'm not a very good poet, and my prose is tortured." He gave another laugh. "You can get nice tensions going on the stage," he said.

"What's been the best part of working in the theatre so far?" we asked.

"Being able to do something and have it go well," he said. "I enjoy that. I like being a writer."

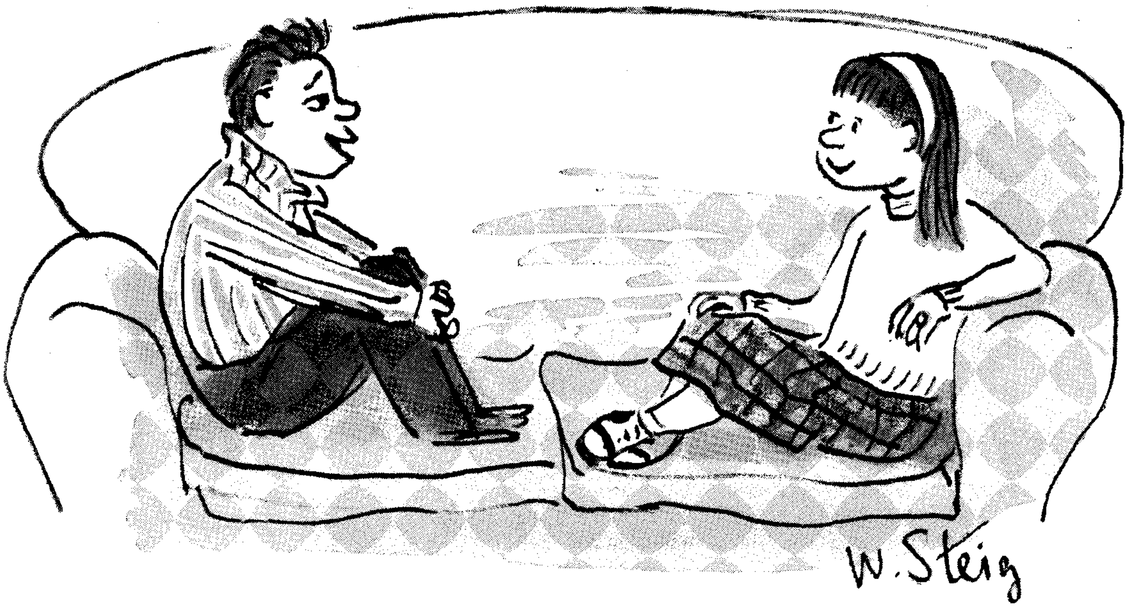
We got off the subway and headed for the theatre. Mr. Albee shifted his package of rug samples from one arm to the other, and said, "I keep wondering when the real nervousness is going to start. Everybody is just beginning to show signs of strain."

We asked Mr. Albee how he had gone about casting Sir John Gielgud, who plays a character named Julian, a lay brother, in "Tiny Alice." Before replying, he told us that the other characters are a cardinal, a lawyer, a butler named Butler, and Miss Alice, the richest, most powerful woman in the world. "And they become entangled," he said, looking amused. "When people ask me if they're like the characters in my other plays, all I can say is they're different, and so they talk in a different way. 'Naturalism,' 'stylism'—those terms don't mean anything to me. Most of that cataloguing is meaningless. Anyway, I thought of Gielgud after the play was finished. If you start writing a part for a particular actor, it can be terribly dangerous. I've never done that. I told one of our producers, Dick Barr, that I'd like to have Gielgud, and he sent him a script, and then called and asked if he was interested. Gielgud took two days, and then he said yes. He's a wonderful actor, of course. He still keeps insisting that he doesn't know what the play is about. I told him *I'm* not sure what it's about, either. It's a mystery play, in both senses. And it's also a morality play. I wish that when the critics write about a play, they'd preserve the element of surprise, and not tell all that they like to tell of what a play is about."

Looking rather happy, Mr. Albee gently wove his way through the line of ticket buyers in front of the Billy Rose, many of whom hastily spoke words of admiration and anticipation, and we followed him into the darkened theatre. The stage manager was calling for props. The director was measuring Sir John against an enormous fireplace at stage right. Other members of the cast were taking their places, also at stage right. Mr. Barr, the coproducer, came over to Mr. Albee and said in a loud whisper, "Beckett wrote that 'Woolf' is a big hit in Paris."

A lighting man began trying out various spots.

"It's a lot of fun, trying to pull all the elements of a play together," Mr. Albee told us, unwrapping his package of rug samples.



"Je vous aime. Je vous adore."

• •

Convenient

HAVING finished some overtime work at her office one night, a secretary of our acquaintance was obliged to take a service elevator to the lobby. The only other passengers were a smiling young man and a shiny new motor scooter. The young man could not restrain himself from stating that (a) the vehicle solved all his traffic problems, (b) he parked it in his office during working hours, and (c) he would be honored if the young lady would accept a ride home. She accepted, and is thinking of getting a scooter herself.

CHRISTMAS POEM

BILLY WARDEN had dinner with his father and mother and sister. "I suppose this is the last we'll see of you this vacation," said his father.

"Oh, I'll be in and out to change my shirt," said Billy.

"My, we're quick on the repartee," said Barbara Warden. "The gay young sophomore."

"What are *you*, Bobby dear? A drunken junior?" said Billy.

"Now, I don't think that was called for," said their mother.

"Decidedly *un*-called for," said their father. "What *are* your plans?"

"Well, I was hoping I could borrow the chariot," said Billy.

"Yes, we anticipated that," said his father. "What I meant was, are you planning to go away anywhere? Out of town?"

"Well, that depends. There's a dance in Reading on the twenty-seventh I'd like to go to, and I've been invited to go skiing in Montrose."

"Skiing? Can you ski?" said his mother.

"All Dartmouth boys ski, or pretend they can," said his sister.

"Isn't that dangerous? I suppose if you were a Canadian, but I've never known anyone to go skiing around here. I thought they had to have those big—I don't know—scaffolds, I guess you'd call them."

"You do, for jumping, Mother. But skiing isn't all jumping," said Billy.

"Oh, it isn't? I've only seen it done in the newsreels. I never really saw the point of it, although I suppose if you did it well it would be the same sensation as flying. I often dream about flying."

"I haven't done much jumping," said Billy.

"Then I take it you'll want to borrow the car on the twenty-seventh, and what about this trip to Montrose?" said his father.

"I don't exactly know where Montrose is," said Mrs. Warden.

"It's up beyond Scranton," said her husband. "That would mean taking the car overnight. I'm just trying to arrange some kind of a schedule. Your mother and I've been invited to one or two things, but I imagine we can ask our friends to take us there and bring us back. However, we only have the one car, and Bobby's entitled to her share."

"Of course she is. Of course I more or less counted on her to, uh, to spend most of her time in Mr. Roger Taylor's Dort."

"It isn't a Dort. It's a brand-new Marmon, something I doubt you'll ever be able to afford."

"Something I doubt Roger'd ever be able to afford if it took any brains to afford one. So he got rid of the old Dort, did he?"

"He never had a Dort, and you know it," said Barbara.

"Must we be so disagreeable, the first night home?" said Mrs. Warden. "I know there's no meanness in it, but it doesn't *sound* nice."

"When would you be going to Montrose?" said Mr. Warden. "What date?"

"Well, if I go it would be a sort of a houseparty," said Billy.

"In other words, not just overnight?" said his father. "Very well, suppose you tell us how many nights?"

"I'm invited for the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth," said Billy. "That would get me back in time to go to the Assembly on New Year's Eve."

"What that amounts to, you realize, is having possession of the car from the twenty-seventh to the thirtieth or thirty-first," said his father.

"Yes, I realize that," said Billy.

"Do you still want it, to keep the car that long, all for yourself?" said his father.

"Well, I didn't have it much last summer, when I was working. And I saved you a lot of money on repairs. I ground the valves, cleaned the spark-plugs. A lot of things I did. I oiled and greased it myself."

"Yes, I have to admit you do your share of that," said his father. "But if you keep the car that long, out of town, it just means we are without a car for four days, at the least."

There was a silence.

"I really won't need the car very much after Christmas," said Barbara. "After I've done my shopping and delivered my presents."

"Thank you," said Billy.

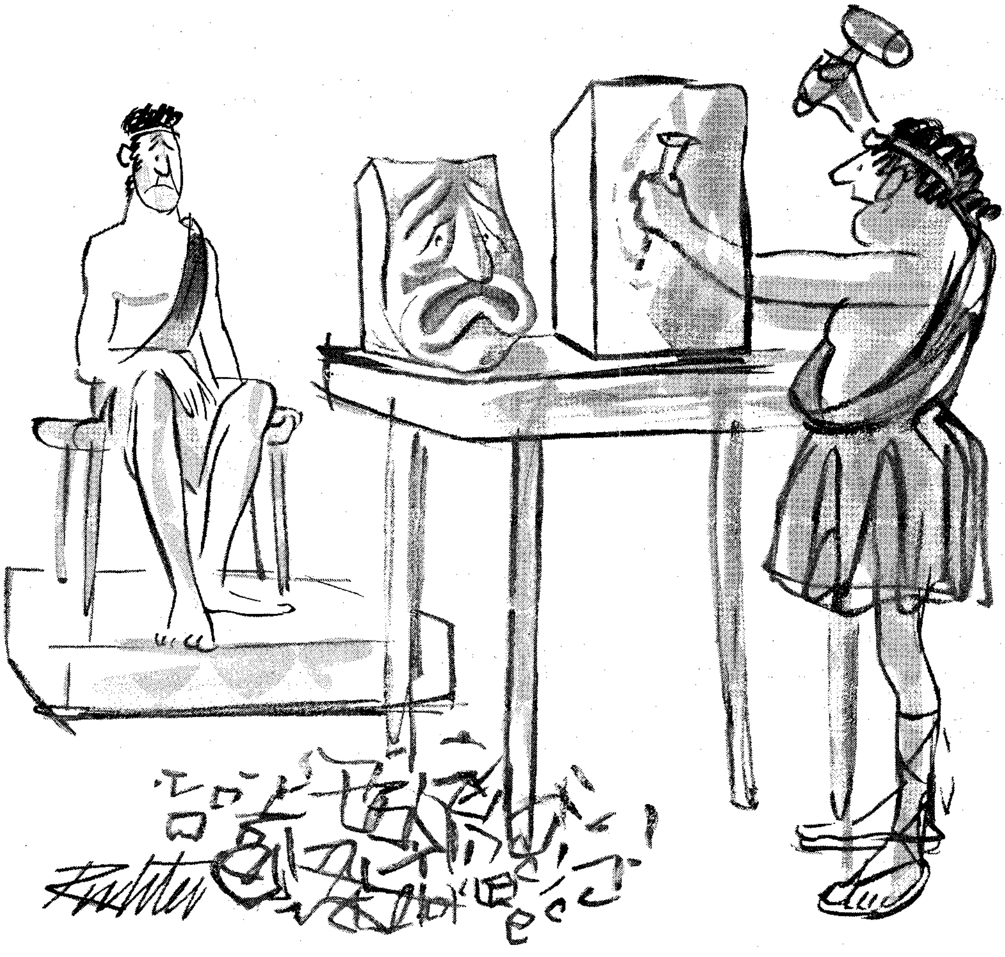
"Well, of course not driving myself, I never use it," said Mrs. Warden.

"That puts it up to me," said Mr. Warden. "If I were Roger Taylor's father I'd give you two nice big Marmons for Christmas, but I'm not Mr. Taylor. Not by about seven hundred thousand dollars, from what I hear. Is there anyone else from around here that's going to Montrose?"

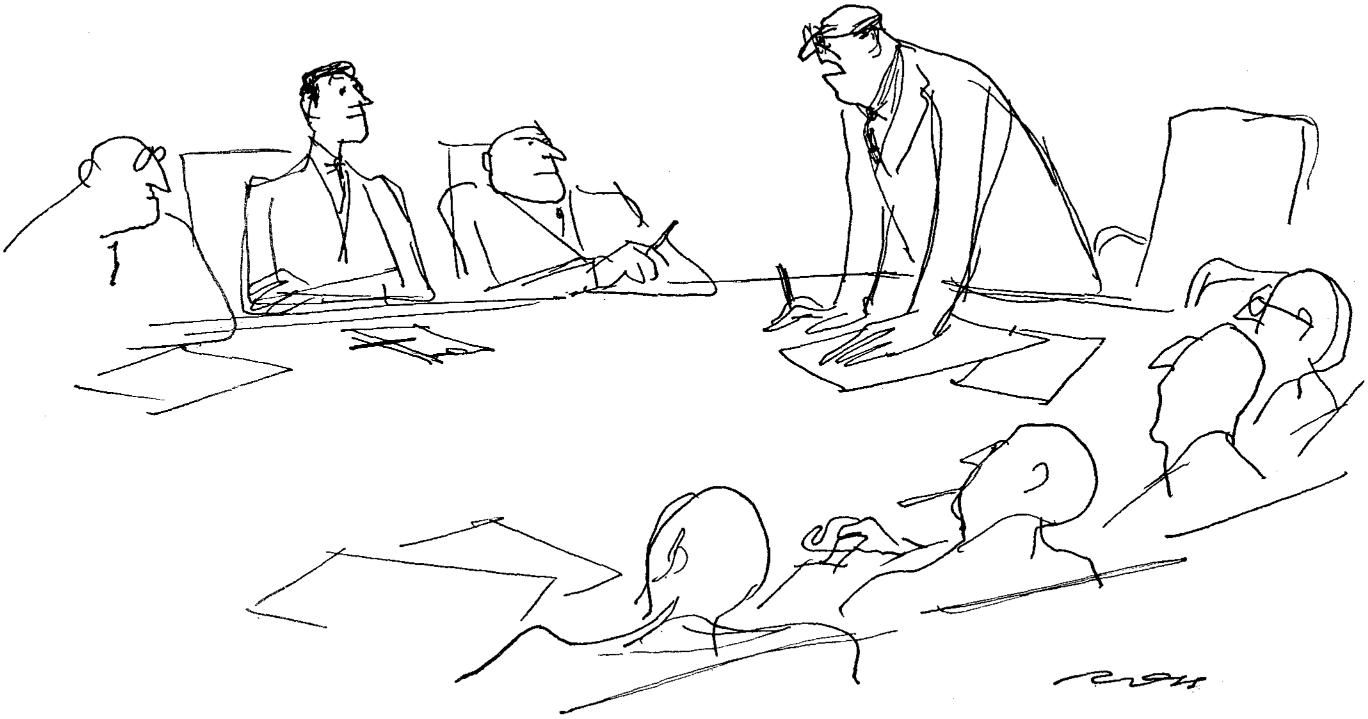
"No."

"Then it isn't one of your Dartmouth friends?" said Mr. Warden. "Who will you be visiting?"

"It's a girl named Henrietta Cooper.



"Now smile."



"Around here, Pollinger, we do not refer to a stock option as 'a piece of the action.'"

• •

She goes to Russell Sage. I met her at Dartmouth, but that's all. I mean, she has no other connection with it."

"Russell Sage," said his mother. "We know somebody that has a daughter there. I know who it was. That couple we met at the Blakes'. Remember, the Blakes entertained for them last winter? The husband was with one of the big electrical companies."

"General Electric, in Schenectady," said Mr. Warden. "Montrose ought to be on the Lehigh Valley, or the Lackawanna, if I'm not mistaken."

"The train connections are very poor," said Billy. "If I don't go by car, Henrietta's going to meet me in Scranton, but heck, I don't want to ask her to do that. I'd rather not go if I have to take the train."

"Well, I guess we can get along without the car for that long. But your mother and I are positively going to have to have it New Year's Eve. We're going to the Assembly, too."

"Thank you very much," said Billy.

"It does seem strange. Reading one night, and then the next day you're off in the opposite direction. You'd better make sure the chains are in good condition. Going over those mountains this time of year."

"A houseparty. Now what will you do on a houseparty in Montrose? Besides ski, that is?" said Mrs. Warden. "It sounds like a big house, to accommodate a lot of young people."

"I guess it probably is," said Billy. "I know they have quite a few horses. Henny rides in the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden."

"Oh, my. Then they must be very well-to-do," said his mother. "I always wanted to ride when I was a girl. To me there's nothing prettier than a young woman in a black riding habit, riding sidesaddle. Something so elegant about it."

"I wouldn't think she rode sidesaddle, but maybe she does," said Billy.

"Did you say you wanted to use the car tonight, too?" said his father.

"If nobody else is going to," said Billy.

"Barbara?" said Mr. Warden.

"No. Roger is calling for me at nine o'clock," said Barbara. "But I would like it tomorrow, all day if possible. I have a ton of shopping to do."

"I *still* haven't finished wrapping all *my* presents," said Mrs. Warden.

"I haven't even *bought* half of mine," said Barbara.

"You shouldn't leave everything to the last minute," said her mother. "I bought most of mine at sales, as far back as last January. Things are much cheaper after Christmas."

"Well, I guess I'm off to the races," said Billy. "Dad, could you spare a little cash?"

"How much?" said Mr. Warden.

"Well—ten bucks?"

"I'll take it off your Christmas present," said Mr. Warden.

"Oh, no, don't do that? I have ten dollars if you'll reach me my purse. It's on the sideboard," said Mrs. Warden.

"You must be flush," said Mr. Warden.

"Well, no, but I don't like to see you take it off Billy's Christmas present. That's as bad as opening presents ahead of time," said Mrs. Warden.

"Which certain people in this house do every year," said Barbara.

"Who could she possibly mean?" said Billy. "I opened one present, because it came from Brooks Brothers and I thought it might be something I could wear right away."

"And was it?" said his mother.

"Yes. Some socks. These I have on, as a matter of fact," said Billy. "They're a little big, but they'll shrink."

"Very snappy," said Barbara.

"Yes, and I don't know who they came from. There was no card."

"I'll tell you who they were from. They were from me," said Barbara.

"They were? Well, thanks. Just what I wanted," said Billy.

"Just what you asked me for, last summer," said Barbara.

"Did I? I guess I did. Thank you for remembering. Well, good night, all. Don't wait up. I'll be home before breakfast."

They muttered their good nights and he left. He wanted to—almost wanted to—stay; to tell his father that he did not want a Marmon for Christmas, which would have been a falsehood; to tell his mother he loved her in spite of her being a nitwit; to talk to Bobby about Roger Taylor, who was not good

LETTER FROM AN ISLAND

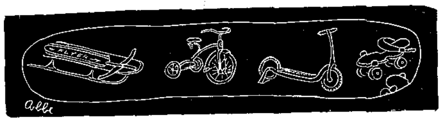
Sweet heart,
A morning, climbing in its brass,
and I—half-naked, pushing fifty, sprawled
on a bone-white gallery—observe again
how day comes on like a coincidence
not asking even to be understood.
Arrived at dawn, the little gull-gray sloops
from down the archipelago—decks high
with limes and goats and Pepsi-Cola bottles—
sit nuzzling the long quay.
Displays of fish
on barbarous Maypole strings are hung about,
the yellow warehouse doors swing open (Scotch,
Thai silk, and singing clocks from Switzerland),
and, flapping for attention from afar,
the paling flags of the sad consulates.
I take it in, as it takes me, and think:
what was the hour of that chill equinox
when, travelling out, I knew that I moved back
toward destinations somehow I had missed?
—the port that winked along the water's edge
—that station deep in the interior.
You must know what I mean.
(Enough of this.)
You'd like the way this island seems to sail.
I think you'd like its blowzy innocence:
the mornings full of notices, the nights
striated by steel bands, and the sort of scratch
cantatas in which roosters and wild dogs
make their concordances.
(The other day,
I met a man who studies octopi.
He drops them in a tank, some five or six,
then watches them, it seems, for any sign
that they might bear their own society.
Invariably, he says, the small ones die.
Eyes open, tentacles unfurled—without
a warning and without a wound—they float
like lilies to the top. *What, then,* I said,
do they die of? And he said, *Of despair.*)
Sweet heart, why don't you hop a jet and come?
God knows, one needs a partner in this waltz
d'un certain âge, someone who knows the steps.
How many deaths have we endured this year?
How many parties where a whisper spelled
the one guest unavoidably detained?
Come flying—I've been sleeping in the sun—
descend through clouds proclaiming that I am
prince of a kingdom that shall be restored.
(A cry from Clementine—one of those girls
who sit like lotuses along the bar:
My last three lovers were enthusiastic.
Still I despair.)
Come for the hell of it . . .
when the white cruise ships arrive it's holiday
as grim as it's instructive. You should know
those gay old Gorgons in blue rinse, tight pants,
fox-trotting from the vasts of the Midwest,
old boys, old Elmers, jazzy in grass hats,
their shirts awash with mermaids and hibiscus—
dead ringers for the shapes we shall assume.
Pack up at once . . . we'll keep our laughter dry.
And though, this year and next year, our fond sight
be blurred again, and violent declensions
shrink us to the wrinkles on our hands,
how long can one stay totally appalled?
Come . . . it's not much later than we think.
Top down, I'll drive you out to Bluebeard's Beach
and high into these rain-blue panoramas.
I'll snap some Kodachromes—you in those wild
Italian stripes under a sea-grape tree—
you, à la Dietrich, leggy in the sand.
Come soon . . . we'll hit the bars, we'll bamboushay,
as they say here, from Poppa Daddy's Place
to the Fallen Angel and Calypso Joe's . . .
and which of our sweet ghosts would not approve?
Come. Come Saturday.
In my knee pants,
a tall rum swizzle in each hand, I'll meet
your plane and—every mortal inch as brave
as you—read in a moment, face to face,
all that we know, all that we do not know.
I've never been more serious.
Love, J.

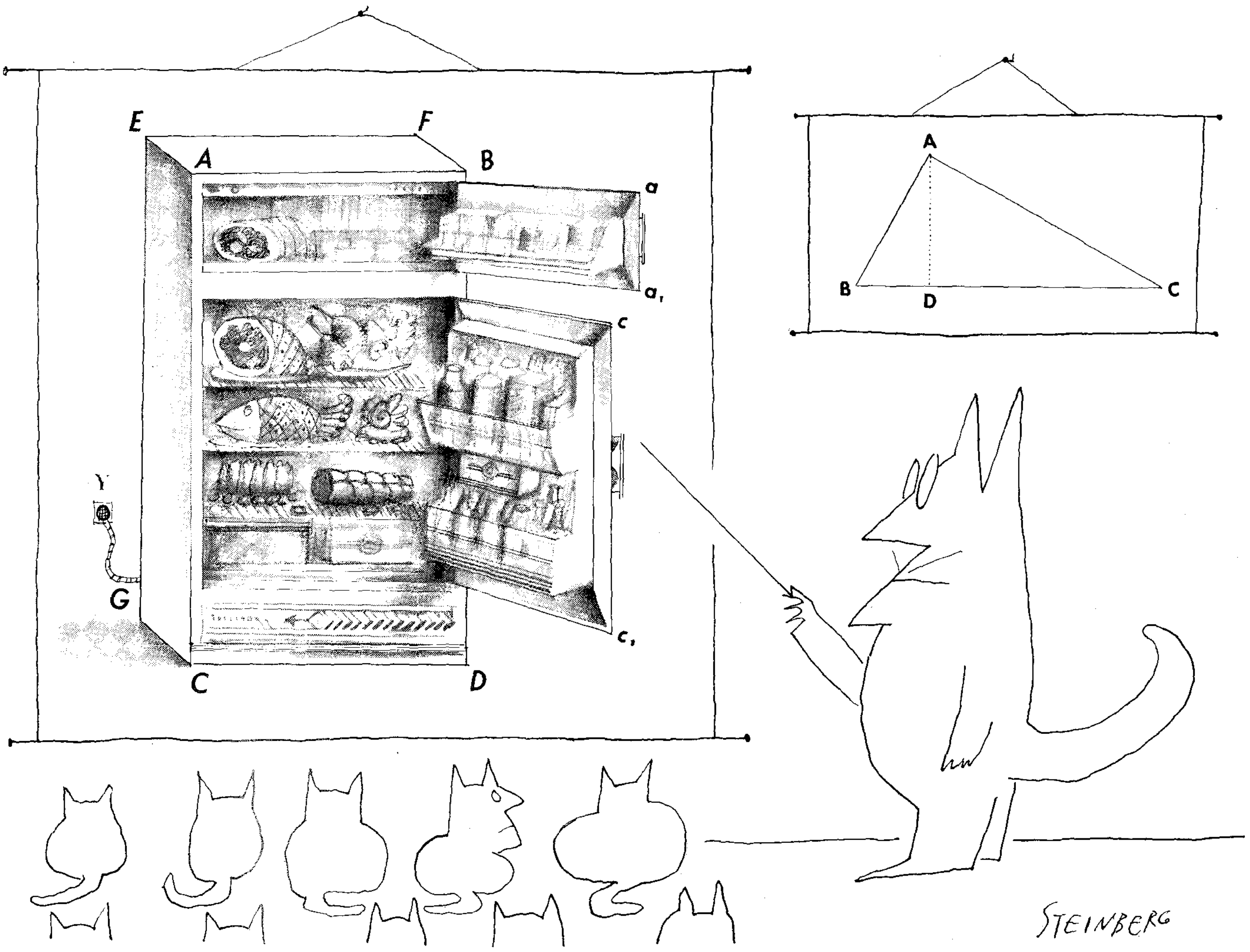
—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

• •

enough for her. But this was his first night home and he had his friends to see. Bobby had Roger, his father and mother had each other; thus far he had no one. But it did not detract from his feeling for his family that he now preferred the livelier company of his friends. *They* all had families, too, and *they* would be at the drugstore tonight. You didn't come home just to see the members of your family. As far as that goes, you got a Christmas vacation to celebrate the birth of the Christ child, but except for a few Catholics, who would go anywhere near a church? And besides, he could not talk to his family en masse. He would like to have a talk with his father, a talk with his sister, and he would enjoy a half hour of his mother's prattling. Those conversations would be personal if there were only two present, but with more than two present everyone had to get his say in and nobody said anything much. Oh, what was the use of making a lot of excuses? What was wrong with wanting to see your friends?

The starter in the Dodge seemed to be whining "No . . . no . . . no . . ." before the engine caught. It reminded him of a girl, a girl who protested every bit of the way, and she was not just an imaginary girl. She was the girl he would telephone as soon as he got to the drugstore, and he probably would be too late, thanks to the conversation with his family. Irma Hipple, her name was. She lived up the hill in back of the Court House. The boys from the best families in town made a beeline for Irma as soon as they got home from school. A great many lies had been told about Irma, and the worst liars were the boys who claimed nothing but looked wise. Someone must have gotten all the way with Irma sometime, but Billy did not know who. It simply stood to reason that a girl who allowed so many boys to neck the hell out of her had delivered the goods sometime. She was twenty-one or two and already she was beginning to lose her prettiness, probably because she could hold her liquor as well as any boy, and better than some. In her way she was a ter-





rible snob. "That Roger Taylor got soaked to the gills," she would say. "That Teddy Choate thinks he's a cave man," or "I'm never going out with that Doctor Boyd again. Imagine a doctor *snapping* his cookies in the Stagecoach bar." Irma probably delivered the goods to the older men. Someone who went to Penn had seen her at the L'Aiglon supper club in Philadelphia with George W. Josling, who was manager of one of the new stockbrokerage branches in town. There was a story around town that she had bitten Jerome Kuhn, the optometrist, who was old enough to be her father. It was hard to say what was true about Irma and what wasn't. She was a saleswoman in one of the department stores; she lived with her older sister and their father, who had one leg and was a crossing watchman for the Pennsy; she was always well dressed; she was pretty and full of pep. That much was true about her, and it was certainly true that she attracted men of all ages.

The telephone booth in the drugstore was occupied, and two or three boys were queued up beside it. Billy Warden shook hands with his friends and with Russell Covington, the head soda jerk. He ordered a lemon phosphate and lit a cigarette and kept an eye on the telephone booth. The door of the booth buckled open and out came Teddy Choate, nodding. "All set," he said to someone. "Everything is copacetic. I'm fixed up with Irma. She thinks she can get Patsy Lurio for you."

Billy Warden wanted to hit him.

"Hello there, Billy. When'd you get in?" said Teddy.

"Hello, Teddy. I got in on the two-eighteen," said Billy.

"I hear you're going to be at Henny Cooper's houseparty," said Teddy.

"Jesus, you're a busybody. How did you hear that?"

"From Henny, naturally. Christ, I've known her since we were five years old. She invited me, but I have to go to these parties in New York."

"Funny, she told me she didn't know anybody in Gibbsville," said Billy.

"She's a congenital liar. Everybody knows that. I saw her Friday in New York. She was at a tea dance I went to. You ever been to that place in Montrose?"

"No."

"They've got everything there. A six-car garage. Swimming pool. Four-hole golf course, but they have the tees arranged so you can play nine holes. God knows how many horses. The old boy made his money in railroad stocks, and he sure did spend it up there. Very hard to get to know, Mr. Cooper. But he was in Dad's class at New Haven and we've known the Coopers since the Year One. I guess it was really Henny's grandfather that made the first big pile. Yes, Darius L. Cooper. You come across his name in American-history courses. I suppose he was an old crook. But Henny's father is altogether different. Very conservative. You won't see much of him at the houseparty, if he's there at all. They have an apartment at the Plaza, just the right size, their own furniture. I've been there many times, too."

"Then you do know them?" said Billy.

"Goodness, haven't I been telling you? We've known the Cooper family since the Year *One*," said Teddy. "Well, you have to excuse me. I have to whisper something to Russ Covington. Delicate matter. Got a date with Irma."

"You're excused," said Billy. He finished his phosphate and joined a group at the curbstone.

"What say, boy? I'll give you fifty to forty," said Andy Phillips.

"For how much?" said Billy.

"A dollar?"

"You're on," said Billy. They went down the block and upstairs to the poolroom. All the tables were busy save one, which was covered with black oilcloth. "What about the end table?" said Billy.

"Saving it," said Phil, the houseman. "Getting up a crap game."

"How soon?"

"Right away. You want to get in?"

"I don't know. I guess so. What do you think, Andy?"

"I'd rather shoot pool," said Andy.

"You're gonna have a hell of a wait for a table," said Phil. "There's one, two, three, four—four Harrigan games going. And the first table just started shooting a hundred points for a fifty-dollar bet. You're not gonna hurry *them*."

"Let's go someplace else," said Andy.

"They'll all be crowded tonight. I think I'll get in the crap game," said Billy.

Phil removed the cover from the idle pool table and turned on the overhead lights, and immediately half a dozen young men gathered around it. "Who has the dice?" someone asked.

"I have," said Phil, shaking them in his half-open hand.

"Oh, great," said someone.

"You want to have a look at them?" said Phil. "You wouldn't know the difference anyway, but you can have a look. No? All right, I'm shooting a dollar. A dollar open."

"You're faded," said someone.

"Anybody else want a dollar?" said Phil.

"I'll take a dollar," said Billy Warden.

"A dollar to you, and a dollar to you. Anyone else? No? O.K. Here we go, and it's a nine. A niner, a niner, what could be finer. No drinks to a minor. And it's a five. Come on, dice, let's see that six-three for Phil. And it's a four? Come on, dice. Be nice. And it's a—a nine it is. Four dollars open. Billy, you want to bet the deuce?"

"You're covered," said Billy.

"You're covered," said the other bettor.

"Anybody else wish to participate? No? All right, eight dollars on the table, and—oh, what do I see there? A natural. The big six and the little one. Bet the four, Billy?"

"I'm with you," said Billy.

"I'm out," said the other bettor.

"I'm in," said a newcomer.

"Four dollars to you, four dollars to Mr. Warden. And here we go, and for little old Phil a—oh, my. The eyes of a snake. Back where you started from, Billy. House bets five dollars. Nobody wants the five? All right, any part of it."

"Two dollars," said Billy.

When it came his turn to take the dice, he passed it up and chose instead to make bets on the side. Thus he nursed his stake until at one time he had thirty-eight or nine dollars in his hands. The number of players was increasing, and all pretty much for the same reason: most of the boys had not yet got their Christmas money, and a crap game offered the best chance to add to the pre-Christmas bankroll.

"Why don't you drag?" said Andy Phillips. "Get out while you're ahead?"

"As soon as I have fifty dollars," said Billy.

The next time the shooter with the dice announced five dollars open, Billy covered it himself, won, and got the dice. In less than ten minutes he was cleaned—no paper money, nothing but the small change in his pocket. He looked around among the players, but there was no one whom he cared to borrow from. "Don't look at me," said Andy. "I have six bucks to last me till Christmas."

"Well, I have eighty-seven cents," said Billy. "Do you still want to spot me fifty to forty?"

"Sure. But not for a buck. You haven't got a buck," said Andy. "And I'm going to beat you."

They waited until a table was free, and played their fifty points, which Andy won, fifty to thirty-two. "I'll be bighearted," said Andy. "I'll pay for the table."

"No, no. Thirty cents won't break me," said Billy. "Or do you want to play another? Give me fifty to thirty-five."

"No, I don't like this table. It's too high," said Andy.

"Well, what shall we do?" said Billy.

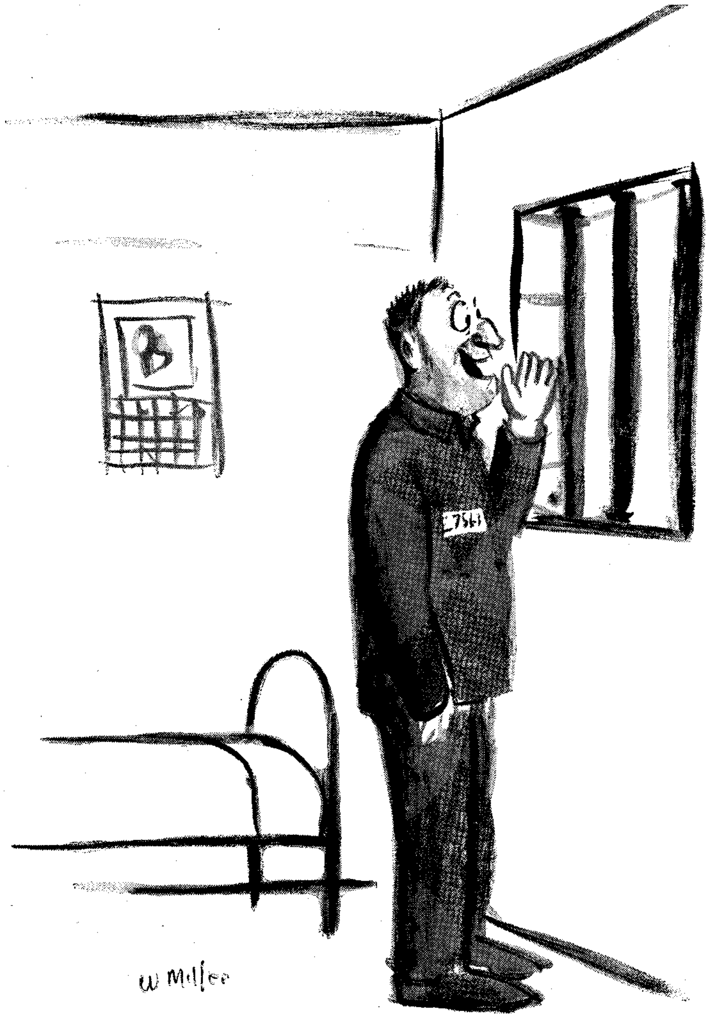
"The movies ought to be letting out pretty soon. Shall we go down and see if we can pick anything up?"

"Me with fifty-seven cents? And you with six bucks?"

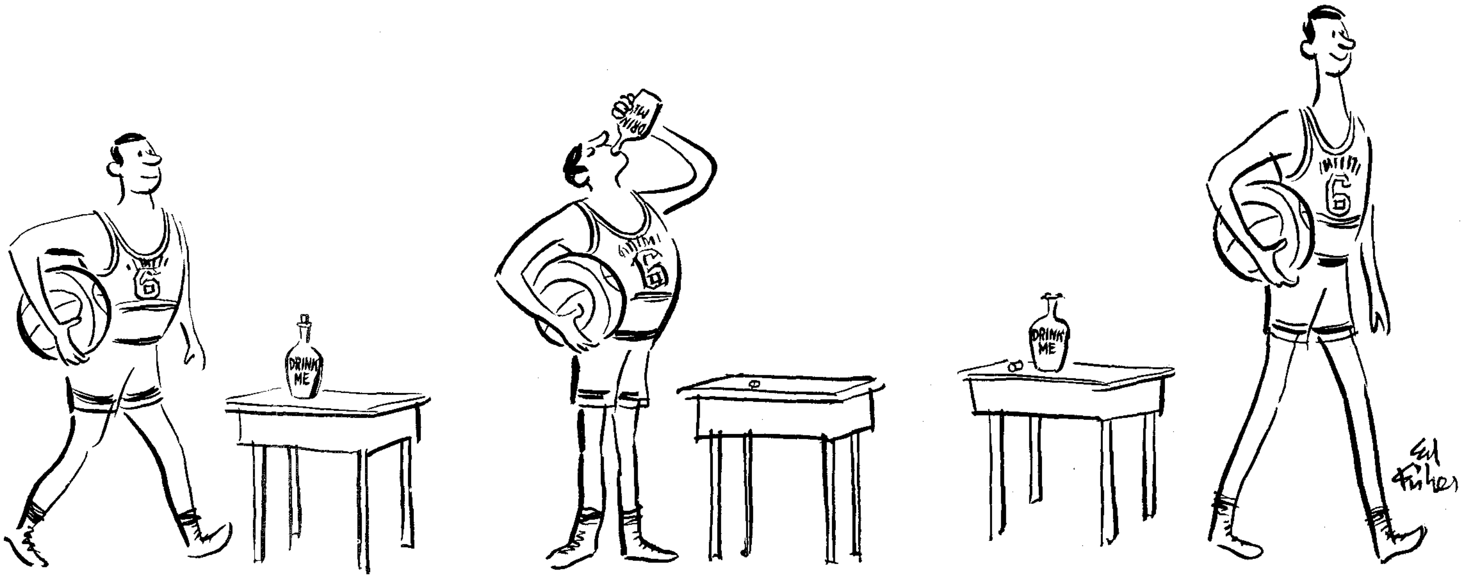
"Well, you have the Dodge, and we could get a couple of pints on credit," said Andy.

"All right, we can try," said Billy. They left the poolroom and went down to the street and reparked the Warden Dodge where they could observe the movie crowd on its way out. Attendance that night was slim, and passable girls in pairs nowhere to be seen. The movie-theatre lights went out. "Well, so much for that," said Billy. "Five after eleven."

"Let's get a pint," said Andy.



"Help! I'm being held prisoner!"



"I honestly don't feel like it, Andy," said Billy.

"I didn't mean you were to buy it. I'll split it with you."

"I understood that part," said Billy. "Just don't feel like drinking."

"Do you have to *feel* like drinking at Dartmouth? Up at State we just drink."

"Oh, sure. Big hell-raisers," said Billy. "Kappa Betes and T.N.E.s. 'Let's go over to Lock Haven and get slopped.' I heard all about State while I was at Mercersburg. That's why I didn't go there—one of the reasons."

"Is that so?" said Andy. "Well, if all you're gonna do is sit here and razz State, I think I'll go down to Mulhearn's and have a couple beers. You should have had sense enough to quit when you were thirty-some bucks ahead."

"Darius L. Cooper didn't quit when he was thirty bucks ahead."

"Who? You mean the fellow with the cake-eater suit? His name wasn't Cooper. His name is Minzer or something like that. Well, the beers are a quarter at Mulhearn's. We could have six fours are twenty-four. We could have twelve beers apiece. I'll lend you three bucks."

"No thanks," said Billy. "I'll take you down to Mulhearn's and then I think I'll go home and get some shut-eye. I didn't get any sleep on the train last night."

"That's what's the matter with you? All right, disagreeable. Safe at last in your trundle bed."

"How do you know that? That's a Dartmouth song," said Billy.

"I don't know, I guess I heard *you* sing it," said Andy. "Not tonight, though. I'll walk to Mulhearn's. I'll see you tomorrow."

"All right, Andy. See you tomorrow," said Billy. He watched his friend, with his felt hat turned up too much in front and back, his thick-soled Whitehouse & Hardys clicking on the sidewalk, his joe-college swagger, his older brother's leather coat. Life was simple for Andy and always would be. In two more years he would finish at State, a college graduate, and he would come home and take a job in Phillips Brothers Lumber Yard, marry a local girl, join the Lions or Rotary, and play volleyball at the Y.M.C.A. His older brother had already done all those things, and Andy was Fred Phillips all over again.

The Dodge, still warm, did not repeat the whining protest of a few hours earlier in the evening. He put it in gear and headed for home. He hoped his father and mother would have gone to bed. "What the hell's the matter with me?" he said. "Nothing's right tonight."

He put the car in the garage and entered the house by the kitchen door. He opened the refrigerator door, and heard his father's voice. "Is that you, Son?"

"Yes, it's me. I'm getting a glass of milk."

His father was in the sitting room and made no answer. Billy drank a glass of milk and turned out the kitchen lights. He went to the sitting room. His father, in shirtsleeves and smoking a pipe, was at the desk. "You doing your bookkeeping?" said Billy.

"No."

"What *are* you doing?"

"Well, if you must know, I was writing a poem. I was trying to express my appreciation to your mother."

"Can I see it?"

"Not in a hundred years," said Mr. Warden. "Nobody will ever see this but her—if she ever does."

"I never knew you wrote poetry."

"Once a year, for the past twenty-six years, starting with the first Christmas we were engaged. So far I haven't missed a year, but it doesn't get any easier. But by God, the first thing Christmas morning she'll say to me, 'Where's my poem?' Never speaks about it the rest of the year, but it's always the first thing she asks me the twenty-fifth of December."

"Has she kept them all?" said Billy.

"That I never asked her, but I suppose she has."

"Does she write you one?" said Billy.

"Nope. Well, what did you do tonight? You're home early, for you."

"Kind of tired. I didn't get much sleep last night. We got on the train at White River Junction and nobody could sleep."

"Well, get to bed and sleep till noon. That ought to restore your energy."

"O.K. Good night, Dad."

"Good night, Son," said his father. "Oh, say. You had a long-distance call. You're to call the Scranton operator, no matter what time you get in."

"Thanks," said Billy. "Good night."

"Well, aren't you going to put the call in? I'll wait in the kitchen."

"No, I know who it is. I'll phone them tomorrow."

"That's up to you," said Mr. Warden. "Well, good night again."

"Good night," said Billy. He went to his room and took off his clothes, to the bathroom and brushed his teeth. He put out the light beside his bed and lay there. He wondered if Henrietta Cooper's father had ever written a poem to her mother. But he knew the answer to that. —JOHN O'HARA

THEM APPLES

As Walter Hewlett was gently lowering an egg on a tablespoon into a saucepan of boiling water, his stepdaughter skipped into the kitchen with the Christmas cards. Prior to this intrusion, Hewlett had been meditating on the egg. Its shell was blotchy and imperfectly made; it was covered, in part, with minute granules. These irregularities reminded Hewlett of certain seashells which are so engrossed by calcareous accretions that they appear monstrous or revisionary. He imagined the egg was not a chicken's but had been wantonly laid by some large, restless sea bird. This speculation did not provoke disgust; it filled Hewlett with a welcome vision of wild, wet, and bitter places where, toward nightfall, the earth's shadow is cast upon the air.

Hewlett felt that his home, like the water's edge, held life's orderly source and surge. At his back he knew that the fronds of his fern were irresistibly uncoiling, that bright, new leaves were ascending from his potted palm, that the light of morning flashing upon their glass hid his prints of flatfish, and their beguiling captions—"*Pleuronectes Passer*, *Der Lincke Stachelflunder*, *Le Moineau de Mer*;" "*Pleuronectes Solea*, *Die Zunge*, *La Sole*, *The Sole*"—as effectively as the lees of the sea, that some sympathetic vibration might suddenly set the strings of his piano thrumming with celebratory music, and that the radiators sang like the tides.

"Walter," said Hewlett's stepdaughter, "did you know that I've had the same dream five nights in a row?"

"No, I didn't, sweetheart. What's it about?"

"I can fly!"

Hewlett saw her suspended and rejoicing above the rooftree.

"This one was sent by mistake to your old apartment on Lexington Avenue," she said, examining an envelope. "Now, *whom* do we know in Miami?"

"Give me that," Hewlett said, grabbing it out of her hand.

"May Good Health, Good Friends, and Happiness be with you for this Holiday Season," the card read. It was signed "Blake." Beneath the signature was written, "Hi there. Member me?"

Hewlett had met Carla Blake in an art-movie house on the Dixie Highway a couple of months before he had been introduced to his wife, now heedlessly sleeping beneath a rose comforter while her old canary tried to wake her with its invariable song. Hewlett had known Blake for a weekend. He saw her now in her bedroom, dark even at midday because of the mango tree outside her window, indolently addressing Christmas cards to all the people she had ever known. Hewlett imagined she could sense his reaction to the card; a filament joined it to a web whose center she held in her hands, and this was the reason she had sent it to him, sent them to everyone.

"Who is Blake?" Hewlett's stepdaughter asked.

"Someone I used to know."

"Does Ma know him?"

"I don't think so," Hewlett said, wondering whether he could destroy the card now that his stepdaughter had seen it.

"This one's from San Francisco."

"It's from Harry and Elaine," Hewlett said.

"Who are Harry and Elaine?"

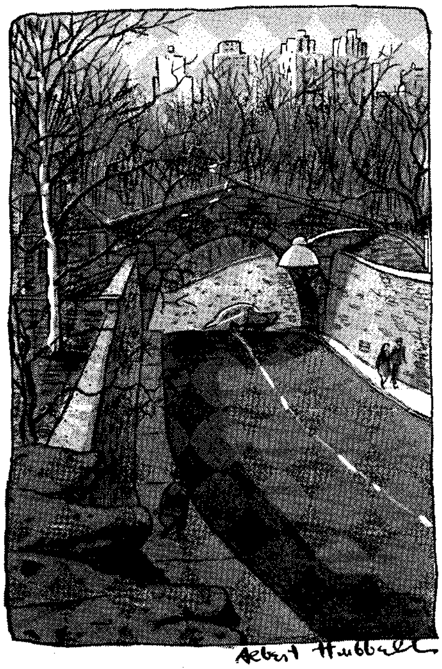
"Elaine is someone I used to know."

"You used to know an awful lot of people, Walter. It just says 'Harry.' Do you think Elaine has perished or something?"

"Don't you think it's a pretty card?" Hewlett asked.

"I personally think the Three Wise Men are getting to be a drag this year. No one has any originality anymore. Look, Walter, here's another card from San Francisco—'O-pen your GOL-den Gate.' This one's from Elaine. She says, 'Guess what? Harry and I are getting divorced. How do you like them apples?' "

Hewlett felt threatened and vulnerable, as though Furies whom he thought had abandoned the chase were back on his trail. He remembered, with an intolerable pang, Elaine naked, walking with her odd sailor's gait down the long corridor in her apartment on Russian Hill, which was hung with colored plates from "The Life of the Bee"—"In the Heart of the Flower," "Founding the City," "The Duel of the Queens"—to get him a glass of water in the middle of the night.



"What does that mean?" his stepdaughter asked.

"What does *what* mean?"

" 'Them apples.' It's not even very good English. 'Member me?' Didn't your friends go to college?"

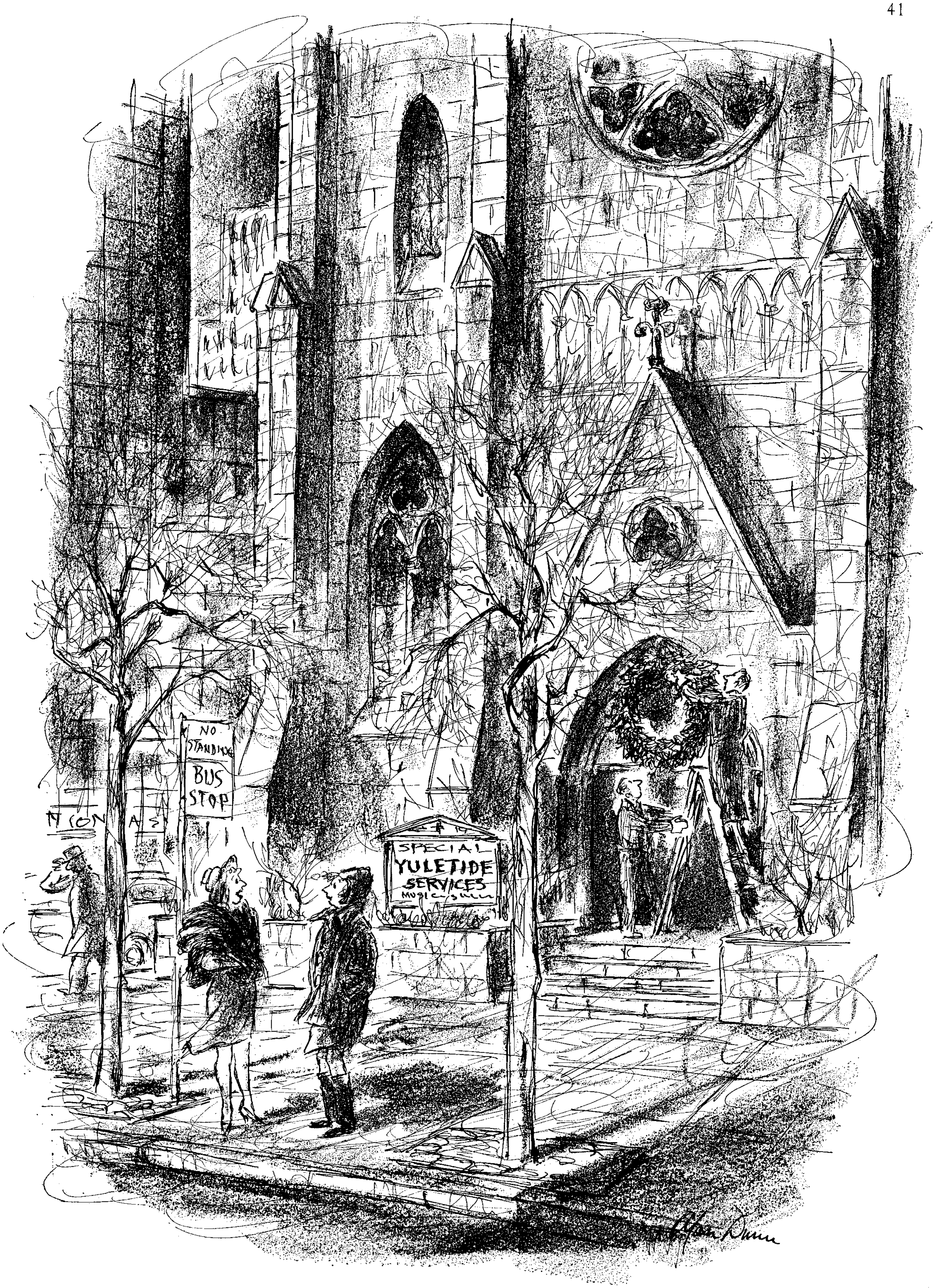
"It means you're a precious little sneak, that's what it means!" Hewlett shouted. "Why the hell don't you mind your own God-damned business? You're always sticking your nose in other people's affairs. You're interested in everything around here except when it concerns you. I'm sick and tired of it, do you hear me? I don't know how you got away with it before I married Ma, but, let me tell you, there's going to be some God-damned changes around here."

Hewlett watched her eyes brim with uncomprehending tears as though he were looking at a stranger's affliction, or the victim of an accident. She had a small sty on her right eyelid, and what was that pink junk? Chronic conjunctivitis? Gazing over her head, Hewlett noticed that several of the fern's pinnae were yellow, and that his palm was drooping. Did he give them too much water or too little? How the hell could you ever tell? Would the profusion of steam in the morning, and the cold nights, ultimately destroy them? He recalled that the F below middle C didn't sound, and some low note, too, that never appeared in the simple music he played. A mouse—or was it a rat, or a squirrel, or a great, rustling snake?—did something desperately in the walls at night. The exterminator had told Hewlett's wife that it had probably been trapped there when the house was renovated, and since there was no hole, whatever was in there would perish (his word, too) in time and there was nothing anyone could do but wait. Indeed, the mysterious and plaintive noises had become more widely spaced and fainter.

Didn't dreams of flight mean sexual excitement? How old was she? Eleven? My God, my egg!

"I'm really sorry, sweetheart," Hewlett said, holding out his hands to her. "I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean it. I swear to God I didn't mean it. I promise I'll never do it again. Forgive me."

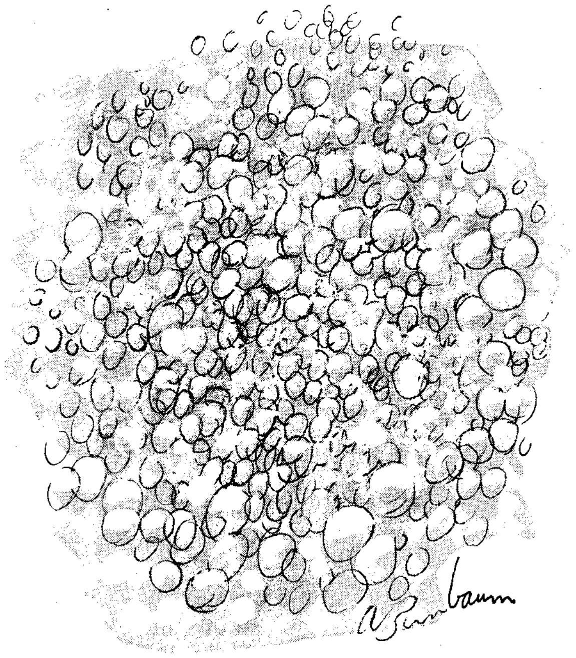
—Gilbert Rogin


NO STANDING
BUS STOP
SPECIAL
YULETIDE
SERVICES
MUSIC

"My idea of Christmas is just tons and tons of money!"

ANNALS OF BUSINESS

THE SUDS CONFLICT



As a phenomenon commonly associated with the family dishwashing and laundry, suds may appear insubstantial, but the fact is that we may be well on our way to being submerged in them. Their present incidence is enormous. American women, in pursuit of their ideals of cleanliness and urged on by our great soap companies, are buying and using up dishwashing and laundering agents at the rate of more than one and a half million tons a year, and about ninety per cent of these products consist of synthetic detergents, which have all but replaced soap. The synthetic detergents, churning away in washing machines or splashing around in sinks, produce not only a rise and swell of foam in the American kitchen but some interesting effects outside the kitchen. On rivers and streams all across the country, great surges of suds have been foaming up. They range in color from white to dirty yellow, and they form floes that sometimes extend for hundreds of feet. Not long ago, the Wisconsin State Board of Health reported the existence on the Mississippi of "a wall of foam thirty-five feet wide, three hundred feet long, and fifteen feet high." When the suds on a river are roiled by falling water, as from a dam, they can reach even greater heights. Last spring, a floe of suds on the Rock River below a dam at Oregon, Illinois, reached a height of forty feet. Under certain conditions, rearing stands of suds in rivers attain a consistency so firm that blocks can be cut out of the material, as though from a mass of foam plastic, and in some places suds have become a hazard to navigation, because they reduce visibility for pilots of small craft. Moreover, motorists driving on roads that parallel contaminated waterways often find their windshields smeared over by windborne shreds of foam. The same phenomenon is common on windy days in the vicinity of municipal sewage-treatment plants, and workers at these plants have to clamber along catwalks made dangerously slimy by airborne foam and are likely to get covered with the stuff. "The foam constitutes not only a nuisance but a serious safety hazard to plant workers," an official of the United States Public Health Service has testified before a congressional committee investigating the problems of our water resources. To cope with the suds, or at least keep their level down, many municipalities have had to install expensive sprinkler systems at their sewage-treatment plants. Until the New York City Department of Public Works installed sprinkler systems at its twelve plants, suds used to brew up at such a rate that, in the words of Sigvald W. Steffensen, the director of the department's Bureau of Water Pollution Control, they were "almost beyond control."

The number of places into which suds have managed to intrude themselves is remarkable. For example, the Indians of Isleta Pueblo, about twenty miles south of Albuquerque, reportedly do not irrigate their fields on Wednesdays, because they have learned from experience that their irrigation ditches will be flooded with laundry suds poured into the Rio Grande by Albuquerque housewives on Mondays. In the Bronx, far removed from the Rio Grande, considerable stands of suds have been seen on the Bronx River, notably below a small waterfall in the Bronx Zoo. The Zoo's superintendent of maintenance has described the suds as "looking like snow." In Massachusetts, where an old gristmill on the grounds of the Wayside Inn, in Sudbury (pure coincidence), has attracted visitors for many years, suds are now stirred up in such quantities in the water swirling through the millrace that the water wheel is frequently half obscured. The advance of suds in Europe is as widespread as it is here. In West Germany, the problem is particularly vexatious. According to a report by the Bonn Ministry of Health, detergent foam has become so prevalent on stretches of some rivers, especially around locks, that "interference with . . . navigation" has resulted. The Ministry added, "In certain cases . . . boaters had to be refused sluicing permits because of the imminent danger to their lives. Dangerous situations resulted from foam covering up navigational signals and rendering the rescue of drowning persons impossible." In France, a man was reported to have drowned after falling into the Seine near Paris and getting lost in a bank of suds. In England, suds are said to have interfered with the journeyings of swans on the Avon at Stratford. In Denmark, visitors to Elsinore, peering over the battlements of Hamlet's castle, have been taken aback to see a bank of suds stretching across the water below.

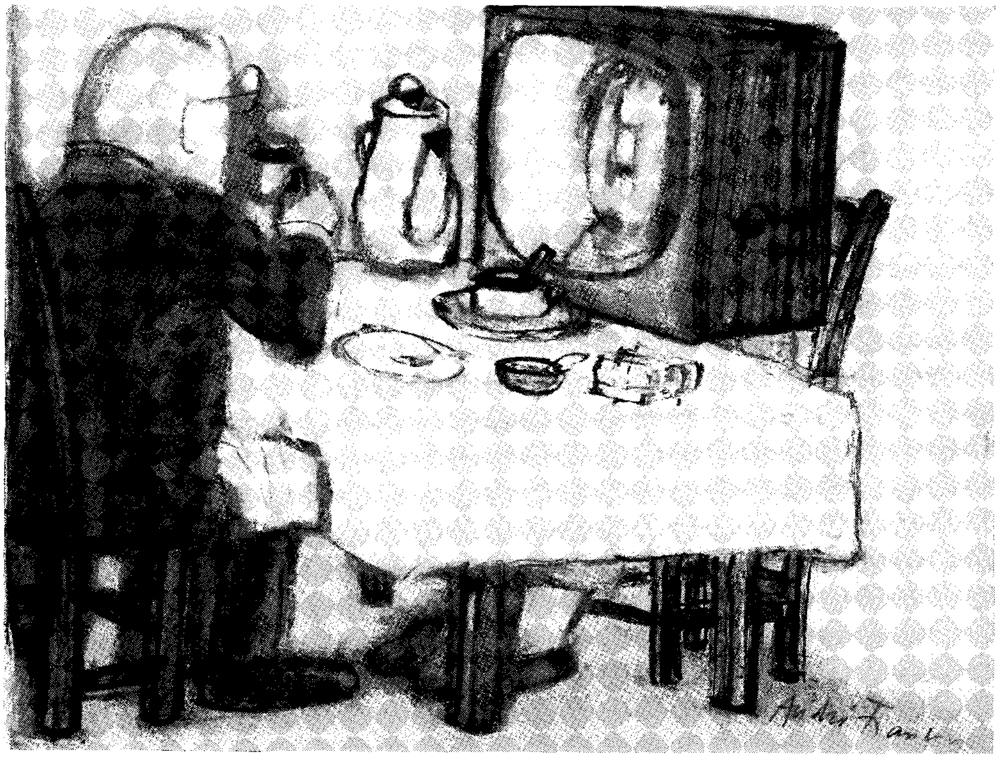
The pervasiveness of suds can have even more discomfiting effects. In various parts of this country—particularly in rural or suburban communities where kitchen sinks drain not into municipal sewage lines but into individual household septic tanks—people drawing a glass of water from the kitchen tap are likely to find that it has a head of foam on it. Because the principal cleaning component of most synthetic detergents cannot be readily broken down by bacterial action—as ordinary soap can—and because bacterial action is the process by which septic tanks dissolve household wastes, a good deal of detergent material passes intact into the surrounding ground. It finds its way to the water table, filters into any wells in the neighborhood, and eventually reappears at the householder's tap. Thus a cycle of suds is completed.

One area in which the pollution of drinking water by synthetic-detergent wastes has become particularly noticeable is Suffolk County, on Long Island. There the durability of detergents is very high, because of a combination of sandy soil (which is poor in bacterial action) and a high incidence of septic tanks and shallow wells in the housing developments that have shot up all over the county since the Second World War. As a result, the tap water of many hundreds of houses is so heavily suds-bearing that housewives use it only for washing and (reluctantly, since they find it hard to get used to the idea of boiling their dinner vegetables in sudsy water) for cooking. To obtain clear drinking water, they are obliged to rely on friends whose water supply happens to be suds-free. In addition, the Suffolk County water table is daily infiltrated by perhaps a million gallons of detergent-laden water from more than a hundred coin-operated laundries. All told, seven public-water-supply wells have been polluted, and the whole county is practically afloat in suds. Similar situations can be found not only in a number of other crowded areas in the United States—Dade County, Florida, for example—but in relatively uncrowded areas, too. A professional well-digger in a farm area of Wisconsin, where there is considerable distance between houses, has reported pumping up suds miles from any septic tank. According to Gaylord Nelson, senator from Wisconsin and a former governor of the state, sections of the water table underlying sixty-four of Wisconsin's seventy-two counties have become polluted by detergent wastes.

The detergent-pollution situation is hardly better for people who derive their water supply from a river instead of from underground sources. Detergent wastes dumped into the river upstream are sucked into municipal water intakes downstream. Once the water has been used, it is discharged—along with more detergent wastes, picked up en route—back into the river, after a pause in a municipal treatment system. The water of many rivers is used over and over; along the Ohio-Mississippi, for example, it is used four times between Pennsylvania and southern Tennessee. And as the Ohio flows past Cincinnati, the headquarters of Procter & Gamble, our largest producer of packaged detergents, it is perfectly capable of bearing great stands of suds past the home of the Great Cham of cleanliness, like floats in a parade.

INEVITABLY, the dismaying sight of foam bubbling along on rivers and streams, floating on the breeze, and streaming from kitchen faucets has brought letters of complaint to the press and requests for government action. As a result, a number of governments have been enacting or considering legislation that would prohibit manufacturers from selling synthetic detergents that cannot be readily broken down by normal bacterial action. The West German Bundestag has passed laws requiring all synthetic detergents to meet certain standards of biological solubility. In this country, Senate and House bills have been introduced with the same intent, setting 1966 as the effective date. Although these bills have not yet got beyond the committee stage, the big synthetic-detergent producers here have seen the handwriting on the wall and have already embarked on a large-scale program of reformulating most household detergents in order to make them far more susceptible to biological decomposition. Under this program, detergents that are, to use the industrial term, "biodegradable" will be put on the national market by the three big soap companies—Procter & Gamble, Colgate-Palmolive, and Lever Brothers—by the middle of 1965. In the meantime, the public-relations men for the soap companies and for the Soap & Detergent Association, which represents the interests of the soap industry generally, have been busy explaining the suds problem.

"With the new biodegradables, we're getting ourselves out of whatever pollution problems we had, and have taken a terrific step forward," E. Scott Pattison, the manager of the Soap & Detergent Association, says. "Yet we're stuck with a public-relations problem. The water-pollution people have been looking for years for something to dramatize pollution in rivers. The synthetic detergents came along, and now the sanitary engineers think they have something they can attack in order to draw attention to their cause. They're using detergents as a whipping boy. The only reason detergents have been singled out from all the other pollutants is that detergent foam is so visible. Foam on the streams may be an aesthetic problem, but it's not a health problem." In support of this position, Pattison cites a report of the U.S. Public Health Service stating that detergents in drinking water can be ingested by human beings in considerable quantities without discernible toxic effects. He also asserts, as do his colleagues in the big soap companies, that there is no evidence that detergent residues in streams, rivers, and bays have been responsible for killing fish or wildlife. (If clams and oysters could be made to talk, a different tale might be heard, however. A report issued in 1963 by the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the Department of the Interior states, "Tests with eight detergents showed that all were toxic to eggs and larvae of clams and oysters at concentrations of 0.6 parts per million or less. The number of oyster and clam larvae that grew and developed normally was significantly reduced when they were exposed to concentrations of 1.4 parts per million [of] a major component of many commercial detergents.") As for the



admitted aesthetic problem of detergent suds, Pattison tends to minimize that. "Other things besides detergents can cause foam on rivers," he says. "Paper-mill wastes, for instance. We have a picture taken in 1921, before synthetic detergents were even heard of here, that shows foam three feet high on a river." A public-relations man for Colgate-Palmolive takes another tack. In an interview recently, he emphasized the genial aspect of suds in nature. "Go to the purest waterfall and what do you see?" he said. "Foam! Go down to the sea, watch any crashing wave, and what do you get? More foam!" An even more impressionable executive of Procter & Gamble, addressing a symposium of the American Chemical Society in Philadelphia last spring, buttressed a similar position by quoting from Sir Walter Scott's "The Lady of the Lake":

> Like the dew on the mountain,
>   Like the foam on the river,
> Like the bubble on the fountain,
>   Thou art gone, and forever!

As for the presence of suds in drinking water, Pattison thinks that many members of the public tend to be unduly hasty in their reaction to them. "It's surprising that people think nothing of drinking *beer* with a head of foam on it," he says. "And they think nothing of drinking water with bacteria in it—that happens all the time. But put a little foam, no matter how harmless, on their water and they think they're being poisoned."

UNCLE WILL, THE GARDENER

Winter had spoiled his Georgia
because the prize roses in the yard
of the lady who paid him
were dying off. Drunk, guided back there
by a ghost of habitual love,
he dropped his black head to the first dry
petals he could find, and wept.
Frost netted the stem bottoms
in frail multiplications,
threatening the brittle heads.
Standing at the kitchen door, I watched him,
dressed in the old clothes of three
white relatives, and I thought
there is justice in the economy
of nature, although he can't believe
the death of his closest friends.
A gust ripped the heads off some,
leaving their tall dirty stalks naked,
like markers for the bones of the poor,
and, helpless to change, he began
cutting through the cold talkative flowers,
swinging his arms, bringing down all of them
before the next wind could do it.
Later we spoke of the ice
of this world and of the invisible
destruction that takes what men live for.
I agreed with all he said, but I
heard nothing, understood nothing
except the hilly scar on his cheek.
It seemed, through private sorrow,
to smile and be his true mouth,
not mortal, open to its darkest part,
and coiled something like a rose arched out
just before its petals blacken.

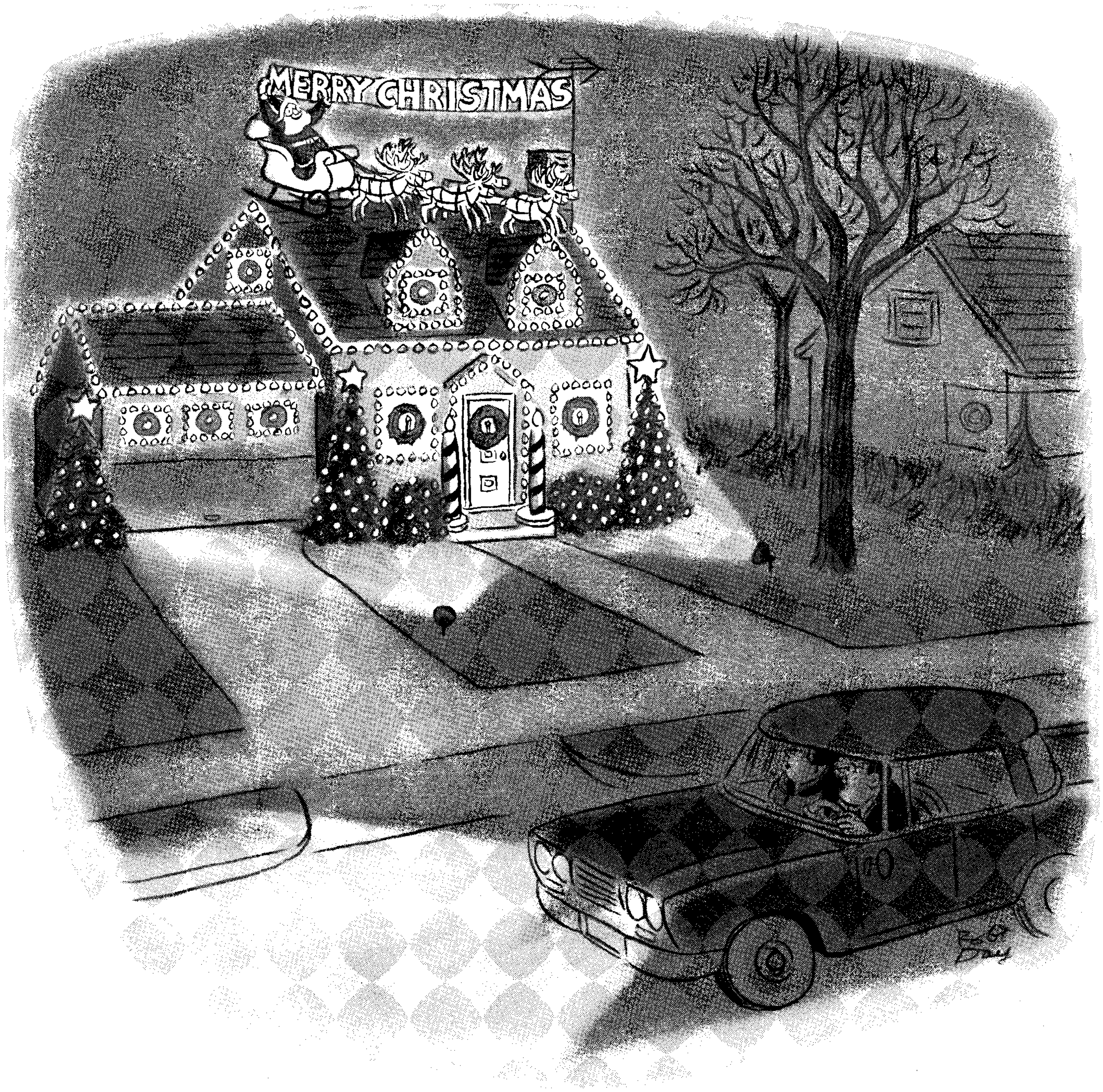
—STEPHEN BERG

• •

In attempting to enlighten the public on the complexities of the suds problem, the soap men have been pointing out that the suds that people see on rivers and in their drinking water are not the same suds that people see bubbling away in their washing machines; foam in washing machines occurs only when detergents are present in relatively powerful concentrations, and as soon as the wash water disappears down the drain and is diluted a hundred times or more by other waste water, this type of foam disappears. The detergent foam that appears in the sewage plants and on the rivers is of another type, caused by a reaction between the basic detergent material (even in relatively low concentrations) and bacteria-laden water. However, these explanations have not satisfied complaining members of the public, many of whom obstinately persist in failing to make any distinction between one kind of bubble and another. Under the circumstances, the task of the soap industry is a difficult one. "Where can you get with technical explanations?" a soap merchandiser asked recently. "All that seems to come to people's minds when they see foam on the river is the suds in the TV commercials. The public is just confused about the whole business."

IF the public is indeed confused, its confusion could well be traced to the big soap companies' long-term promotion of suds as a factor in cleanliness. Actually, the only practical function of lather or suds from ordinary soap—which is a simple, highly biodegradable detergent made from fat and lye—is to serve as an index of how much soap the user has in his wash water and how energetically he is washing with it. When, just after the First World War, housewives began doing their laundry with the granulated, powdered, or flaked soaps that had started to displace the old yellow laundry cake, soap advertisers paid very little attention to suds. The first big seller among these new products was Rinso, a granulated laundry soap put out by Lever Brothers in 1919, and the subsequent ads for Rinso reflect fairly typically the rise in the status of suds from a few humble bubbles to an all-pervading mass.

The first full-page newspaper ads for Rinso announced its use as "The Modern Way of Washing," and pictorially contrasted the messy, steamy look of an old-style laundry room, complete with washboard and boiling tubs, with the neat appearance of the same laundry—minus washboard and boiling tubs—under the influence of Rinso. "You just *soak* your clothes clean instead of the old rubbing and boiling," a headline informed the reader, and in the five hundred-odd words of copy the word "suds" was mentioned only once, and then in passing. However, in the following years, when Rinso's compe-



"It does seem a little contrived."

• •

tition began to thicken—there were Octagon Chips, put out by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, and Ivory Flakes and Chipso, put out by Procter & Gamble—so did suds in the Rinso ads. By 1924, a full-page Rinso announcement in women's magazines declared, "This New Laundry Soap dissolves completely—makes creamy lasting suds. . . ." By 1928, in contrast with the almost sudsless surface of the wash water that had been shown in Rinso ads nine years before, Rinso artwork was featuring laundry sinks in which clusters of bubbles—some of them pretty big bubbles—had risen up in the shape of small cumulus clouds on top of the Rinso wash. "The suds of this new soap *soak* the dirt right out," the headline claimed. Thus, in less than a decade, suds had been transformed from an unimportant side effect into the product's principal cleaning ingredient. From then on, there seemed to be no stopping the advance of Rinso's suds. By 1929, they were "thick, 'no-work' suds." By 1932, a female figure in a cartoon-strip ad was proclaiming that "the whole secret is in the suds," and another ad that year had a little girl saying to her mother, "Ooh, Mother, what thick suds! They look just like whipped cream!" And by the following year the suds had become "amazing."

The promotion of suds continued inexorably through the thirties, a period of intense warfare between Lever Brothers' Rinso, Procter & Gamble's Oxydol, and a relative newcomer, Supersuds, put out by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. Each was represented as outdoing the others in suds-generating power. Rinso also went off on another line. In 1936, it was claimed to get clothes "4 or 5 shades whiter," a floating comparative that in the following year was amended to "at least 5 times whiter." And by 1939 Rinso was alleged to get clothes "as much as 10 shades whiter." By that time, too, the suds level in the washing machines that housewives were shown using was almost breathtakingly high ("New Richer Rinso gives up to 3 times as much suds as lazy bar and package soaps")—an effect consistent with the concurrent claim that "Rinso just *bursts* into thick, long-lasting suds!" This claim was designed to counter the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet slogan "Floods of Suds with Supersuds!" Indeed, by this time the word "suds" had become a generic term in the advertising of laundry products. Considering the lowly origin of the word—it probably stems from the Middle Dutch "*sudde*," meaning "marsh," with its connotation of floating scum—the promotion of the word into a synonym for cleanliness by three decades of advertising campaigns represents an impressive achievement on the part of the soap industry.

During the Second World War, owing to the shortage of fats, the advertising of soap (and suds) was comparatively muted, but as soon as the war was over, the big soap companies resumed the suds contest more determinedly than ever. However, the really big postwar development was the introduction of synthetic detergents. Like soap, synthetic detergents clean essentially by means of substances known as surface-active agents, or surfactants. These surfactants lower the surface tension both of the wash water and of the things washed in it; in addition, the surfactant molecules have both water-attracting and oil- and grease-attracting properties. Consequently, the addition of soap or a detergent to water greatly increases its ability to float or agitate dirt out of laundry. The two cleansers work about equally well in soft water, but synthetic detergents have the advantage in hard water, because soap tends to react with hard-water mineral salts and produce a scum that dulls its powers.

In view of our nationwide inundation by foam, the ironic thing about the basic ingredient of the most widely used synthetic detergents is that, left to itself, it is not a notable suds-producer in the kitchen or the laundry (although it does well enough in the streams). It does form bubbles, but these are unstable and quickly burst, and thus do not ordinarily pile up into any appreciable stand of suds. However, by the time synthetic detergents came along, housewives were so conditioned by years of soap advertising that they equated suds with cleaning efficiency and were likely to spurn any laundry product, no matter how efficient, if it did not produce a big head of froth. As it happens, it is entirely possible to fiddle with chemical formulas in such a way as to stabilize the transient bubbles and increase their longevity, allowing them to accumulate in the form of persistent suds. (As a matter of fact, the manufacturers had been adding foam-stabilizing agents to certain laundry-soap products for several years.) Consequently, in 1948, when Tide, the first big postwar household detergent, was put on the market by Procter & Gamble, it foamed furiously and instantly. It was advertised as a "Washday Miracle," and on each box was emblazoned the slogan "Oceans of Suds." Tide was an immediate and huge success with housewives, and it caused grievous anxiety among the people at Lever Brothers and Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, who had neglected to confect a comparable product. However, they, too, soon got out brands of synthetic detergent, each guaranteed to produce suds in generous amounts. The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet people introduced Fab, a synthetic detergent for both laundry and dishes, with the slogan "Fab Gives *Fab*ulous Suds," and Lever Brothers, in promoting its Surf, which was supposed to clean dishes without the usual rinsing afterward, advertised that it "Gives More Suds Than Any Soap Known." In the meantime, Procter & Gamble had put a new detergent, Cheer, on the market, advertising it as "the new patented suds for tough-job washing."

Helped along by the television commercial, which soon became the principal advertising medium for the soap companies, the sales of synthetic detergents increased enormously in the early fifties, while those of soap products languished correspondingly. The American housewives portrayed in television commercials became so surrounded by suds that they almost seemed to be floating in cloud banks, like angels in allegorical paintings. As competition among the soap companies increased, the detergents themselves kept pace with the advertising claims being made for them by getting sudsier and sudsier. In the mid-fifties, the suds level of laundry detergents reached such awesome heights that housewives found that suds were likely to force their way out of the washing machine and creep across the kitchen floor. Sometimes they also crept into the controls of the washer and caused rusting or electrical trouble, or both. Moreover, people who lived in old apartment houses with imperfect plumbing systems were occasionally dismayed to see big clouds of suds from other people's apartments bubbling out of

"After all these years, I still get butterflies every time I hear that 'Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!'"

Royal Secret

FRAGRANCE

to make your bath pure luxury . . .
your body a scented column of silken smoothness
. . . and your presence a sheer delight!

BATH PERFUME · SPRAY MIST · BATH POWDER
BATH FOAM · SOAP

Royal
Secret
BATH PERFUME
Germaine Monteil

Germaine Monteil

their sink and bathtub drains. If it did nothing else, this remarkable ability of detergent suds to slither from floor to floor and from apartment to apartment at least seemed to justify the ad men's claims that they were "long-lasting" and "hard-working."

However, as the level of detergent suds in the American kitchen approached the stifling point, a countermovement set in. It started with the promotion of something that television commercials called "controlled suds"—a property alleged to distinguish a detergent called All. Until 1953, All was put out by an organization known as Detergents, Inc., but in that year the corporation was taken over by the Monsanto Chemical Company. (All is now put out by Lever Brothers.) By 1954, urged on by tremendous advertising and promotion campaigns mounted by Monsanto, housewives were buying All in great quantities. But the people over at Procter & Gamble were not going to let this challenge slide. While they continued to praise the abundance of suds produced by Tide and Cheer, they came out with a new detergent, called Dash, and, just as though they had made a tremendous technological breakthrough, advertised it as a generator of "low suds." From "low suds" the ad men for Dash went on to "safe suds." On television, the promotion of "safe suds" was entrusted to the actor Tom Pedi, who played a washing-machine repairman with a Brooklyn accent and talked on interminably about Dash's power to eliminate breakdowns caused by suds. To combat these claims, the people at Colgate put out a new laundry detergent, Ad, that was advertised to produce "just-right suds."

Were suds good or bad? The housewife could get no clear answer from the manufacturing companies, which went on touting high-suds and low-suds products with equal stridency; in fact, the only thing their ad men could not bring themselves to say was that suds were of no importance in washing. Faced with these contradictory declarations about the suds that they had been asked to put so much faith in for so long, housewives understandably became somewhat bewildered, and as the men in the soap industry grew aware of a certain irresolution on the part of the customers, they determined to root out the source. The Colgate-Palmolive people called on the services of Dr. Ernest Dichter's Institute for Motivational Research. The resulting survey, according to a Colgate advertising executive, revealed "a whole category of consumer conflict that we called the 'suds con-

Kimono of many colors—Alexander Shields' new form of relaxation in Galey & Lord stretch. For your nearest retailer write us at 1407 Broadway, New York

Burlington

GALEY & LORD

IMPORTED
IMPORTED
IMPORTED

Gift discovery from the Virgin Islands

Consider the bounty in our St. Johns Gift Set: Eight ounces of genuine West Indies Bay Rum. A six-ounce flask of soothing Bay Talc. And a husky, body-hugging bar of St. Johns Bay Soap. Spartan with practicality, yet somehow luxurious. Even indulgent. Some men *may* be diffident about buying this abundance for themselves. That is what makes the St. Johns set an ideal gift. $7.50 (plus U.S. tax)

St. Johns West Indies Bay Co., Div., St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
Available at America's finest stores.

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

Relax and enjoy it.

MARTIN'S
V.V.O.
DISTILLED MATURED BLENDED
8
YEARS OLD
AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Gold Bar
Extra Quality
MARTIN'S
ORIGINAL
V.V.O.
BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL EXTRA QUALITY
YEARS 8 OLD
86.8° PROOF PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND 4/5 QUART
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
James Martin & Co. Ltd
LEITH SCOTLAND ESTD 1878
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
McKESSON & ROBBINS INCORPORATED, NEW YORK, N.Y.

flict.' " He went on, "The housewives had come to accept the idea that low-sudsing products were better for their washing machines than high-sudsing products. At the same time, they felt that the low-suds factor wasn't achieving a sufficiently clean wash. They continued to equate the suds level with cleaning efficiency. Yet when they used detergents with a high suds level, they felt *guilty*. They felt guilty because they might be causing their husbands to get that big washing-machine repair bill. And when they used a low-suds product, they felt equally guilty, because they weren't giving their family the cleanest wash."

An echo of the suds conflict can be detected in at least one of Colgate's subsequent television commercials for Ad. It opens with two ladies discussing some tinkering that is being done by the husband of one of them. He is oiling the motor of a household fan, and, like the fumbling fellow he is, gets his clothes splattered with oil as the fan goes into action.

FIRST WOMAN: Another mess! I don't know what I'd do without today's Ad.

SECOND WOMAN: Today's Ad?

FIRST WOMAN (*standing by her washing machine, holding in one hand her husband's soiled shirt, miraculously removed from him, and, in the other, a great box of Ad*): Mmm! Great!

SECOND WOMAN (*curiously*): Must suds up plenty to clean *Alexander's* things.

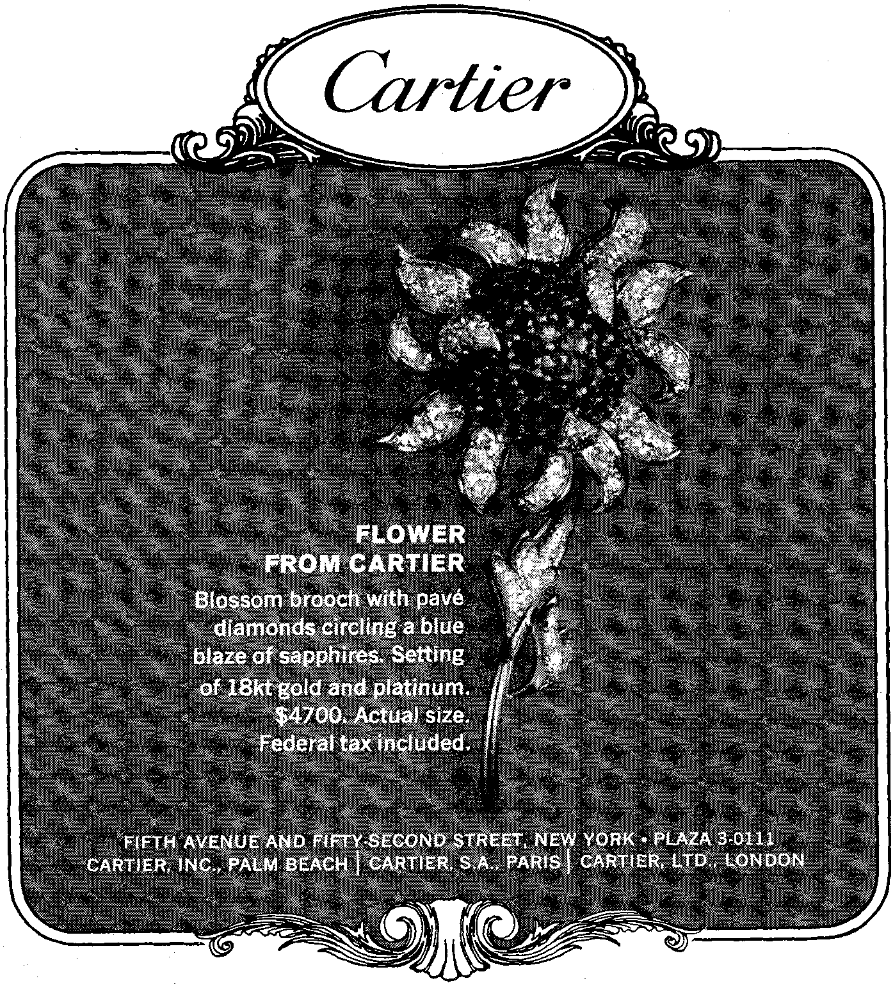
FIRST WOMAN (*significantly*): I used to think high-suds detergents cleaned better, but my conscience said a low sudser protects the machine.

The commercial goes on to intimate that the American housewife no longer has to choose between clean laundry and a clean conscience; Ad can provide them both, because it produces "concentrated suds," which combine "high-suds cleaning power and low-suds washer protection." Considering that talking about "concentrated suds" is like talking about concentrated water; considering, further, that the cleaning power of high suds is roughly equivalent to the cleaning power of no suds at all; and considering, finally, that the actual suds level of Ad is left quite indeterminate, this commercial represents something of a triumph in the art of making a moral point without getting bogged down in technical detail.

Yet in spite of Colgate's valorous attempt to deal with the crisis of conscience, the bewilderment of the housewife continues on other fronts. Where once she could buy an all-purpose product for both dishes and laundry, she is now confronted with an array of spe-

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

SIMPLY OUTSTANDING
Strikingly styled
Moygashel linen sheath
designed by Stella Sloat
in your becoming colors:
Natural, yellow, royal,
cherry red or moss green.
Sizes 8-16. **28.00**
(PLEASE ADD 60¢ FOR SHIPPING)
545 MADISON AVE., 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



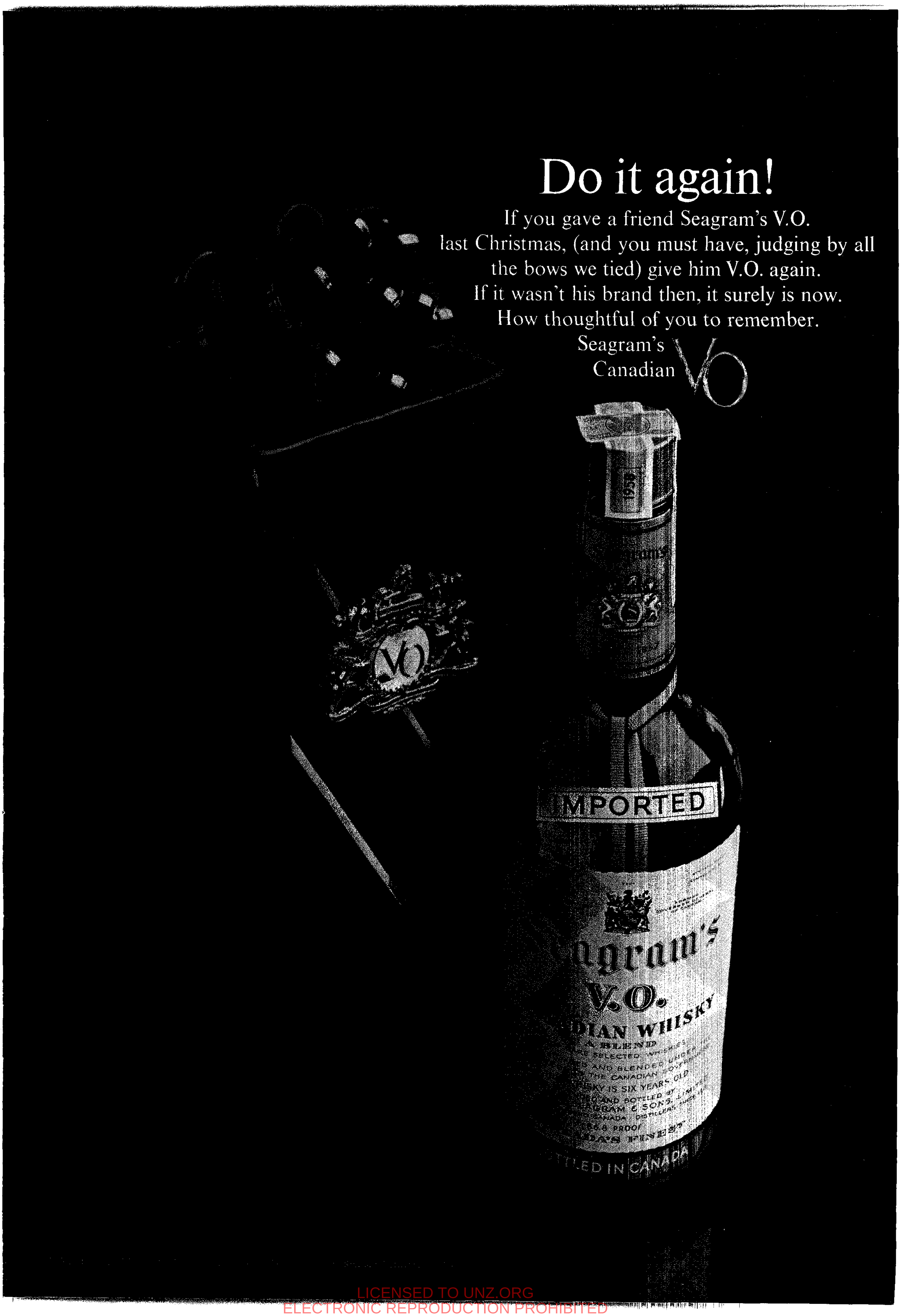
FLOWER
FROM CARTIER
Blossom brooch with pavé
diamonds circling a blue
blaze of sapphires. Setting
of 18kt gold and platinum.
$4700. Actual size.
Federal tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111
CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH | CARTIER, S.A., PARIS | CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

Do it again!

If you gave a friend Seagram's V.O.
last Christmas, (and you must have, judging by all
the bows we tied) give him V.O. again.
If it wasn't his brand then, it surely is now.
How thoughtful of you to remember.

Seagram's
Canadian V.O.


1959
IMPORTED
V.O.
A BLEND
86.8 PROOF
CANADA

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

It comes in its own box.

There has to be a little Scrooge in you to give a Volkswagen Station Wagon for Christmas.

Because when you open it up, it's just a big, empty box.

It has nearly twice the room as conventional wagons that don't look like boxes.

It holds 9 conventional adults or who-knows-how-many unconventional kids.

Or you can put a 40-foot Christmas tree right through the hole in the roof.

You can carry 170 cubic feet of snow or go skiing with the skis inside.

At this time of year, you'll enjoy the VW's firm traction. (The engine is in back, over the drive wheels.)

And you'll never spend a dime on anti-freeze; the engine is air-cooled. (Which also means it can't boil over next summer.)

There are a few other tight-fisted items you'll go for: 35,000 miles on a set of tires, over 20 mpg and hardly any oil between changes.

Let us hear from you, Scrooge.

cialized products that come in powdered, tablet, or liquid form, and that range from light-duty detergents (for washing dishes by hand), to heavy-duty detergents (for automatic clothes washers), to even heavier-duty detergents (for cleaning walls and floors)—all of them loudly hawked on the television screen. To the diligent viewer of these commercials, a rough key to the type of detergent being advertised is provided by the appearance and demeanor of the actresses who play television housewives. In general, the heavier-duty the detergent, the heavier-duty the housewife. The ladies shown touting a light-duty, dishwashing detergent tend to be young, pretty, and sentimental, and to say "Mmmm!" as they swish their hands through the dishwater. In the laundry-detergent commercials, the housewives seem to be somewhat plainer and harder to deal with; they are always saying "Uh-huh" in a skeptical voice when a fellow-housewife tells them about the merits of a particular brand, and some of them tend to argue quite vociferously with repairmen. As for the housewives who peddle floor-cleaning detergents, they generally have nasal voices and hard features, and sometimes they can be downright nasty during the brief colloquies that precede their conversion to the faith.

WHILE these ladies, the Amazons of the detergent wars, are doing their bit on the home screen, the account executives at the advertising agencies and the brand managers at the soap companies are directing the strategy from their various headquarters, frequently using a jargon that is rich in phrases like "marketing posture," "brand loyalty," "strategic concept," and "peripheral values." It is they who bring about an advance or retreat in suds levels, who are always ordering up secret weapons ("Now new Ad gives you heavy-duty low suds *plus* miracle PVA"), and who are ready to undermine a competitor's position at a crucial moment in the supermarket ("7¢ Off!!"). Since the financial stakes in selling detergents are extremely high—one soap-company executive recently observed, "This is a billion-dollar annual business, which means that if you can grab just a five-per-cent share of the market you have a fifty-million-dollar operation going"—each company pours out vast sums in an effort to get even the slightest edge on the opposition. Each keeps a careful eye on the other companies' advertising, and summarizes its find-

WHAT HE LOVES IN A HIGHLANDER IS THE SUPERLATIVE SUEDE.*
EVERYONE ELSE LOVES THE LOOK.
*It takes an expert to know how choice it really is. Dave Grzesh knows. He selects, sorts, and matches Highlander suedes. Last year, he rejected 17,487 skins because they just weren't good enough to assure the Highlander look you love.

The shorter-than-long suede coat in for a whirl . . . crowned with lavish mink. Taupe, Truffle, Silvermist Suede. Sizes 6 to 16. About $150 at Bloomingdale's, New York; The Emporium, San Francisco; Carson Pirie Scott Co., Chicago; D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; and other fine stores; or write **Highlander Sportswear, Inc.,** 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

©1964 D'ORSAY AT ALL I. MAGNIN STORES.

She is a perfume called Intoxication

Carved ruby, emerald,
sapphire and diamond
18kt gold clip
$3300

Matching earclips
$1500

Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

Made in France

*Federal Excise Tax Included

ings in regular intelligence reports as the battle progresses. Thus, a document produced by the advertising agency representing Procter & Gamble reports on a series of commercials being put on by Lever Brothers for Lux Liquid:

> The brand's strategy remains half mildness, half performance, with a snip-top-cap convenience claim receiving a tag mention.

However, a few months later, fresh intelligence indicates that the situation has changed:

> Lux Liquid has replaced its split mildness-cleaning strategy with a cleaning reassurance. The new campaign is written on the theme "For the woman who does dishes without help" and features executions which depict a housewife being deserted by her family at dishwashing time, leaving only Lux Liquid to help.

The ability to get things clean is, of course, what detergents are all about, and an outsider might think that the ads of all three big companies would lean with equal emphasis on the word "clean." But life in the detergent-advertising business is not as simple as that; it seems to be possible for one soap company, if it spends enough money, to obtain almost a proprietary control over the use of a particular word. "For some years after Procter & Gamble's Tide hit the market, it had a corner on the words 'clean' and 'cleanest,'" an account executive for an agency representing Colgate-Palmolive explained not long ago. "Then P. & G. followed up by introducing Cheer, and they gave that *another* niche—'whiteness.' They took those words and poured millions of dollars into them. It was hard to beat P. & G. at this sort of game. We had Fab, and to show Fab's power to get laundry whiter we went to real Fab users and made filmed demonstrations. We were still trying that idea out in a regional test market when Cheer went national with its 'whiteness test,' in which Dick Stark, the announcer, went into the laundromat and talked to women as they used the machines. Dick Stark was the best pitchman in the business, although later he became overexposed. The women identified him as very sincere. Well, that was Cheer's route. After we were usurped by Cheer in this filmed-interview area, and we felt we were running out of areas of superiority over Tide with its corner on 'cleanness,' we decided to go to ultra-sincerity, with live interviews and demonstrations of Fab being used. For our live demonstrations, we took two little boys and had them go through a dirtying sequence, where they threw mud pies at a bed. Then the bedsheets were cleaned with Fab. We ran the dirtying commercials for a year or so, and we challenged the Tide cleanness theme with the line 'Not just surface clean but clean clear through.' That was our route. It seemed to help the brand."

More recently, the Colgate people have taken steps to counter Procter & Gamble's proprietary interest in the word "whiteness"—a move not overlooked in the Procter & Gamble command post. "Fab is talking 'whiteness' now," a P. & G. reconnaissance scout reported a while ago. "They're talking 'Wedding White.'" A typical Fab commercial on this theme begins with a shot of a mailman at a kitchen door and the sound of door chimes. The mailman is about to hand over a letter, but then starts back in astonishment. The lady of the house is standing in the doorway dressed in a bridal gown and smiling radiantly. An invisible orchestra strikes up the opening bars of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

MAILMAN (*with pleased bewilderment*): Mrs. Mason . . . you look like a bride!

WOMAN (*smiling delightedly*): Why, *thank* you! It's only a feeling. . . . I get it every time I see my new Fab wash—Wedding White. (*She affectionately picks up a large box of Fab. Sound of "Wedding March" again.*)

As a matter of fact, recent commercials for Colgate detergents seem to go in strongly for fantasy. In one for Ajax Laundry Detergent, the White Knight—a white-armored figure on a white horse—charges with lance atilt across the screen and right through a football game being played by a bunch of very dirty little boys. "We implement the White Knight concept with the line 'Stronger Than Dirt,'" a Colgate-Palmolive man explained. "We picked the strongest enemy and went right at it." An apparition of another kind in Colgate commercials is the White Tornado, which whirls through rooms to demonstrate the power of Ajax All-Purpose Cleaner.

The claim that laundry washed in this or that brand of detergent emerges not merely white but Whiter than White, or Wedding White, is to some degree true, owing to the action of various chemicals known as fluorescers. These deposit on laundry a dye that, after it is built up by successive washings, has the ability to reflect as visible light a certain amount of normally invisible ultraviolet light. Thus, although laundry done with fluorescers is no cleaner than laundry done without

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94.6 PROOF. DISTILLED, BOTTLED & SHIPPED FROM LONDON FOR J. M. McCUNN & CO., INC., N. Y.

THE UNCOMPROMISING GIN
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
94·6 PROOF
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
CHARLES TANQUERAY & Co LTD.
LONDON. ENGLAND.
PRODUCE OF ENGLAND · 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Tanqueray's indomitable flavour cannot be smothered–by vermouth, by tonic, by juice. Heroic in defense of its English character, and of its British antique green bottle.

(TANKER-RAY)
Tanqueray
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN

The serene household of Tamae

Gracious secret of Japan Air Lines' unique service

An experience unique in jet travel begins when flight hostess Tamae Nagashima welcomes you aboard. For here, aboard your magnificent Japan Air Lines DC-8 unfolds the gentle story of a household of Japan.

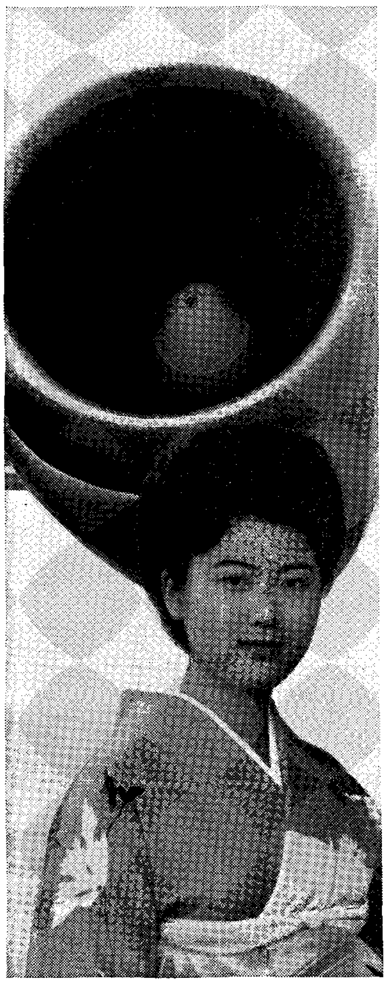
It is told visually in your cabin—with classic brocades, raked sand carpeting, and ancient family crests. And Tamae, in traditional kimono, brings the story to life as she offers you the graces of her home. A scented *o-shibori* hot towel, time-honored refreshment for the arriving guest. Warmed *sake* or your favorite cocktail. *Tsumami-mono* delicacies to whet your appetite for JAL's famous continental cuisine.

As Tamae and her sister hostesses attend your every wish, their warmth and grace reveal a lifetime of training in the unequalled courtesy of Japan. For you it means a new dimension in airline service, and one you will experience in all the world-wide facilities of Japan Air Lines' cordial "household."

Enjoy JAL's heirloom hospitality on your next international flight. JAL now offers you twice-daily service to Tokyo from the United States—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu. From Tokyo you can connect with JAL jets to Hong Kong, Southeast Asia, India, the Middle East, and Europe. Japan Air Lines also flies the direct North Pole route between Tokyo and Copenhagen, London, and Paris. So now...wherever you plan to travel virtually the world around...see your travel agent about Japan Air Lines. You will discover "the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."

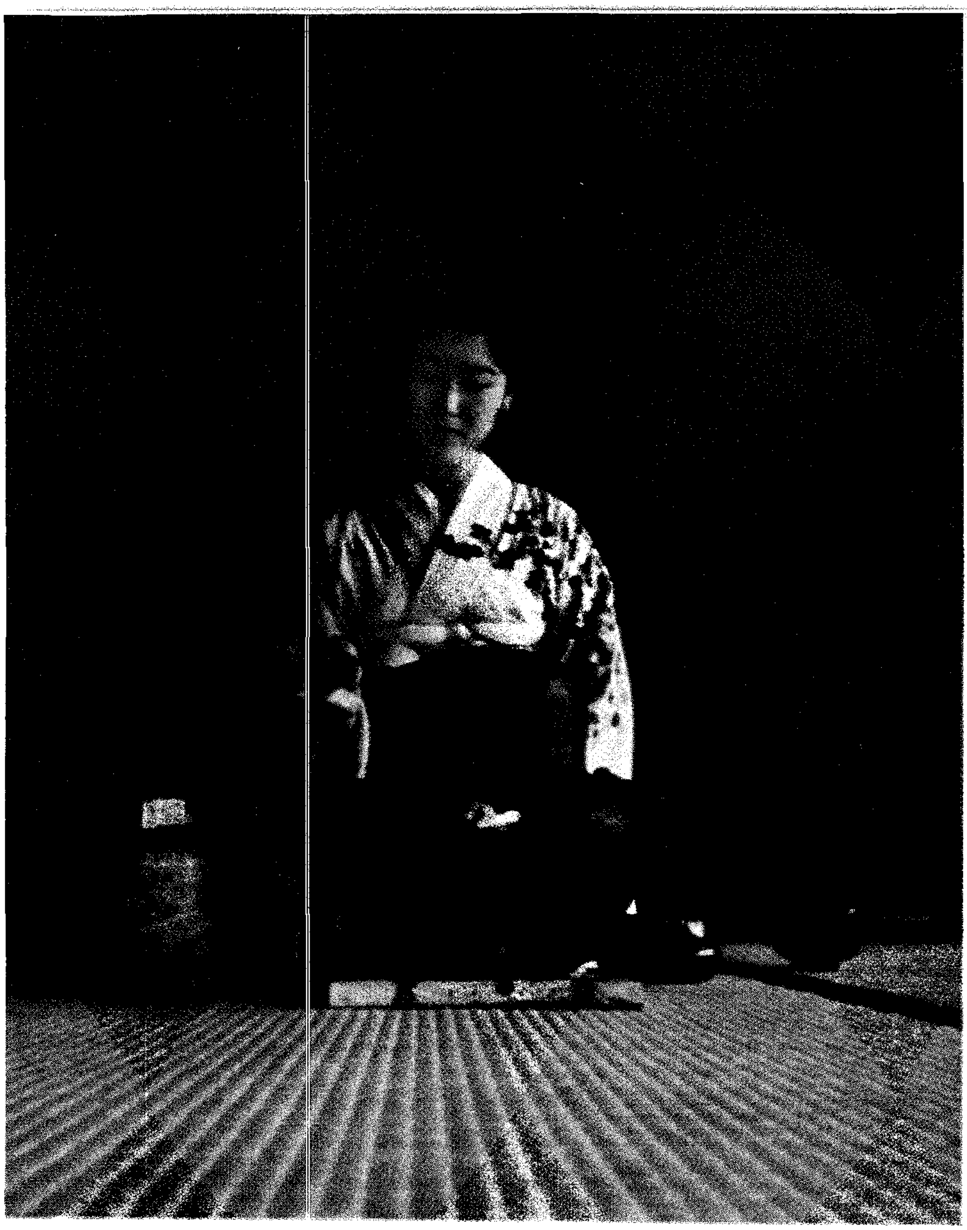
P. S. Remember, all JAL transPacific flights touch down at Honolulu, where you can enjoy a sunny Hawaii stopover at no extra fare.

For a free preview of JAL and a wealth of travel planning ideas, send for "Your World on JAL" tour kit. If you also wish the new 1964 edition of "Seeing Japan," complete 200-page guidebook, enclose one dollar. Write to Japan Air Lines, Box 2721-NY, San Francisco.

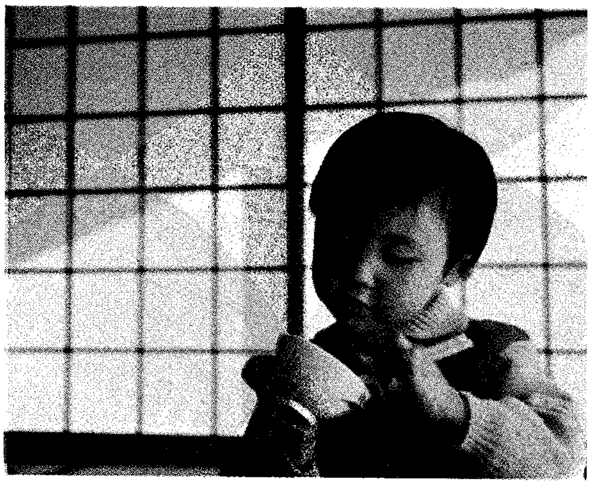


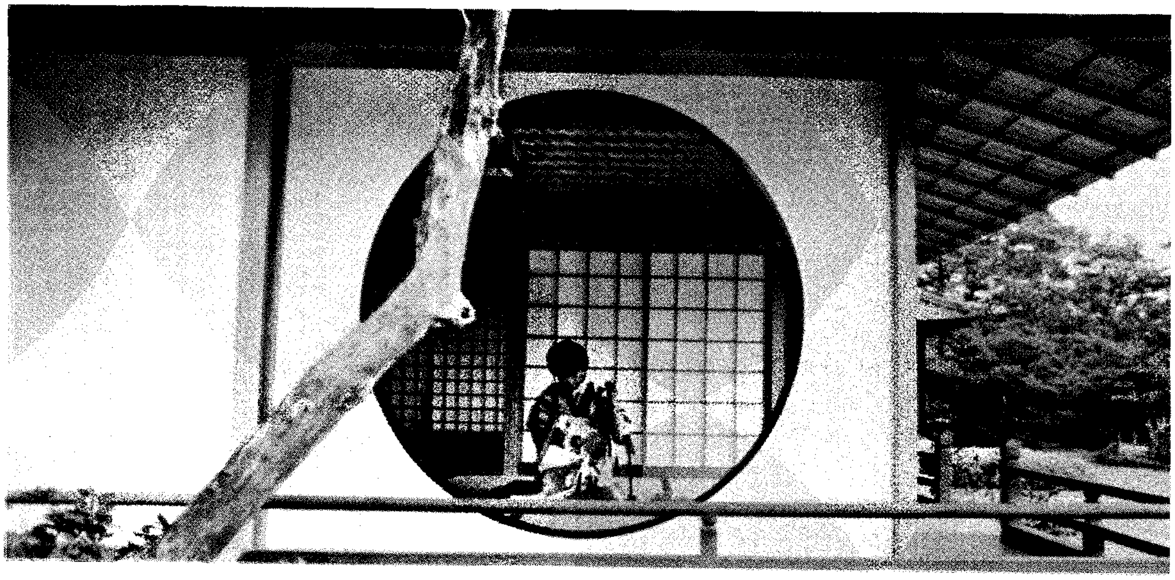
JAPAN AIR LINES

California/Hawaii to all the Orient and on to Europe



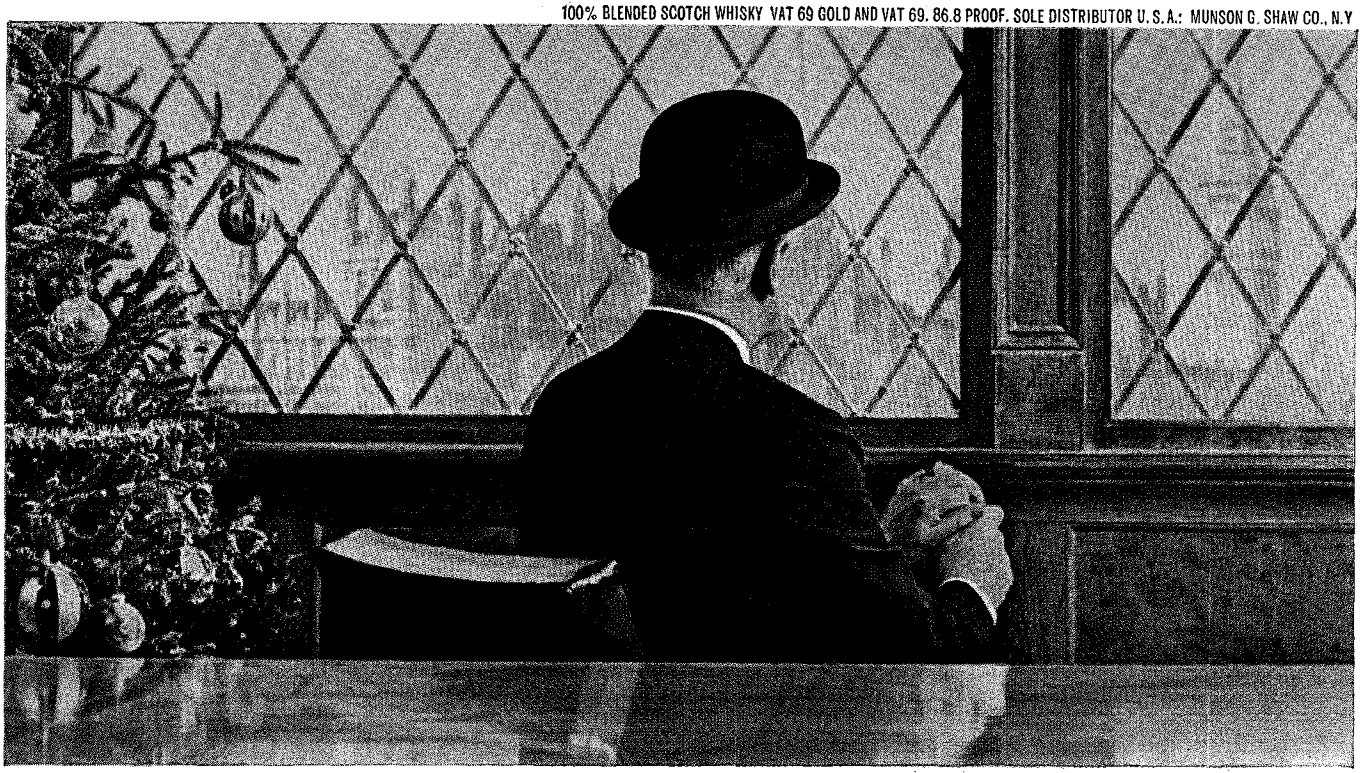
JAL hostess Tamae Nagashima practices the tea ceremony (left). This classic discipline reveals the pleasure and serenity derived from an act of hospitality performed perfectly... Lessons in manners begin early (below). By her fourth birthday every Japanese young lady is gracefully adept with hashi chopsticks. Your JAL hostess can teach you how to use hashi as she serves you Japanese delicacies.





To clean a kimono, Tamae unstitches it completely (left). She launders and dries the silken fabric, then sews it together into the original garment (above). This painstaking performance of an ordinary task—and the tableau of beauty it always creates—are characteristic of the Japanese way of life. They are also yours to experience on your Jet Courier flight, and throughout the cordial "household" of Japan Air Lines.

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY VAT 69 GOLD AND VAT 69. 86.8 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y



Where can you turn for a really great gift this year?

VAT 69 Gold CLASSIC LIGHT
VAT 69 Gold
VAT 69

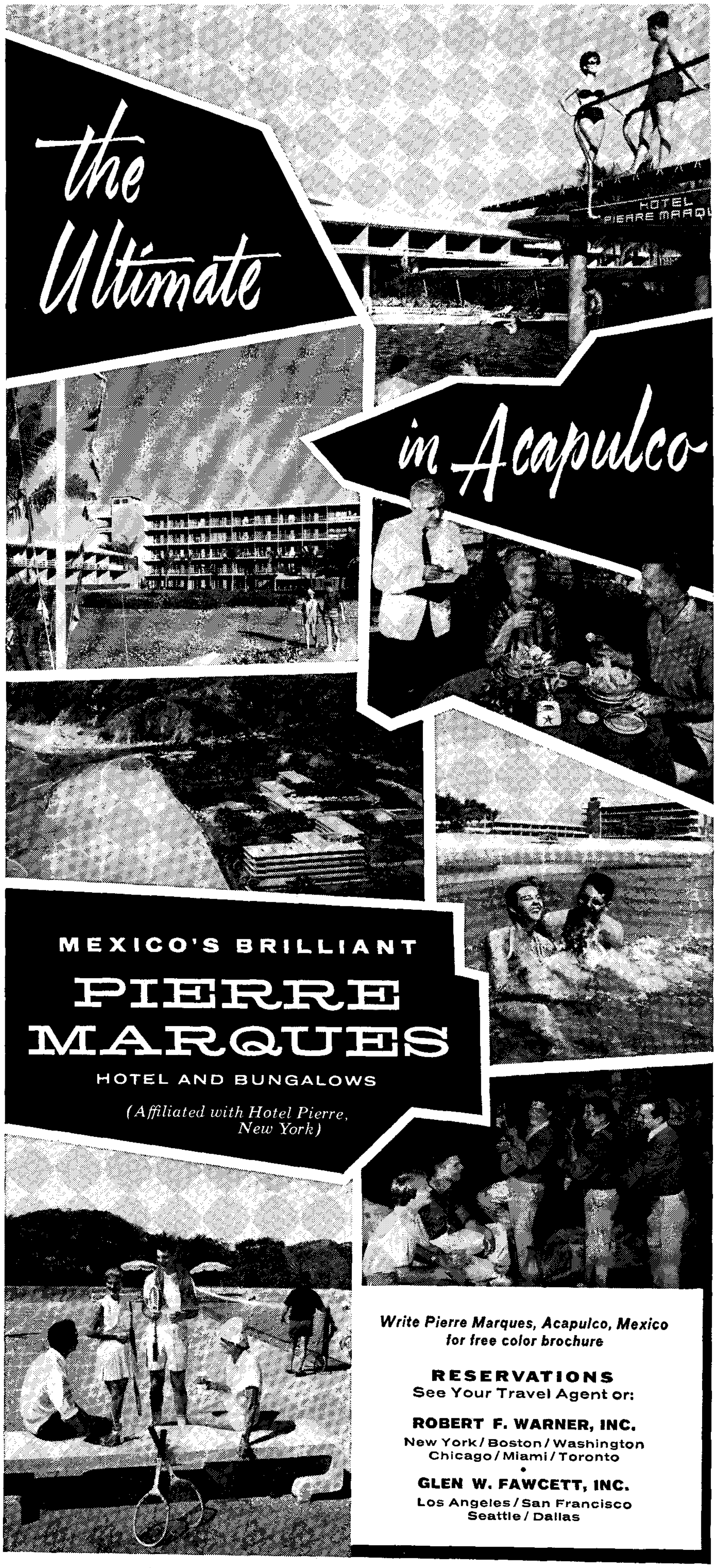
here **or here**

Give new light Vat 69 GOLD **or Traditional Vat 69**

You could give one Vat 69, say the new light Vat GOLD—The first light Scotch of Classic Quality. It's a rare combination of modern taste and 100 years Scotch-blending experience. You could give the Vat 69 Traditional. Very smooth, and like the GOLD, beautifully wrapped for the Holidays. Giving both Vats solves your problem. *Of course, it does offer another one: does your friend send one or two "Thank You" notes?*

them, it tends to look brighter, at least in daylight. All the soap companies add fluorescers to their detergents, and have been doing so for years. In the early days of the soap wars, the practice was already so common that ad men had almost abandoned any effort to use the presence of fluorescers for a competitive advantage. However, a big break occurred in the early fifties, when Procter & Gamble was having some trouble selling Cheer in what it considered sufficient quantities. In fact, for a while the brand was almost languishing. Like other detergents of the time, Cheer, which contained a fluorescer, among other things, was sold as a white powder. The P. & G. men decided on a bold move to improve Cheer's position. They added some blue coloring to the white powder. The blue color itself had no effect on Cheer's cleaning ability, but the company reasoned that it might remind housewives of the bluing they used to use in their wash to remove any yellow cast from laundry soap. "It's New! It's Blue! . . . Only Cheer has the Blue-Magic Whitener!" the ads soon proclaimed, and within a couple of years Cheer had jumped from relative obscurity to second place among detergents—second to Tide. As a P. & G. man says, "The blue *communicated*." In retaliation, the men at Lever Brothers came up with Rinso Blue. At Colgate-Palmolive, it seems, the men in charge of Fab hardly knew what to do. "We looked at the suds level, we put in a bacteriostat and talked about 'germ-proofing,' we tested the product three or four ways," an ad man for Colgate recalls. "But for the time being we couldn't get the consumer to switch to it."

While the sales of Cheer were soaring, Procter & Gamble's Oxydol, the formerly best-selling soap powder, which P. & G. was now putting out as a synthetic detergent, was running into difficulties. To improve matters, P. & G. tried adding a bleaching agent to the stuff. What happened then was recently recalled by a Colgate ad man: "Oxydol went with the bleaching story—'Detergent Clean and Bleach White' I think the line was—and P. & G. did the best they could with it. The product had a light-duty oxygen bleach. That kind of oxygen bleach is safe but relatively ineffective, because it is activated only at high temperatures, and the water in most washing machines never gets that high. However, Oxydol had some success for a while, and then it slipped for six or eight years. Finally, they made a smart move. Oxydol came in the form of white beads, and P. & G.



MEXICO'S BRILLIANT

PIERRE MARQUES

HOTEL AND BUNGALOWS

(Affiliated with Hotel Pierre, New York)

Write Pierre Marques, Acapulco, Mexico for free color brochure

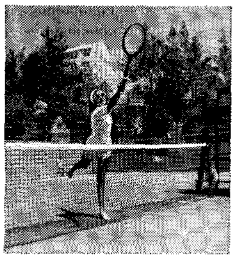
RESERVATIONS
See Your Travel Agent or:

ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
New York/Boston/Washington
Chicago/Miami/Toronto
•
GLEN W. FAWCETT, INC.
Los Angeles/San Francisco
Seattle/Dallas

took every tenth bead or so and colored it green, leaving the others white. The housewives got the idea that each one of those green beads contained bleach. Actually, of course, the nine other beads contained just as much bleach, but there was no doubt that P. & G.'s bleaching story was getting across. The green connoted cleaning power. A stroke of genius. Their sales shot up right away."

CONSIDERING the number of commercials that now extoll low-suds laundry detergents, one might reasonably assume that the rising tide of suds in the American kitchen has at last been checked. It is certainly true that the sales charts for low-suds detergents have been creeping up over a period of time. And it appears to be true that the producers of one or two brands of high-suds detergents, to keep competitive pace with the low-suds products, have adjusted the formulas of their products to lower the suds level. But it also appears to be true that most housewives, having been subjected to a lifetime of advertising campaigns designed to impress it upon them that suds and cleaning power were somehow synonymous, are continuing to use high-suds detergents in their washing machines. As an ad man for one of the soap companies said not long ago, "Suds—it still plays back in the laundry field." When soap-company executives hear something playing back to them, they listen intently. "With Ajax Laundry Detergent, we tried knocking the suds level down," a brand-management man for Colgate-Palmolive has reported. "We found we couldn't improve sales that way, so we put the suds back up again. Suds give a powerful connotation to the product." The possibility that other manufacturers will follow suit seems pretty fair, to judge from certain developments in the washing-machine-manufacturing business. "The sales of front-loading machines, where the worst suds clogging occurred, are falling off in favor of top-loading machines, and the manufacturers are now beginning to make their top-loaders more suds-tolerant than they have been," an advertising executive representing one soap company said a while ago, and his counterpart in a rival company observed, "The market for high-sudsing laundry detergents is four hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The market for low-sudsing detergents is a hundred and fifty million a year. If women prefer high suds to low suds by a margin of three to one, you *must* be right to go with high suds."

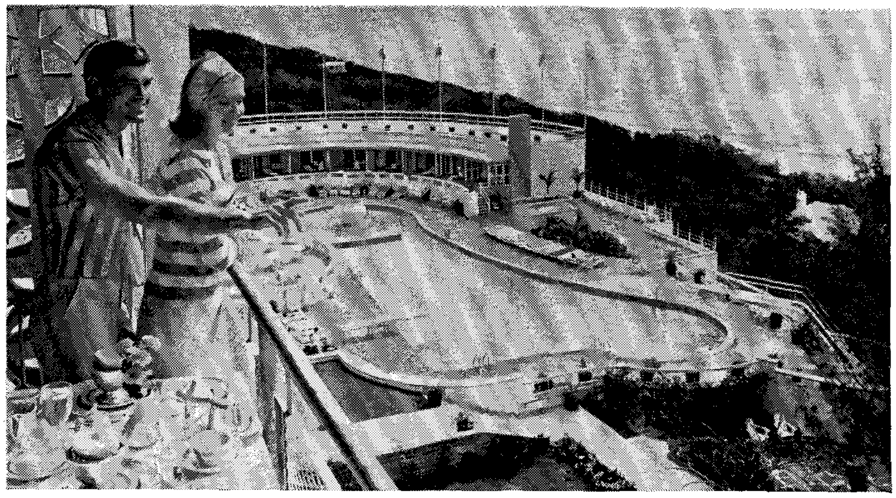
If there is still some dissension over



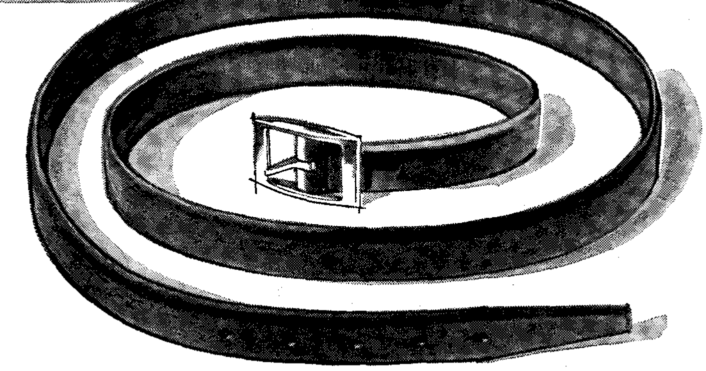
ELBOW BEACH IS FOR
SUN People • moon people...BEACH People • pool people...THIN People • plump people...PARTY People • sporty people...ACTIVE People • sleepy people ...BIG People • little people...MALE People • female people...
Hurrah for ELBOW...the people's CHOICE!

Elbow Beach
SURF CLUB
Bermuda's Famous Oceanside Hotel
CY ELKINS, GENERAL MANAGER

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
In New York/Boston/Washington/Chicago/Miami/Toronto



Bloomingdale's
Men's Store



From France, our supple reversible belt, expertly crafted of fine calfskin

Certainly a most distinguished gift. This feather-edged belt of ultra-soft calfskin reverses from a subtly grained black to a rich, smooth brown with just the flick of the gleaming brass buckle. In sizes 30 to 44. **8.95**

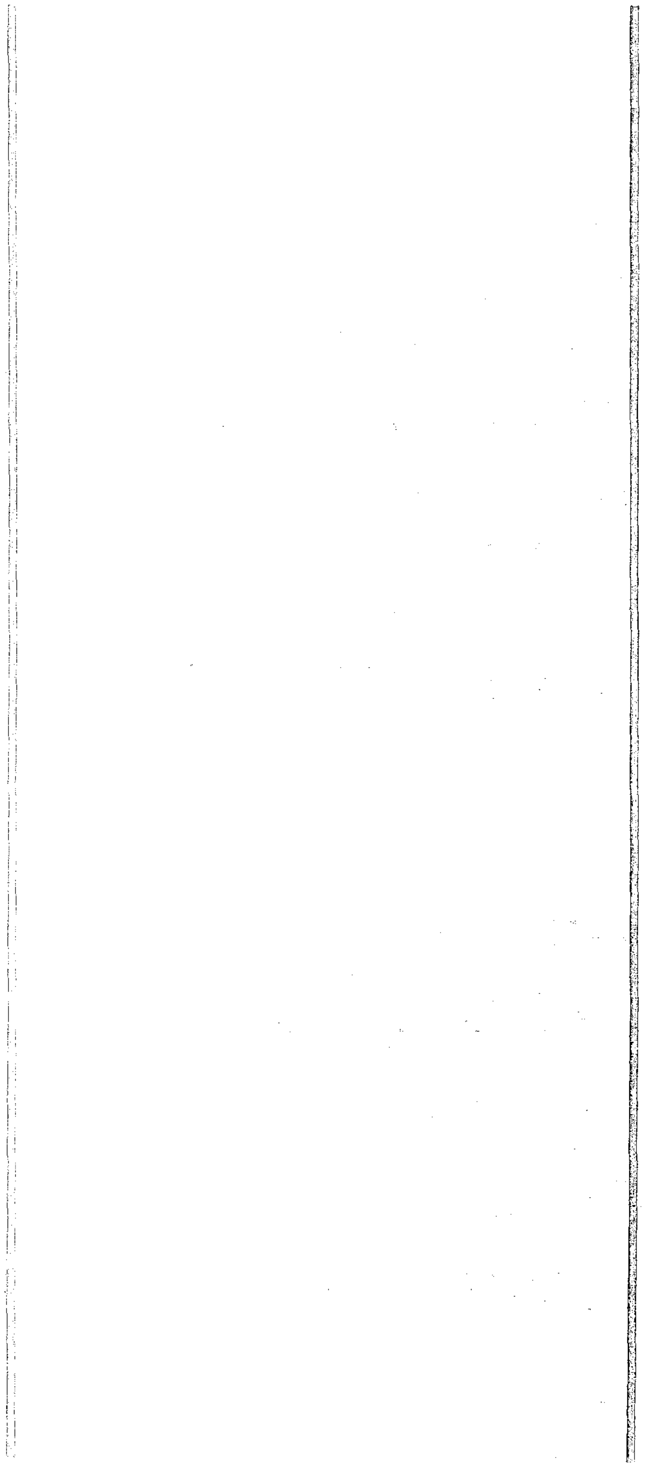
Men's Store, Street Floor

New York • Bergen County • Stamford
New Rochelle • Fresh Meadows

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber.



These are trouser creases. You'll keep yours when you wear DACRON®.

Cruise
in the Sun

DRY-OFF JACKET

Strong, absorbent all cotton terry cloth. For sailing, beach or pool. Navy blue with white sail boats. Short sleeves. Sizes: S. M. L. ExL
$20

Bathing Trunks, of Dacron and cotton. Quick drying. Navy, piped in white. Sizes: 30 to 42. $12.50

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

LENTHÉRIC FOR MEN OF
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Lenthéric for men introduces a new fragrance that reflects your masculinity with a subtle yet bracing aroma in which fresh forest notes predominate. Women will admire it, but none will ever borrow any. In Eau de Cologne and After-Shave, from $2.50. Lenthéric for Men **is for men**

the merits of high suds and low suds in laundry detergents, there is none in the field of light-duty detergents, for washing dishes, and so on. A commercial for Procter & Gamble's Joy shows a sink almost overflowing with foam, and two women discussing the product. "I didn't know there *were* suds like that!" one woman exclaims, and her companion scoops her hands in the stuff to show her that it's all true. "Big double handfuls of them," she says. "See?" Ivory Liquid is "such fun to use—so sudsy," and Lux Liquid has truly remarkable properties: "Put one drop in a deep dish. . . . See it bloom into rich suds that cut grease fast." The reason for all this was stated succinctly by a Colgate brand-management man. "Unless a light-duty detergent product has a high suds level, it'll bomb out every time," he said.

In the course of promoting suds (whether high, low, controlled, rich, safe, or just right), the soap-company men and their advertising agencies devote considerable attention not only to the importance of suds—and one ad man emphasizes that "suds are important, negatively, in the low-suds field"—but also to the meaning of suds in the lives of women who buy their products. "Among women, the preference for suds is a psychological business," a brand-management man for Lever Brothers who has thought deeply about both women and suds, and has consulted all sorts of market-research figures, said not long ago. "As we build convenience into the housewife's washing products, she does less in the house. Some of her sense of accomplishment has been taken away by automatic machines and more efficient cleaning materials. In the field of cake mixes, the manufacturers try to maintain that sense of accomplishment by always leaving something out of the mix—something she has to add, so that she feels she's *done* something when she serves the cake at the dinner table. Suds represent a similar sense of contribution, of gratification, of soul-satisfaction. When the consumer sees suds in the wash, she thinks something is *happening* there. In light-duty detergents, a high and persistent suds level gives a lingering assurance of cleaning activity. We've had a very successful campaign with Swan, a light-duty detergent that we say 'keeps sudsing and sudsing and sudsing.' There is also a hand-lotion-kindness reassurance factor, but mainly we talk suds. It actually costs us extra to put a suds booster in, but if we try to market the product with a lower suds level, sales don't hold

REMY MARTIN
MAP REPRESENTING VARIOUS GROWTHS OF THE COGNAC DISTRICT
OCEAN
ATLANTIQUE
FRANCE
COGNAC
GRANDE CHAMPAGNE
PETITE CHAMPAGNE
BORDERIES
FINS BOIS
BONS BOIS
BOIS ORDINAIRES
N
E
S
W
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC V.S.O.P. IS DISTILLED UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES FROM WINE PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE CHAMPAGNE DISTRICTS IN THE HEART OF THE COGNAC REGION. HERE THE FINEST GROWTHS OF COGNAC BRANDY ARE PRODUCED AND AS DECREED BY FRENCH LAW ONLY BRANDIES OF THIS SUPERIOR ORIGIN MAY BE LABELLED "FINE CHAMPAGNE"
PRINTED IN FRANCE
IMPORTED BY
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEWARK. N.J.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
E. REMY MARTIN & Co
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
Established in 1724
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY E. REMY MARTIN & Cie COGNAC FRANCE
REMY MARTIN

Proudly we turn our back...

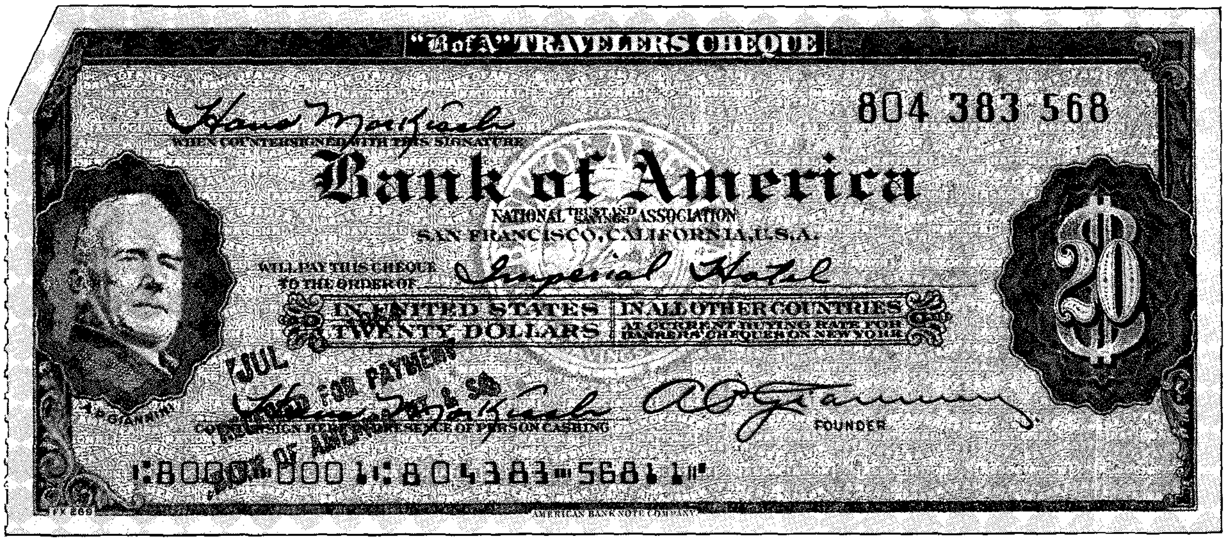
The back label of Remy Martin "Fine Champagne" Cognac shows a section of the map of France, which explains why some Cognac is superior to others. Even though all Cognac must come from the small select Cognac region of France, in "Fine Champagne" Cognac *only* the prized, precious grapes grown in the two tiny innermost parts of the Cognac area can be used. No other grapes will do, *by law*. Only V.S.O.P. quality Cognac is permitted to bear the Remy Martin label. Enjoy Remy Martin, the Cognac of connoisseurs for more than two centuries. Remy Martin V.S.O.P. "Fine Champagne" Cognac, one of the world's most luxurious drinks—acclaimed as the finest in 110 nations.

THE SIGN OF THE CENTAUR IS YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

The yen is local currency in Japan.

So is this.



"B of A" TRAVELERS CHEQUE

804 383 568

WHEN COUNTERSIGNED WITH THIS SIGNATURE

Bank of America

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

WILL PAY THIS CHEQUE TO THE ORDER OF Imperial Hotel

IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS | IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES AT CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS' CHEQUES ON NEW YORK

JUL ... PAID FOR PAYMENT ... BANK OF AMERICA

COUNTERSIGN HERE IN PRESENCE OF PERSON CASHING

FOUNDER

A.P. GIANNINI

20

⑆8000⑆000⑆: 804383⑈5681 1⑈

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

From Kamakura to Kansas City—wherever you travel, Bank of America Travelers Cheques have been there before. They're known and accepted the world over. And they come with a money-back guarantee. Lost or stolen cheques are replaced anywhere. Carry money only you can spend—**BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES.**

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION · MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION up. Women have demonstrated in the democracy of the market place a clear preference for high suds. Suds seem to get the consumer out of the limbo of non-contribution. These things are important to a dame."

Such philosophical reflections are often drowned out by the cries of the detergent promoters in the democracy of the market place: "Salvo, the *Fortified* Detergent!" . . . "Dash Makes Your Automatic Washer Act Like It's Ten Feet Tall!" . . . "Dynamo Fights Dirt Backwash!" Yet for all their energy and for all their noise and for all the enthusiasm of the actors in their commercials, the ad men do seem to have moments of discouragement. "The fact is, the ladies—they're tremendously apathetic," an account executive said recently. "They're so uninterested in your story. They don't like to be reminded of washing dishes or laundry. They don't want to talk about it. I used to work in cosmetics. Women talk among themselves about cosmetics. They don't talk among themselves about detergents. They don't really want to hear about particular brands. There's a very low incidence of brand loyalty in this business, as against, say, the toothpaste business. Brand loyalty lasts up to '7¢ Off!!' at the supermarket. Most women are pretty well satisfied with the detergents they use. They don't see much difference between one brand and another. It's so hard to *tweak* them."

Such confessions, though, are made only in low moments, and the ad man responsible for this one was very soon describing a new brand of detergent as "the greatest breakthrough in a decade in this business." Among its other qualities, it produces foam in generous quantities, and its future looks bright. As the ad man said, "Nobody in this business is going to walk away from suds."

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS (Brighton Center). Attractive professional suite available May. Central location, ample parking. Adjacent to home of doctor's widow. Address A443.—*Adv. in the New England Journal of Medicine.*

Don't ramble, please!

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a letter received by a member of the American Club of Paris*]

He [Lieutenant General Robert M. Lee] will address us on Air Defense in Europe—a subject about which a few people know more.

let it pour!

This Gleneagles all-weather coat stays water-repellent!

Even after repeated washings or regular dry cleanings, this coat will still shed water. Still keep you dry and neat without reprocessing. "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Rain Repeller has staying power. Keeps on repelling watery and oily stains, too. Insist on it when buying rainwear. BRAND Scotchgard® RAIN REPELLER

"SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is a product of 3M COMPANY

Gleneagles Ventura. Exclusive "Rainchex Cloth" of Dacron® and cotton. In gray or olive fancy check pattern. Zip-out deep plush pile liner with satin sleeves. Sizes 8-18 regular, 6-16 petite. About $55 at fine stores.

THE THEATRE

READY WHEN YOU ARE, JOE MILLER

NEAR the end of "Ready When You Are, C. B.!," at the Brooks Atkinson, Julie Harris, quaint as bedamned, runs through a breathless synopsis of an old movie called "A Star Is Born," and excites a chuckle or two. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, for nothing that has gone before in this comedy, by Susan Slade, has anything to recommend it. The plot has to do with an aspiring young actress who pays fifty-eight dollars a month for a rent-controlled Riverside Drive apartment and keeps herself going by turning the place over, at exorbitant rates, to successful colleagues who need a hideaway or who, perhaps, just want to lie down and die after being exposed to scripts like Miss Slade's. As the Riverside Drive wheeler-dealer, Miss Harris goes about in a sailor hat, a Tasmanian blouse, blue jeans, and sneakers—a costume that, I guess, indicates she is a free spirit—but, for all her far-out habiliments, she worries as much about electric lights burning to no purpose as Lyndon Johnson and she keeps her comestibles in a safe. Just how you acquire a safe with a fifty-eight-dollar-a-month apartment I do not know. Anyhow, to get to the nub of this nonsense, a Method man from Hollywood, as hot a commodity as Marlon Brando was in his salad days, shows up as a tenant of Miss Harris's abode. It appears that he wants to hide out from some Hollywood producers who insist that he do a picture called "The God of Love," which he considers beneath his dignity. I tried to jot down some of the dialogue between this gentleman (Lou Antonio) and Miss Harris for the hell of it, and it goes like this:

MISS HARRIS: General Grant, I presume. (*Mr. Antonio is wearing whiskers to throw off his Hollywood pursuers, who want to give him a million or so to play the god of love.*)

MR. ANTONIO: You pay for the electricity? (*Miss Harris nods.*)

INTERN
REVENUE
SERVICE
WALK IN
STEVENSON

MR. ANTONIO: Gas?

MISS HARRIS: Only a little heartburn.

I'm not sure whether I got this down word for word, but that's the awful gist of it, and it goes on and on, through assorted dragged-in double-entendres. As a further handicap, the enterprise has some extraordinarily heavy-handed direction by Joshua Logan. Besides Miss Harris and Mr. Antonio, the members of the cast, God help them, are Arlene Golonka, Estelle Parsons, and Betty Walker.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Hooray!

THE APA has opened its season at the Phoenix with an exuberant "Man and Superman," complete with the "Don Juan in Hell" sequence—a real play, a real theatrical company, and a real production. The APA bunch are so intelligent and have such a clear idea of what they are doing that even though some of the individual performances could be much better, the play is there, with its brilliance intact and its fervor—concentrated, as it is, in the Don Juan scene—intact, too. From the opening in Roebuck Ramsden's study, when John Tanner, enraged and alarmed, bursts in with the announcement that he has been appointed co-guardian with Ramsden of the guileful Ann Whitefield, to his final capitulation to her and to "the Life Force," the production, under Stephen Porter's direction, never lets down and is never boring. Not one morsel of wit or flicker of mood goes by the board.

In Bernard Shaw's comedy about the Male and the Female, it is Tanner, the bluff, fiery intellectual and reformer, who is pursued and, having surrendered his moral passion to sexual passion, is finally captured by Ann. Ann, never dropping her pose of the gentle flirt or taking her eye off the ball for a second, is always able to get exactly what she wants, often by outright lying. "No woman shall ever enslave me in that way!" Tanner shouts toward the end of his first colloquy with her, and points out that she has all the lovable little wiles of the boa constrictor. She replies by lassoing him with her feather boa and trilling with merry laughter. In the "Don Juan" sequence, which is seldom included in presentations of the play but which adds immeasurably to it, Tanner, the ardent philosopher dreaming that he is the Don, leaves the romantic comfort and pleasure and easy cant of Hell for the bleak reality and purpose and self-knowledge of Heaven—followed, of course, by Doña Ana Whitefield, determined to bear a Superman, for whom she has picked the father.

There is no need to swallow Shaw's paradoxes whole, or even his ideas about the Genders and Supermen and the Life Force, in order to respect them and be fascinated by them, but his genius—as always, I think—is in his dramatic ingenuity and his characters. (I don't think he would have thought so.) Tanner and Ann are quite a pair, and the byplay between them is delightful. Sad to say, Ellis Rabb and Nancy Marchand, in the leading roles, are just not up to them. This weakness in the acting is pointed up by the casting of Rosemary Harris in the secondary part of the no-nonsense Violet, for while Miss Harris—a star if ever there

Bath Powder 5.00
OIL
FOR THE BATH
N°5
CHANEL
Oil For The Bath 5.00
Spray Perfume 5.00
EAU
DE
COLOGNE
N°5
CHANEL
Eau de Cologne from 3.50
Spray Cologne 5.00
N°5
CHANEL
Perfume in the classic bottle from 7.50

EVERY WOMAN ALIVE WANTS CHANEL N° 5

CHANEL

©1964 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

FIGARO

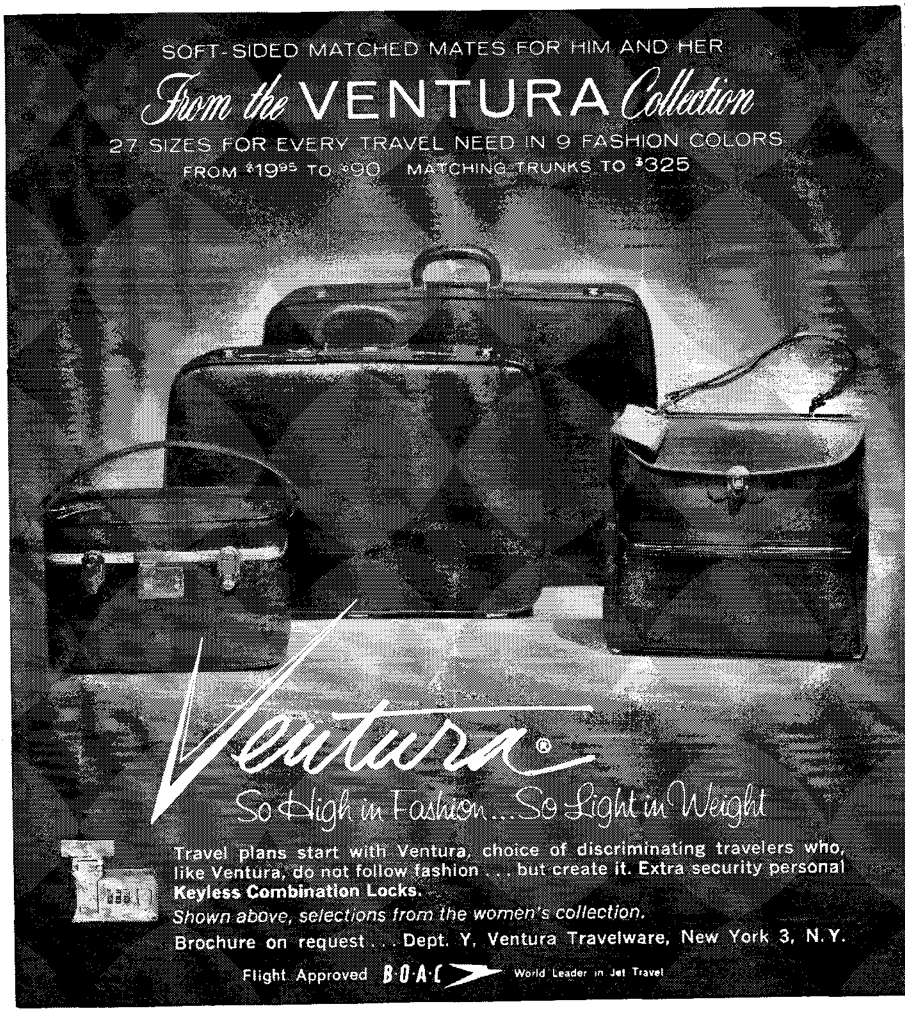
the beginning of a new international ~~habit~~ gift habit

FIGARO
VETYVER
LAVANDE

Cologne 3.75
After Shave 3.00
Talc 2.00
Soap 2.00
PLUS TAX

MONSIEUR LANVIN
FIGARO COLOGNE

MONSIEUR LANVIN



SOFT-SIDED MATCHED MATES FOR HIM AND HER

From the VENTURA Collection

27 SIZES FOR EVERY TRAVEL NEED IN 9 FASHION COLORS

FROM $19⁹⁵ TO $90 MATCHING TRUNKS TO $325

Travel plans start with Ventura, choice of discriminating travelers who, like Ventura, do not follow fashion . . . but create it. Extra security personal **Keyless Combination Locks.**

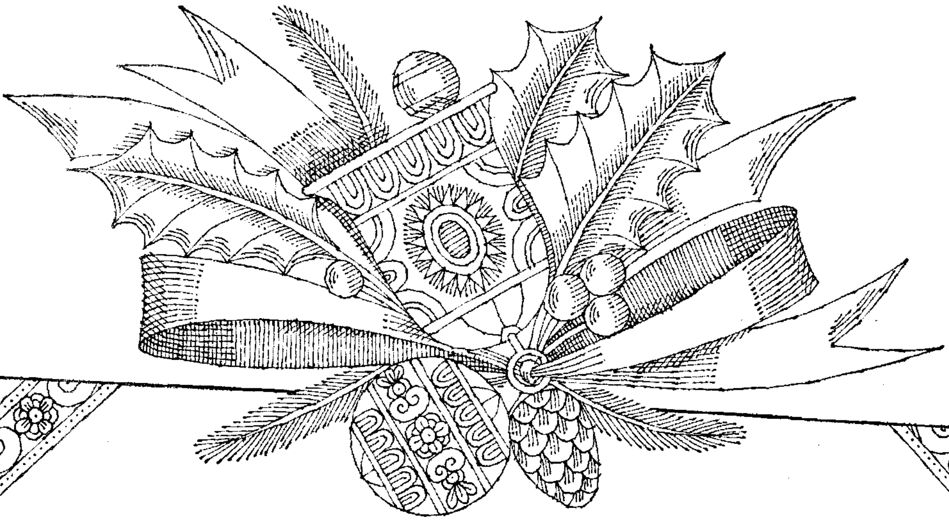
Shown above, selections from the women's collection.

Brochure on request . . . Dept. Y, Ventura Travelware, New York 3, N.Y.

Flight Approved B·O·A·C World Leader in Jet Travel

was one—doesn't exactly *play* Ann, she certainly indicates what Ann could be. This is not to say that Mr. Rabb and Miss Marchand in any way dim the play (or that Miss Harris tries to steal it) but just that they don't have the magnetism to brighten it much. Tanner is not only the worshipper and promulgator of the Life Force but the explosive embodiment of it as well, and it is force that Mr. Rabb's performance seems to me to lack; he is not, in the end, the lion tamed. He wears the traditional Shaw makeup but occasionally has an odd look of Clifton Webb, and although he handles most of his lines with skill and understanding, he does get a bit intoney and rhetorical at some points in the longer speeches, notably during the Hell scene. Donald Moffat is amusing as Ann's sentimental suitor, Octavius Robinson; Richard Woods is quite good as the elderly Ramsden and really good as the Commander in Hell; Paul Sparer does very well as Mendoza, the bandit leader in Spain, formerly a waiter at the Savoy, and pretty well as the Devil; Keene Curtis is just right as Tanner's Cockney chauffeur, a kind of preliminary sketch for Alfred Doolittle; and the invaluable Clayton Corzatte is, as usual, fine and also very funny as Hector Malone, the young American to whom Violet is secretly married. Judith Haugan's sets are effective, especially her Hell set, with its golden, curlicued furniture, including a rocking chair whose rockers are coiled serpents. The letters APA stand for Association of Producing Artists. The PA on hand are a credit to Seventy-fourth Street and, indeed, to the whole city.

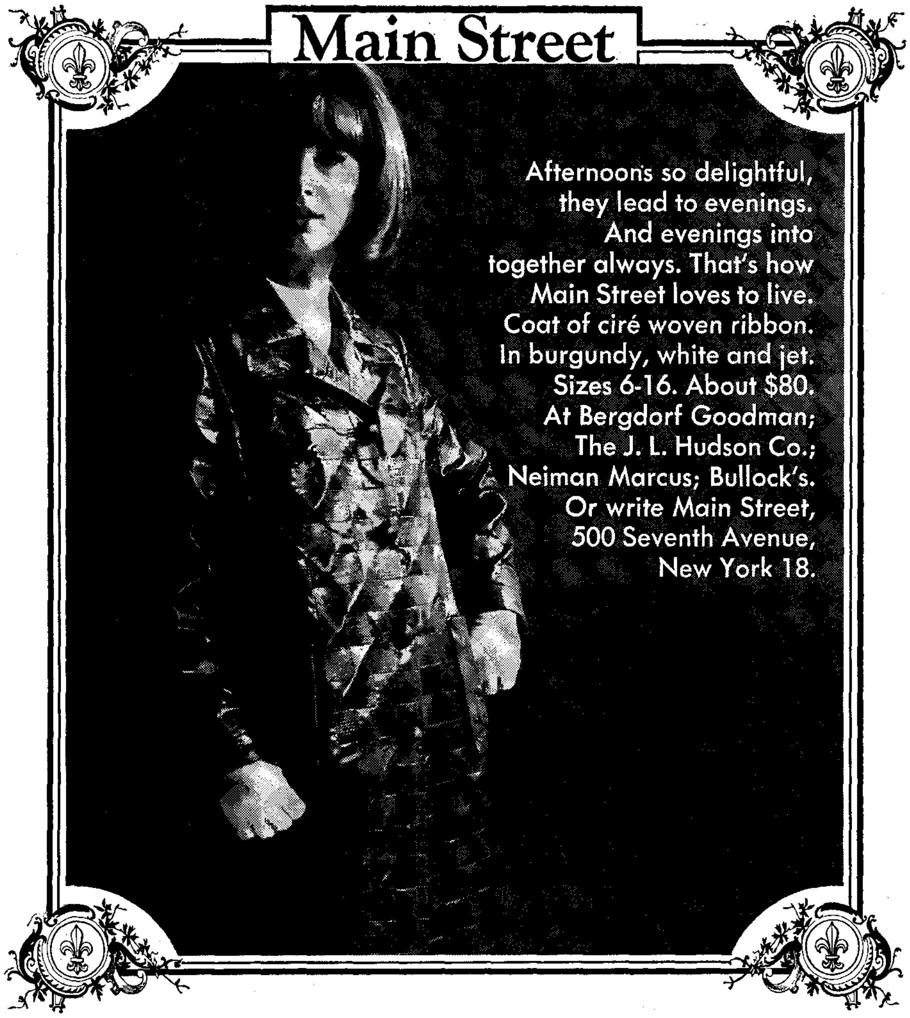
YES on Harold Pinter's "The Room" and "A Slight Ache," which are now being done—very well done—at Writers' Stage. Like the Pinter plays that preceded them here—actually, they are both pre-"Caretaker" but previously unproduced in New York—they are high comedies of mystery, threatening silences, wild, funny verbal sprees, and, of course, torment. In "The Room," the cause of the torment is the off-the-cuff brutality of the low and stupid; in "A Slight Ache" it is the more refined cruelty of the wellborn and high-strung. Much of the talk in both plays is like a layer of thin skin rippling over exposed nerves and emotions; the twitchings and feelings become more and more apparent, and by the time the action is over, several odd changes have taken place. I think I should say at the outset that Pinter seems to me the most



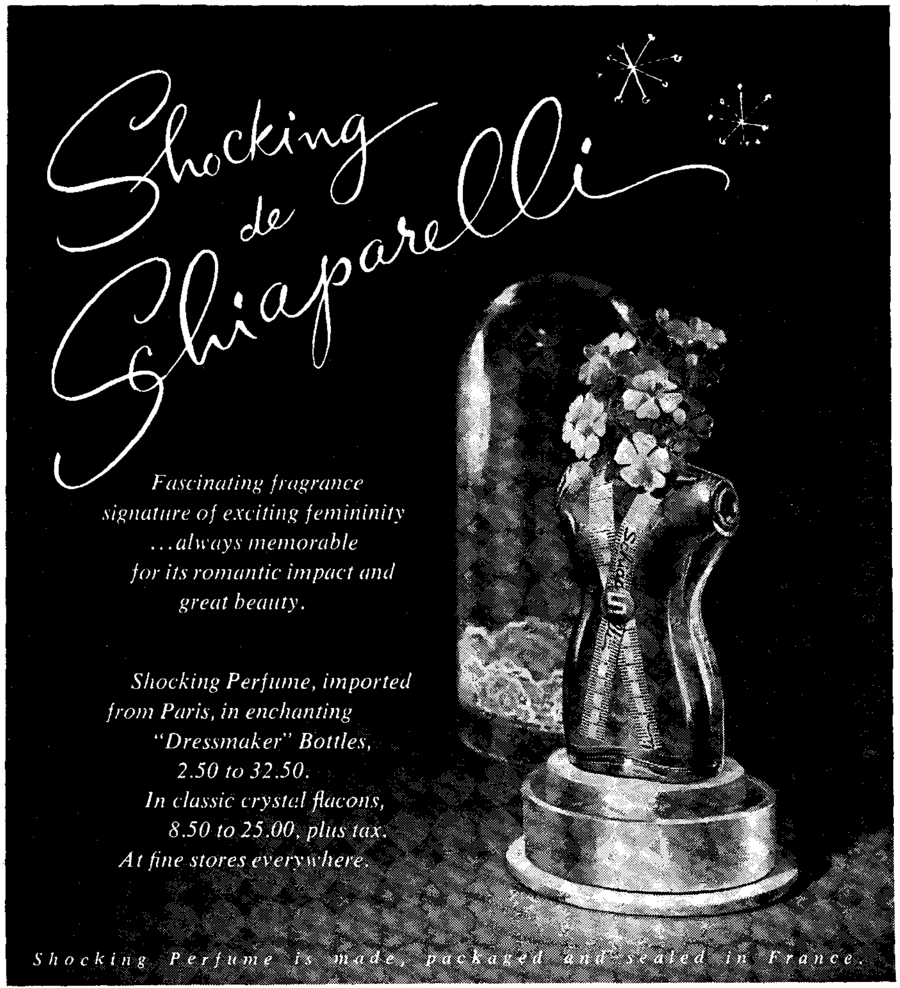
No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • ©Schieffelin & Co., New York


Main Street

Afternoons so delightful,
they lead to evenings.
And evenings into
together always. That's how
Main Street loves to live.
Coat of ciré woven ribbon.
In burgundy, white and jet.
Sizes 6-16. About $80.
At Bergdorf Goodman;
The J. L. Hudson Co.;
Neiman Marcus; Bullock's.
Or write Main Street,
500 Seventh Avenue,
New York 18.


Shocking de Schiaparelli

*Fascinating fragrance
signature of exciting femininity
...always memorable
for its romantic impact and
great beauty.*

*Shocking Perfume, imported
from Paris, in enchanting
"Dressmaker" Bottles,
2.50 to 32.50.
In classic crystal flacons,
8.50 to 25.00, plus tax.
At fine stores everywhere.*

Shocking Perfume is made, packaged and sealed in France.

PARFUMS SCHIAPARELLI • NEW YORK • PARIS

original dramatist now at work, and though I try to be objective about his plays, I always end up more captive audience than judge.

"The Room," written in 1957, is Pinter's first play. The action takes place in a sleazy rooming house somewhere in England. At the opening, a loutish man seated at a table is putting away a sizable tea that a woman, gaunt and tired to death, is serving him. His name is Bert Hudd, and he is a truck driver; her name is Rose, and whether she is Mrs. Hudd or not is anybody's guess, although their landlord calls her that when he comes in. It is bitter cold, and the roads are icy, and shortly Bert must go out on a job. Now he is administering the silent treatment. Rose never stops talking—about the tea, about the weather, about the dubious merits of their quarters—but her panicky tatters of speech cannot fill the void. She moves about, cutting and spreading bread, taking the teakettle from stove to table and back, gripping her sweater around her, and rocking in a chair by the fireplace. In spite of the homely monologue, she is, we feel, on the brink of screaming, yet for him, chewing and gulping and absorbed in a comic book, she might just as well not be there. The other characters are a young couple who are looking for a room, and a mysterious blind Negro who has a message for Rose, all of them making Rose jump out of her skin when they come in after Hudd has left. Their lower-middle-class talk is terribly comic, and again Pinter shows himself a master at reproducing the fatuity of the ill-at-ease or befuddled. "Clarissa? What a pretty name," says Rose. "Yes, it is nice, isn't it?" says the young wife. "My father and mother gave it to me." At another point, Rose asks the landlord, "How many floors you got in this house?" "Floors," he says. "Ah, we had a good few of them in the old days."

"A Slight Ache" is about a man named Edward, his wife, Flora, and a matchseller who has been standing for weeks at their back gate with a tray of matches hanging from his shoulders. The sets—very good ones, by Ed Wittstein—are the terrace, the scullery, and the study of the couple's country house. This time, we open with breakfast in the bright sunshine. A wasp flies by. Flora is scared. Edward, a disdainful type, traps it in the marmalade pot and then, when it tries to crawl out through the spoon hole, drowns it with hot water from the teapot and deliberately squashes it on his plate. Soon we learn that he is obsessed and frightened by the matchseller, at whom he has been staring for days. (The slight ache is in his eyes.) He insists on having him in to find out what the old man is up to. The matchseller is a great, hulking fellow dressed in layers of filthy rags and a knitted balaclava helmet, although the day is warm and summery. There are indications that he has had a stroke that has left him speechless and perhaps deaf. At any rate, he does not respond at all to the spate of chatter that he is subjected to by Edward and Flora in turn—a pastiche and parody of the kind of County English small talk that abhors a conversational vacuum.

That good actress Frances Sternhagen couldn't be better, first as the bleached-out, jumpy Rose and then as Flora, so pretty and wifely and such a dear, dear person to her touchy husband. I also admired Henderson Forsythe's subtle performance as Edward, whose plausible sadism and tension and gradual loss of control are made clear, and the performances, under Word Baker's direction, of all the other actors—Clarence Felder, Ralph Drischell, Ian Jenkins, Margaret Linn, and Robertearl Jones—in all the other parts. Both comedies are surely of a sort that Shaw would have classified as "unpleasant," but they are so full of vitality and surprises and talent that their effect is extremely bracing.

TWO well-intentioned comedies of considerably lower wattage rounded out the week. "On the Necessity of Being Polygamous," at the Gramercy Arts—a Brazilian farce about a man, his wife, his mistress, his wife's lover, and his mistress's lover—can list as assets a young magician (Jack Adams) and a couple of pretty girls (Liz Ingleson and Maggie Shook). All the rest is talk, some of it not bad. The same cannot be said for the performances. "Helen," at the Bouwerie Lane, is set at the court of Menelaus ten years after the Trojan War, when Telemachus, son of Odysseus, comes to get a glimpse of the woman who caused all the family troubles. There are a few funny, scrappy passages between Aphrodite and Athena, at it again, but whatever is not funny is dismal. Sally Gracie makes a bright and bitchy Aphrodite, and Myra Carter a delightfully games-mistressy Athena. Willa Kim's costumes manage to be witty and decorative at the same time.

—EDITH OLIVER

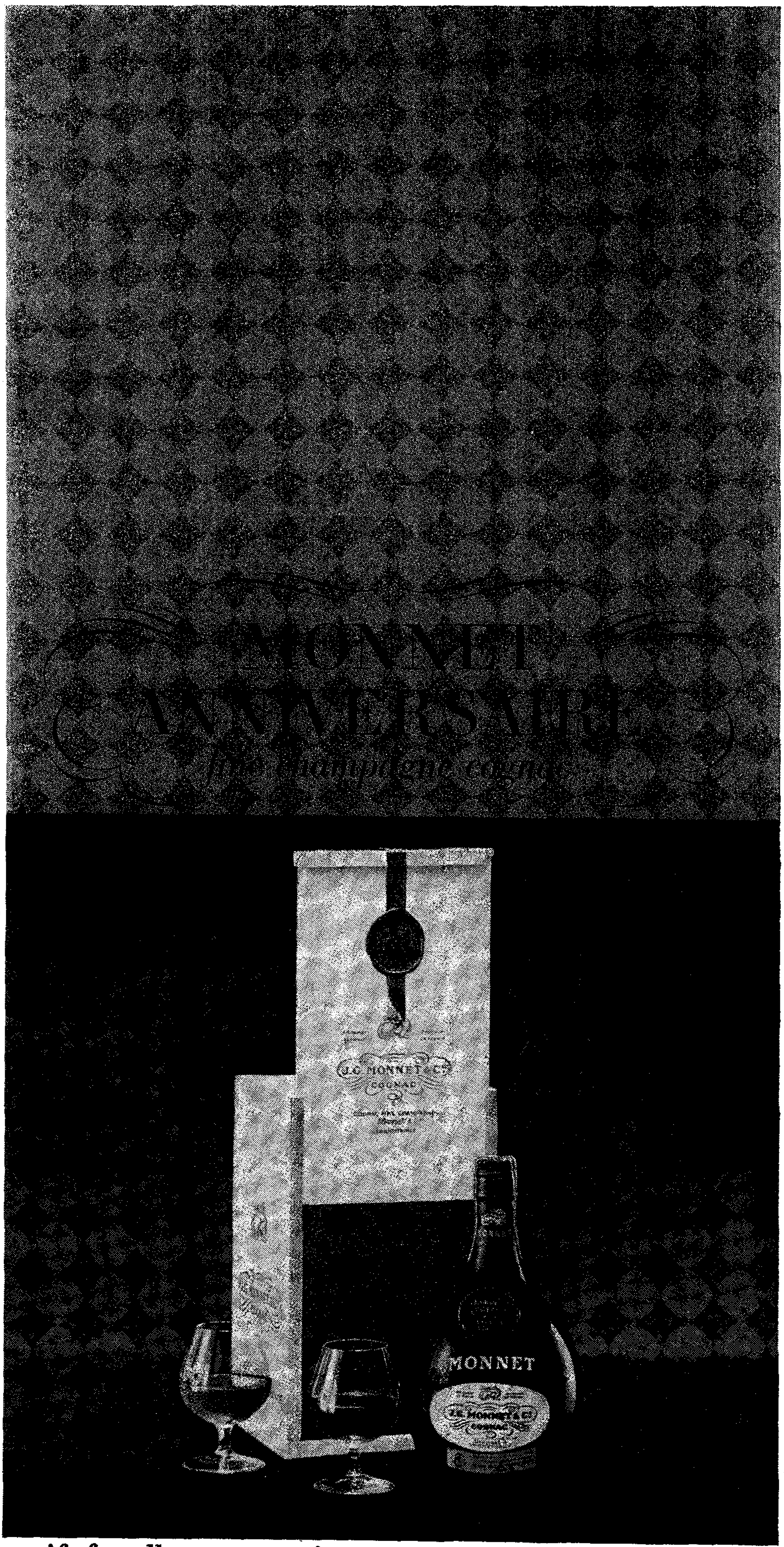
•

Why can't children read better—not just read, but read fast and accurate?

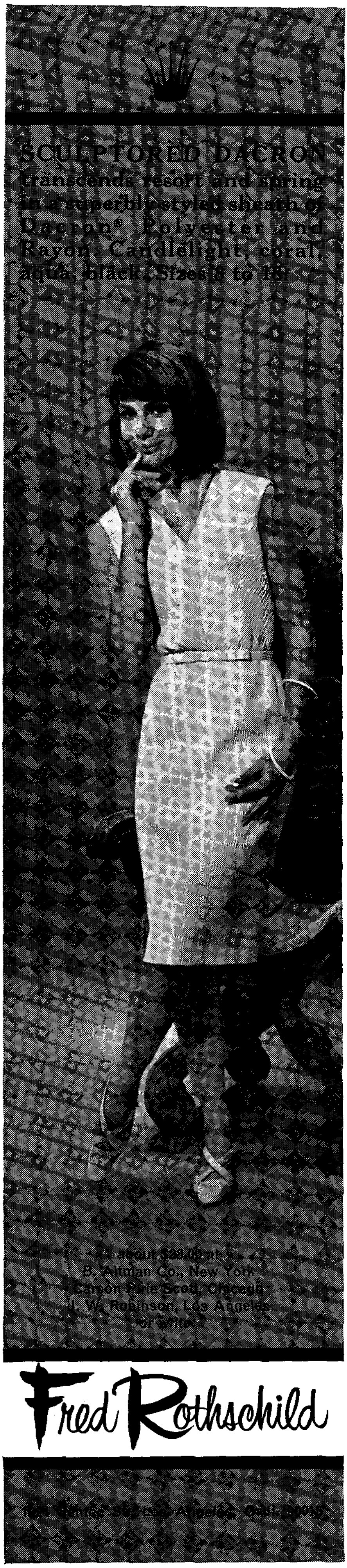
—*Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

And good, like a smart child should.

MONNET 3 STAR 84 PROOF • ANNIVERSAIRE 82 PROOF • SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A. MUNSON G. SHAW COMPANY, NEW YORK.



a gift for all seasons . . . *for special persons and for special occasions. Monnet Anniversaire is perhaps the finest cognac made, with a rare softness and bouquet. To taste it is to appreciate the infinite ability of man. It is presented in a fabulous gift case of natural wood lined with red velvet.*


SCULPTORED DACRON transcends resort and spring in a superbly styled sheath of Dacron® Polyester and Rayon. Candlelight, coral, aqua, black. Sizes 8 to 18.

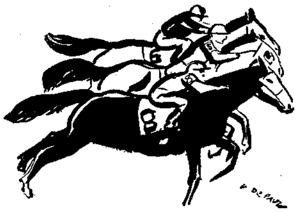
... about $30.00 at ...
B. Altman Co., New York
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles
or write

[illegible] St., Los Angeles, Calif. [illegible]

THE RACE TRACK

That's All There Is

NEW YORK's longest, dullest, and most financially successful season came to an end at Aqueduct last Saturday. Not counting the meeting at Finger Lakes, it ran two hundred and thirty-four days, two hundred and ten of them at the Big A, and the 6,918,242 paying guests who passed through the turnstiles here and at Saratoga tossed $674,879,264 into the tote.



Getaway day was another of those murky, drizzly afternoons, but more than forty-five thousand aficionados came out to get even, and they bet $4,859,403. As in the past, the Display Handicap, at two miles, was the main event, and this time the winner turned up in Primordial II, who won by eight lengths from Smart, the favorite, with Will I Rule, a reformed jumper, ten lengths farther back. The last time I had seen Primordial II, a big chestnut horse with a ratty tail as long as Whirlaway's, was at Laurel on Veterans' Day, where he represented Venezuela in the Washington, D.C., International and finished twenty lengths behind Kelso. In the Display, it was a different story. He began slowly and started moving up at about the same time that Smart passed Pont du Jour, the early pacemaker, at the end of a mile. As soon as Laffit Pincay, his forty-one-year-old Panamanian jockey, called on him, the race was virtually over. He paid a tidy $29.50 mutuel. Curiously, he was the only one of the eight runners whose tail wasn't braided up, and it must have collected a couple of pounds of mud.

I SUPPOSE the topic discussed by horseplayers more than anything else at Aqueduct last week was the riding of Mike Venezia, a nineteen-year-old apprentice jockey from Brooklyn, who had six winners in one afternoon—the first four and the last two on the card. In between, he was second three times. It was the kind of thing that racegoers who bet on jockeys to show dream about. Remember the old saying "Chicken one day, the feathers the next"? Three days and fourteen mounts later, Venezia had his next winner. Oh, well, a boy can't win them all.

THEN, there was the announcement that Marshall Cassidy has resigned as executive secretary of the Jockey Club—a post he held for twenty-three years. He said he wanted a vacation. His place will be filled by John Francis Kennedy, the New York Racing Association's supervisor of racing. Though Mr. Cassidy is a mere seventy-two, few men on the turf have had a longer or closer association with the sport than El Jefe, as his friends call him. He has rubbed horses, he has held a certificate as an amateur rider, and he not only won at hunt-club meetings but did all right against professionals. He was an assistant starter in the crew of his father, the redoubtable Mars Cassidy, and later was starter at a number of tracks, including some in Canada and Mexico. From 1935 to 1957, he was a steward in New York, having been appointed first by the State Racing Commission and then by the Jockey Club. I shan't try to detail his many innovations for the betterment of racing. Instead, I hope that after he's had his vacation he will write his memoirs.

AS no doubt you've heard, it's back again to Aqueduct on March 15th. This obviates any chance of an earlier opening, which had been rumored. Goodness knows, Tommy Trotter, the racing secretary, found it hard enough last spring to get sufficient runners for the first fortnight of the meeting. If the boys in Albany had made the opening date any earlier, he might have had to put on races for stable ponies. All the horses haven't stomped off to Florida, California, or winter quarters in the Carolinas. Several hundred are remaining at Belmont Park, among them the Wheatley Stable's star, Queen Empress, and the Rokeby Stable's Quadrangle.

ONCE more, Colonel Tantivy Martingale joins me in wishing you three hundred and sixty-five lucky days. —AUDAX MINOR

•

"Outward Bound" is a romantic drama by Sutton Vane and tells of the strange events that befall a group of passengers on a liner bound for a secret destination. Pittsburgh Building Exchange.
—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Chatterbox!

The Dec. 25th bottle of Beam's Choice.

BEAM'S
CHOICE
BEAM
CHARCOAL FILTERED
BEAM'S
CHOICE
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO.
BEAM'S
CHOICE

Of course, the guys who know great Bourbon aren't going to be impressed by fancy decanters. Even fine smoked crystal ones, like ours.

Because when it comes to holiday giving, the real Bourbon drinker likes to give the whiskey he respects most. And we think he'd pick Beam's Choice even if it came in the same old bottle we use all year round.

Then why did we fuss with crystal decanters and big, beautiful gift packaging? Especially when we don't charge any more for it?

Holiday spirit, gentlemen.

Holiday spirit.

6 YEARS OLD. 90 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

The most unmistakable perfume in the world.
Le De Givenchy.
Created to identify his following.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

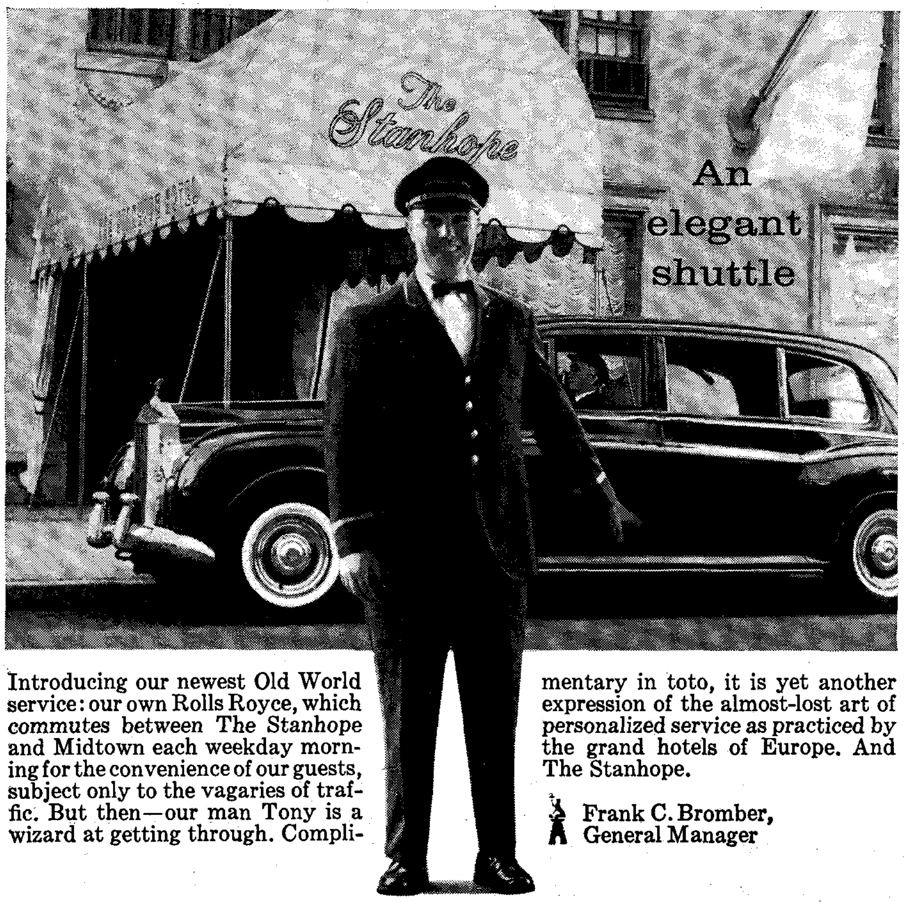
THE EX-UNTOUCHABLES—II

LIKE America's twenty million Negroes, India's sixty-five million ex-Untouchables are going through a time of significant change. The differences between the two groups are greater than the similarities, if only because Negroes have been struggling for a much longer time to improve their estate and because American society has been committed from the beginning to the idea of the equality of all men, while Indian society has been committed over its much longer history to the built-in inequalities of its caste system. In India, the Untouchables were kept apart from all other human beings not by a color line—although attitudes about skin color do figure in Indian life—but by a religiously sanctified set of rules going back beyond recorded time into the dimness of Hindu prehistory. By these rules, Untouchables were held at the bottom—indeed, *below* the bottom—of Hindu society. Any person so born was believed to pollute by his touch and was confined to the ritually impure occupations, having to do with the skin and carcasses of dead animals, with scavenging, and with other lowly forms of toil. A few cracks of reform began to appear in this system during the nineteenth century, and through these openings a handful of Untouchables made their way to some education and improved status. The process was speeded up during the last few decades of British rule, but it did not really take on a wide sweep until after Indian independence was won, in 1947. Untouchability was formally abolished by the new Indian Constitution of 1949, the educational system was enormously expanded, and special programs of assistance were undertaken by the government to help members of this deeply submerged section of the population to rise more swiftly. As a result of these efforts, a substantial number of educated ex-Untouchables are now making their slow way toward new places in the slowly changing Indian society. They are still a minority of the great mass of ex-Untouchables, most of whom are still bogged down in the deep poverty they share with the majority of their fellow-Indians, and are still governed by traditional ways that only few in India have thus far forsaken. Educated and uneducated alike, they remain Untouchables in fact, if not in law, but it is the educated ones who are bearing the brunt of the painful experience of change. They have to acquire a whole new identity for themselves, a whole new way of relating to a society that is not yet quite ready to welcome them on any real basis of equality. This process of interaction between group identity and political change has long interested me as a research associate at M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies, and, having spent considerable time trying to learn something about what was happening to Negroes in the United States, I went to India not long ago to see if I could learn something about what was happening to that country's ex-Untouchables.

India's ex-Untouchables are officially called the "Scheduled Castes"—a term that derives from a "schedule," or list, of the Untouchable groups, or "castes," drawn up by the government about thirty years ago in order to identify those groups entitled to receive special benefits under a variety of government programs that were begun under British rule. The government of independent India committed itself from the outset to expanded programs of special help to the ex-Untouchables through scholarship assistance at all levels of their schooling and by making jobs available for them to move into afterward. Since ex-Untouchables cannot as yet hope to find many jobs in a society dominated by caste-bound Hindus, the government has opened its own services to them, setting up quotas of "reserved places" for them to fill as they qualify. This is now the lifeline by which more and more people are pulling themselves—or are being pulled—out of the depths of Untouchability.

Some six million ex-Untouchables have so far benefited most directly from these special opportunities. Somewhere close to half a million are in government jobs, mostly still in menial or manual capacities but also, in substantial numbers, in white-collar clerical and executive civil-service positions. Coming up behind them now there are about fifty-six thousand in the colleges and universities, and they are being pushed in turn by between five and six million young people coming up through the primary and secondary schools. They are moving up, moreover, alongside millions of other young Indians who are caste Hindus but whose parents and grandparents were also hardly ever part of the country's educated class. What they will be like and how they will all relate to each other is almost impossible to predict, since the pace and manner of India's conquest of its backwardness remains subject to so many imponderables. At the present time, Indian society is still largely governed by the caste system inherited from the past. The ex-Untouchables, coming up from so much farther down, have to struggle all the harder to rise, especially since all the entrenched sanctions and habits of the Hindu caste system still stand in their way.

OF the earlier generation of Untouchables who made their way up through the educational opportunities opened up in the British time, some found places in politics—a few through the Scheduled Castes Federation, founded by the late Bhimrao Ramji Ambedkar, the famous leader of the Untouchables, and many more elsewhere in India through the patronage of Gandhi and the Indian National Congress Party. In this party the ex-Untouchables have come to occupy in independent India a peculiarly fa-



Introducing our newest Old World service: our own Rolls Royce, which commutes between The Stanhope and Midtown each weekday morning for the convenience of our guests, subject only to the vagaries of traffic. But then—our man Tony is a wizard at getting through. Complimentary in toto, it is yet another expression of the almost-lost art of personalized service as practiced by the grand hotels of Europe. And The Stanhope.

Frank C. Bromber,
General Manager

THE STANHOPE HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

Compare your brand with the Rare One

J&B Rare scotch whisky
PENNIES MORE IN COST . . . WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, N. Y. 20

vored position as wards, or individuals selected for advancement, and as holders of seats reserved for them in the various legislatures of the central government, the states, and the municipalities. Last year's president of the Congress Party was an ex-Untouchable, an able young politician named D. Sanjivaya, who had risen to be Chief Minister of the state of Andhra. After being succeeded by another ex-Untouchable as president of the Congress Party, Sanjivaya entered the Cabinet as Minister of Labour and Employment, thus keeping Scheduled Caste personalities in full view in top posts. Jagjivan Ram, a big, burly man with the easy-flowing speech of the practiced politician, served as Minister of Railways and then as Minister of Transport and Communications, leaving the Cabinet after ten years as one of those affected by Nehru's shake-up late in 1963. Another ex-Untouchable, B. S. Murthy, whose career began with Gandhi in the nineteen-twenties, is Deputy Minister of Community Development and Coöperation, and still another, Dr. M. M. Das, is Deputy Minister of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs. Ex-Untouchables occupy seventy-six of the five hundred and four seats in the Lok Sabha (House of the People) in the Parliament, and four hundred and seventy-seven seats of the three thousand two hundred and eighty-three in the various state legislatures. Many of the occupants of these seats are young arrivals on the political scene—products of the post-independence system of aided education and promotion by preferment.

No comparable visibility has been achieved by ex-Untouchables in the academic profession. "There are no creative Harijan intellectuals," one well-informed caste-Hindu scholar and educator told me flatly. ("Harijan," meaning "Children of God," was the name given to the Untouchables by Gandhi some thirty years ago as part of his effort to elevate their status in Hindu society. It is a term still widely used by caste Hindus but not very often used by ex-Untouchables when speaking of themselves.) "The older men who came up became politicians," he went on. "A group coming up now is moving into the universities, but they are still to be found in fairly junior positions and almost always in the traditional branches of learning, such as history and literature—not moving into fields where one might do research on, say, the problems of the community. I would guess, however, that there may be as many as a hundred Scheduled

He loves me.....
He loves me not
He loves me.....
He loves me not

carven
carven
parfums
paris
france

He loves me
He loves me
He loves me
He loves me

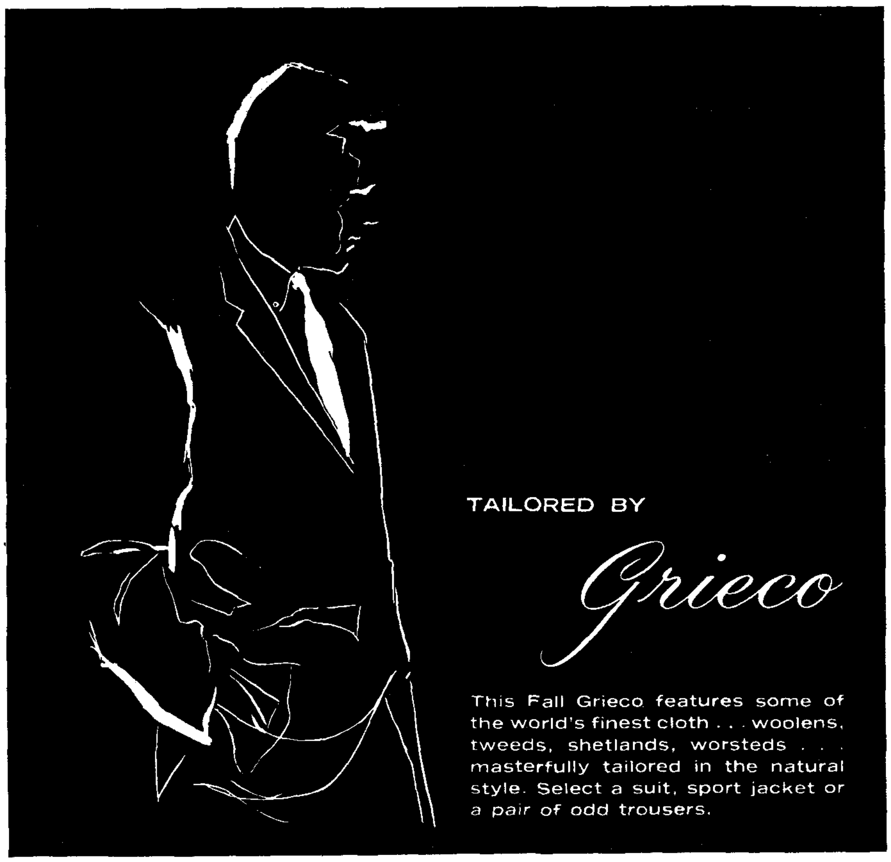
carven parfums—high fashion in fragrance from France. ma griffe...robe d'un soir...vert et blanc — from $4 to $125 (plus Fed. tax)

Royall Lyme imports—*from the Islands*

Articles of good grooming and impeccable taste. Invigorating Royall Lyme toilet lotion, from the sweet oils of hand-pressed plump, fresh West Indian limes, blended to a secret formula. And—Bermuda Spyce, a manly essence from native Allspice leaves. Both lotions for use as cologne or after-shave. And—Royall Lyme soap, hard-milled in England to our formula, carries both the fragrance and refreshment of the Islands. Sold in selected department stores and men's specialty shops.

Prices from $3 to $12 plus tax.

ROYALL LYME LTD. 232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16



TAILORED BY

Grieco

This Fall Grieco features some of the world's finest cloth . . . woolens, tweeds, shetlands, worsteds . . . masterfully tailored in the natural style. Select a suit, sport jacket or a pair of odd trousers.

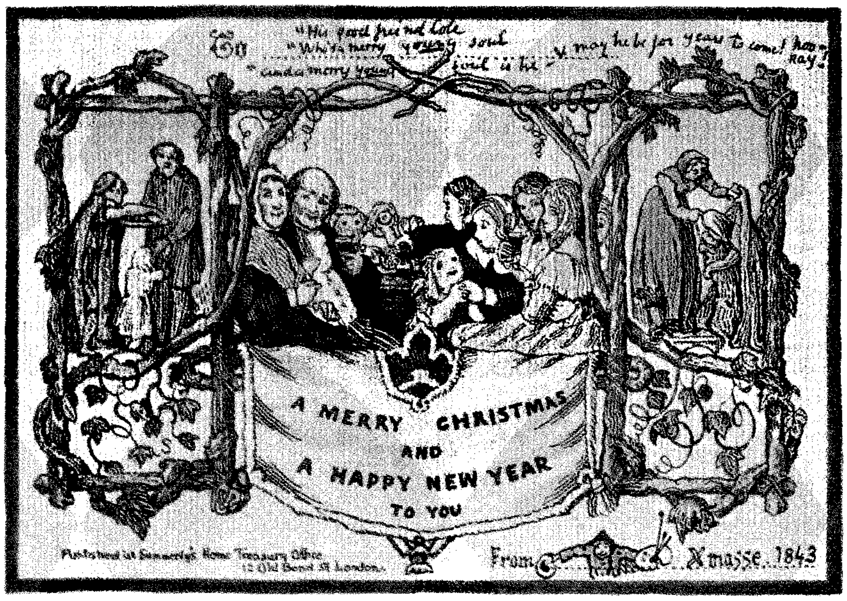
The Gentry..........Chattanooga, Tenn.
Hirsh-Gates..........Richmond, Va.
Kent of Carmel..........Carmel, Cal.
Levy's..........Nashville, Tenn.
Muse's Traditional Shop..........Atlanta, Ga.
Phelps-Terkel..........Los Angeles, Cal.
Rubenstein Brothers..........New Orleans, La.
Surrey's, Ltd..........Coral Gables, Fla.
Hubert W. White, Inc..........Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.

For stores in other cities write: GRIECO BROS., INC., 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10019

Caste Ph.D.s now, where ten years ago there were none." At the University of Mysore—where unusual opportunities were opened to the Untouchables back in the days when Mysore was a princely state—I was told there were ten ex-Untouchable lecturers (equivalent to American assistant professors) out of a total of a hundred and twelve, three readers (equivalent to associate professors) out of twelve, and one professor out of four, along with a dean of a medical college, and a college principal holding a Ph.D. in botany. The University of Bombay, I learned, had produced two ex-Untouchable Ph.D.s in sociology since 1951 and was about to produce a third, and had also produced ten M.A.s in this field. However, numbers in this matter, as in many others having to do with ex-Untouchables, get extremely vague. There are instances in which ex-Untouchables who reach faculty positions cease to be easily identifiable as such. I met a high administrative officer at a university who I had been informed was an ex-Untouchable, but he never so identified himself to me. And at the University of Delhi, which had come under some public criticism for failure to give adequate opportunities to members of the Scheduled Castes, a former high officer of the institution told me he just could not say whether there were any Scheduled Caste members of the university's own faculty, of two hundred and fifty, or of the staffs of its associated colleges, which numbered fifteen hundred. "A Harijan never likes to advertise the fact that he's a Harijan," he remarked rather defensively. Further down the line in the educational system, there are now many thousands of ex-Untouchable teachers—but no one knows just *how* many thousands.

The world of business and the professions thus far has, by all accounts, only the tiniest trickle of ex-Untouchables. For the most part, employment in private business firms in India is still determined by regional, caste, and family considerations. Only in a few of the larger enterprises has a certain mobility begun to blur these lines. The chances are that the rare few ex-Untouchables who have moved successfully into business and commerce have managed in some way to conceal their identities. This was true of at least two very modest examples I ran into myself—a man who was working for a trade association, and a man who had risen to a white-collar position in a department store. About the professions, I was able to gather only a few fragmentary indi-

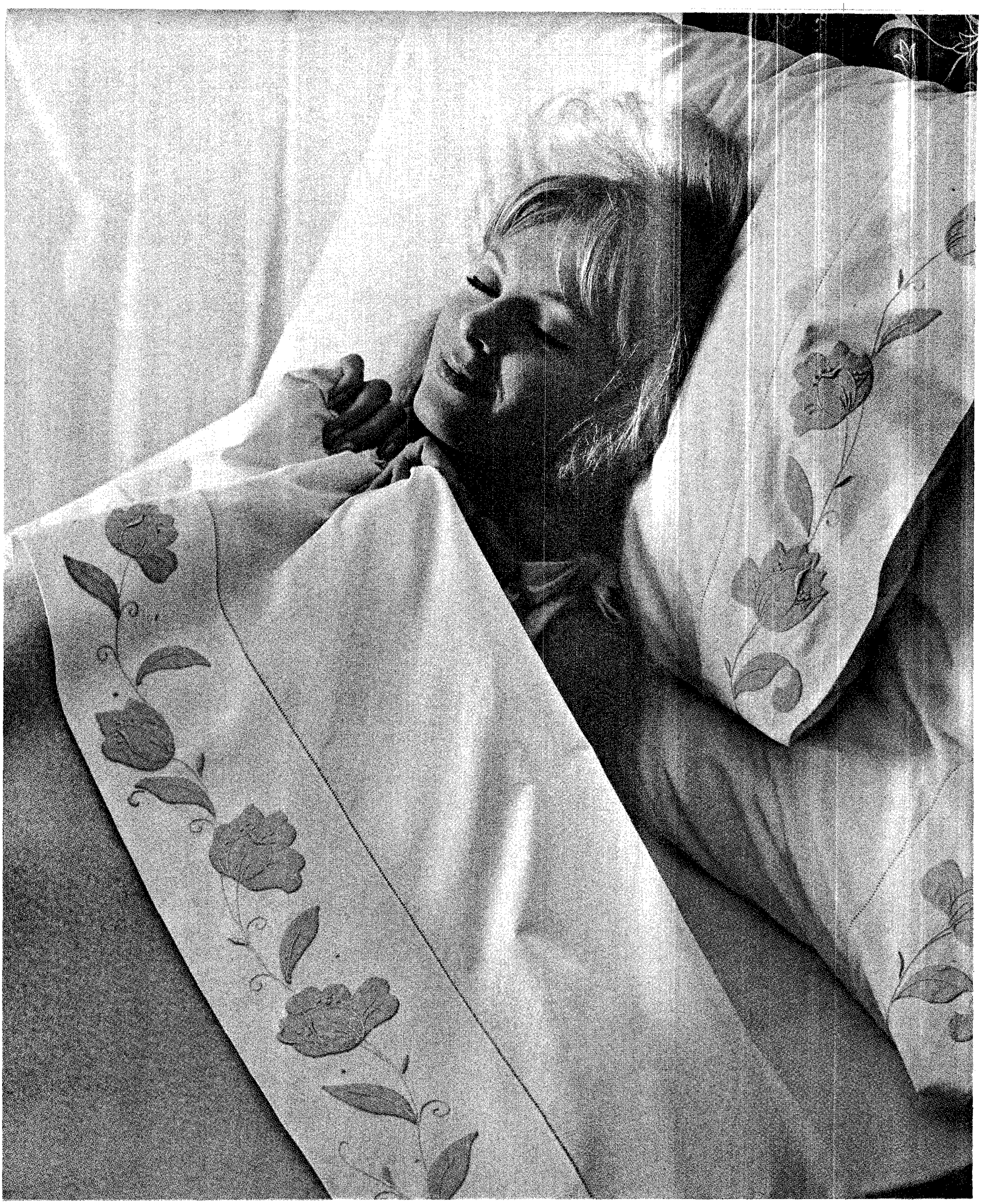
(On display at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England)


A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU
From
Xmasse 1843
Published at Summerly's Home Treasury Office 12 Old Bond St London.

PULL TEAR STRIP
Gordon's
GORDON'S LONDON DRY GIN
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
EST. 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

This is the first Christmas card, but this English holiday greeting is older!

When J. C. Horsley designed the first Christmas card in 1843, Gordon's Gin had already been an English holiday fixture for 74 years. Obviously, then, you're on very firm traditional ground when you give a gift of Gordon's. Nice thing is, Gordon's still harks back to Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, which accounts for its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour. Ideal Christmas gift, wouldn't you say?



It's 1/3 of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

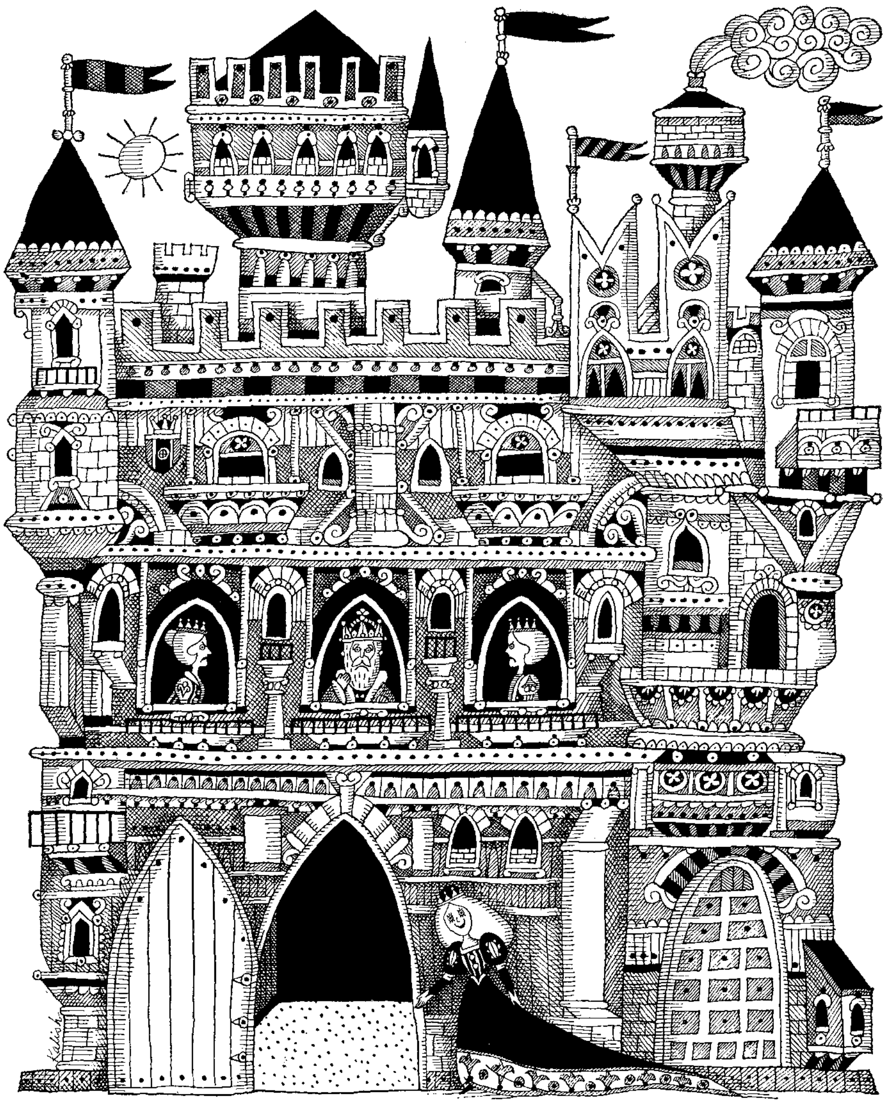
This is Madeira...the ultimate luxury in bed linens...hand-embroidered on the isle of Madeira for Wamsutta alone. Madeira hand work has adorned the cradles of princes and the trousseaux of queens. Now you may enjoy this finest of embroideries on the finest of sheets...Wamsutta Supercale®. Pink, blue, yellow or white embroideries on white. Surprisingly, prices start at $14.95. WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 B'way, N.Y. 18. Makers of Wamsutta Lustercale® sheets, Heritage towels, Wamsutta Babycale® products and fashion fabrics for women, children, men. Available at **Bloomingdale's**, New York and branches.

Wamsutta®
SUPERCALE

cations. I asked staff members of several newspapers if there were any Scheduled Caste journalists, and drew only blank stares of surprise at my question. However, it appeared that there was quite a scattering of doctors and lawyers. In Bombay, I was told, there were nine Scheduled Caste lawyers trying to practice privately, but there was only one practicing physician, and that one a young woman—Dr. Shobha Shinde, who had set up her own clinic in the city. Fairly large numbers of ex-Untouchables held medical and law degrees, I was told, and others qualified as engineers and chemists, but all these were working for the government.

At the lower occupational levels, considerable change has come about through the shift of great numbers of ex-Untouchables from the villages to the cities. Figures on this would probably show that relatively impressive numbers of former Untouchables have moved into industrial work, although much larger numbers have remained within the boundaries of their traditional occupations. Many thousands have become the scavengers and sweepers who carry away the waste of India's great cities. Many thousands of others have gone to work as common laborers, dockworkers, stevedores, and the like. But those who have had some education, if only a few grades, are likely to have moved up, becoming truck or bus drivers or workers on the railroads, the last having moved into slots vacated by Anglo-Indians at the time of independence, and having begun to rise through the grades of fireman on the way to becoming engineers. For those who have been more enterprising and have pushed higher on the educational ladder, there is always the magic step up and out of manual labor altogether—the goal of goals for the aspiring Indian. Any manual labor in India is still held to be part of a low estate, and many Indians still think that the primary function of education is to emancipate them from it. In Bombay, the law stipulates that no one who has passed the matriculation examination—that is, has qualified for university entrance—may be kept in a manual job.

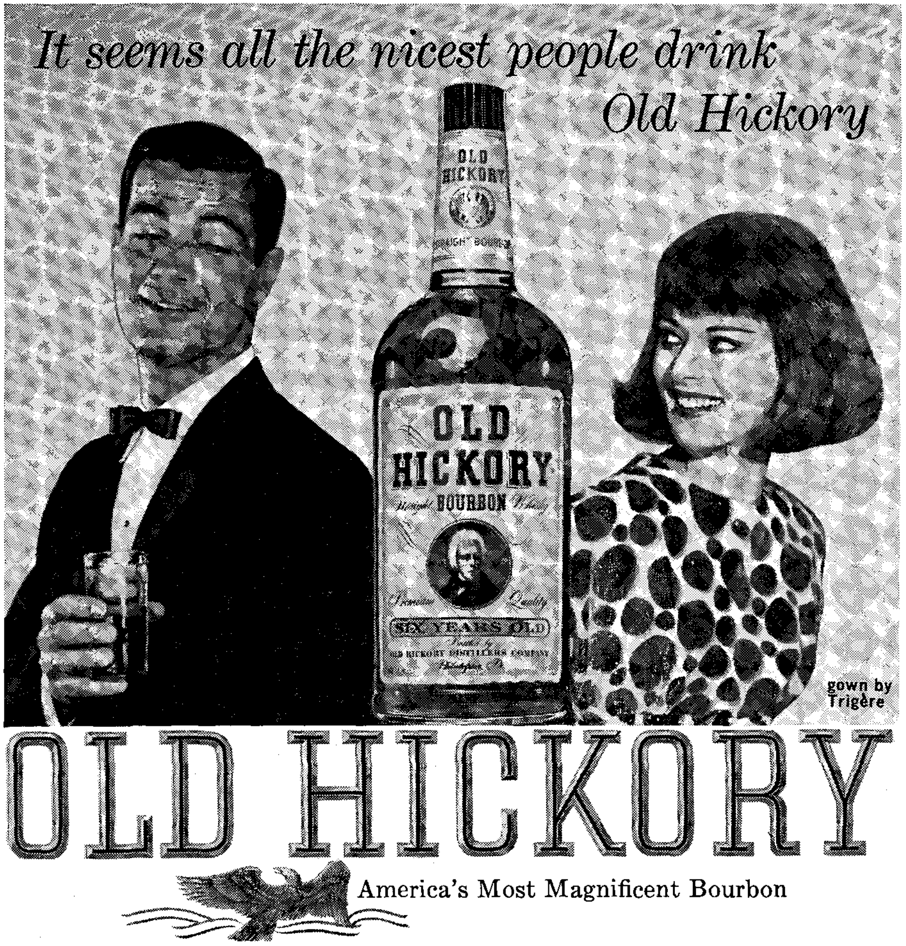
As I followed individuals on their way up, one pattern became familiar: the higher a father went, the higher his son could reach. A characteristic case involved a top-grade civil servant who was the son of a third-grade civil servant. In a group of young men I met in the south, there was one whose father worked in a railway boiler shop and who told me that he himself want-

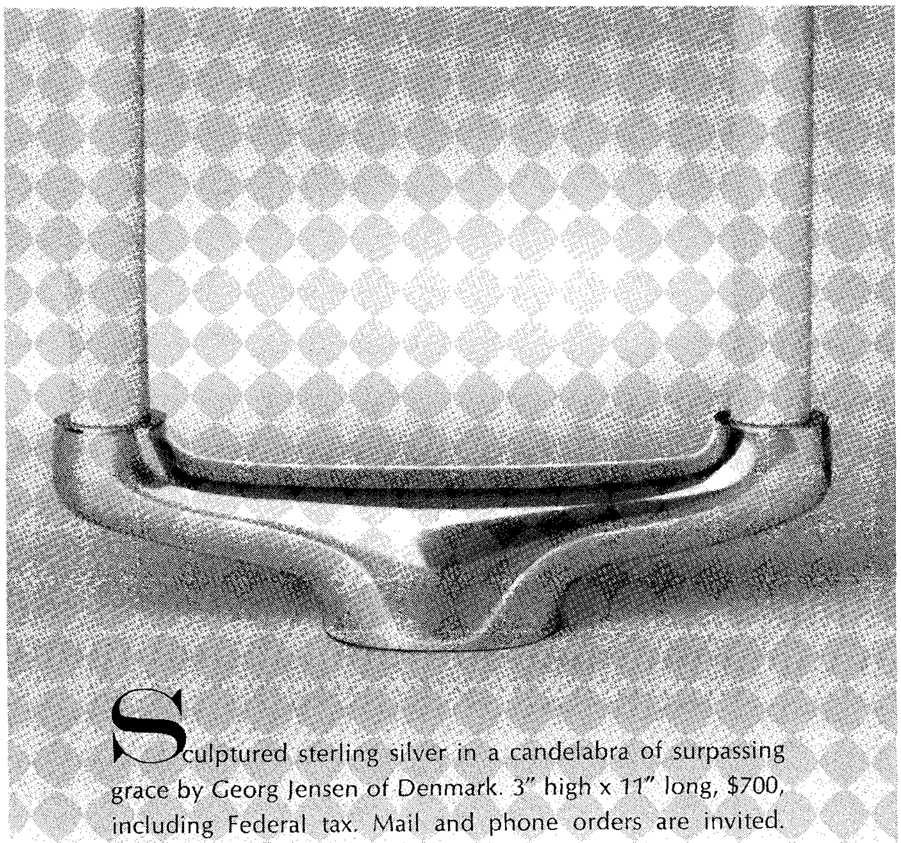


Cordelia
would've
if she
could've...
carpeted
King Lear's Castle
with
**carpet
by
magee**

the fibre CUMULOFT NYLON Cumuloft ® CHEMSTRAND
The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.



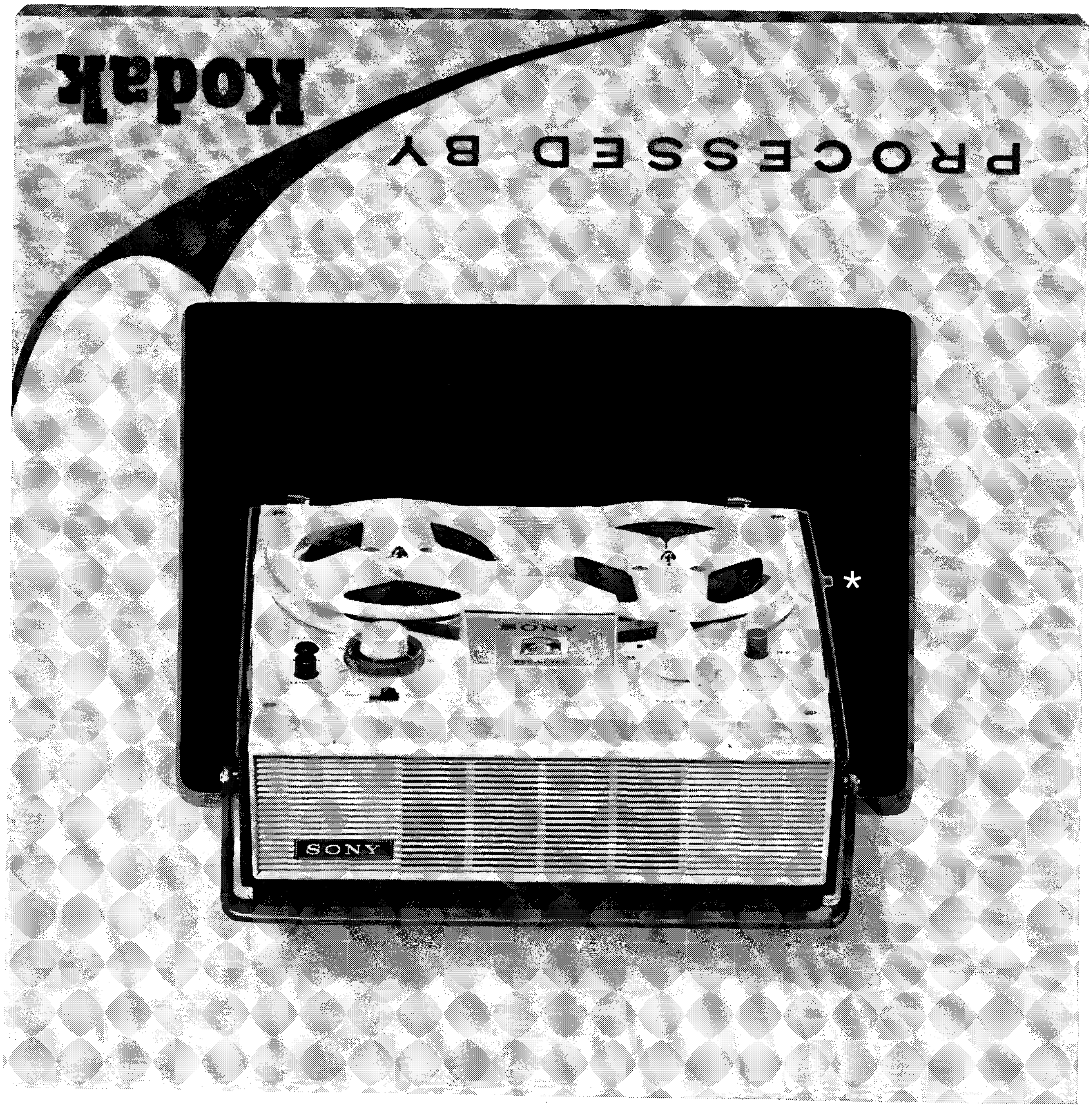


Sculptured sterling silver in a candelabra of surpassing grace by Georg Jensen of Denmark. 3" high x 11" long, $700, including Federal tax. Mail and phone orders are invited.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PL1-2400
Scarsdale Millburn Manhasset

ed to become an engineer. Another was the son of a farmer who had managed to acquire a piece of land of his own; the son wanted to become a doctor. One ex-Untouchable I met in Bombay who was in private business was the son of a man who had come to the city from the village and found a new kind of work in a railway paint shop. Quite a few high aimers were the sons of men who had gone far enough in school themselves to have become teachers. From the individual family stories I heard, I got a quite literal picture of swelling numbers of young people moving swiftly beyond their parents to higher and higher levels. Where a father had begun to move up, not one son but four or six moved higher, and the daughters, too. One law student who was the son of a tanner had one brother who was a government clerk, another who was a factory inspector, and a third who was in his second year of science. The son of a department-store employee had one brother with a Bachelor of Commerce degree who was working in the government sales-tax office, another brother who had passed his matriculation exam and was working for the same firm as his father, and two sisters moving up through the school grades. The son of a primary-school teacher had an older brother who held a Master of Science degree and worked for the government. G. N. Ubale, the registrar of the Siddharth College of Commerce and Economics (Siddharth, with colleges of arts and science, law, and commerce, was founded by Ambedkar to help Untouchables, though its student body is mixed), was the son of a third-grade fireman on the railway. Of his four brothers, one had passed his matriculation exam and was working for the railroad; another, a B.A., was in the government service; the third, who was due to appear for his B.A. this year, meanwhile had a job in a private insurance company; and his youngest brother had taken a step beyond them all by entering not Siddharth but the University of Bombay.

The father-and-son rule had its exceptions, though. Just about the most spectacular example of self-generated drive I came upon was that of a chunky young man named B. C. Khadtale, who had become a pilot for Indian Airlines. The son of a laborer who had never gone to school at all, Khadtale did go to school, as did the other children in the family, and then he made his way to an engineering school in Poona, along with thirty other Sched-uled Caste boys. He failed several times,



How to put sound in your color slides automatically!

(with the new Sony 211-TS Photo/Slide/Sync tape recorder)

1) Tape it. Record your own narration, background music, or even on-the-scene sounds. 2) Sync it. Simply 'press the button'* once for each slide change to add inaudible electronic control signals to your recorded tape, programming your entire show. And 3) Enjoy it. Settle back, relax, and take pride in the professional quality sound show you have so simply and easily produced.

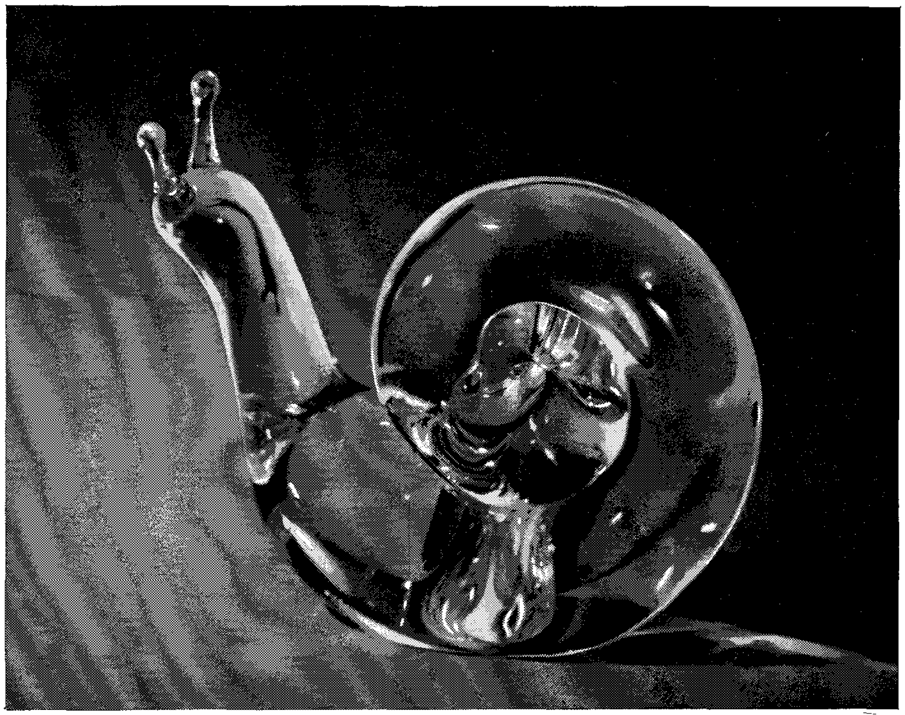
Do it once, then forget about it. This amazing new Sony *remembers* and *controls* any automatic slide projector no matter how often your show is presented. Why not update all your favorite silent slides to 'talking' slides?

Visit your local photo/tape dealer—see the Sony special Sight & Sound Demonstration, and get your *free* copy of the informative booklet: HOW TO PUT SOUND IN YOUR COLOR SLIDES.

BONUS FEATURE: The 211TS is also a complete-in-one unit language and music training tape recorder with multiple (sound on sound) recording. Complete with Sony F-96 Dynamic microphone for **less than $139.50.**

AVAILABLE SOON: A sensational new development in magnetic recording tape, SONY PR-150. Write for details about our special introductory offer (sorry—only available to Sony owners).

SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo* ®

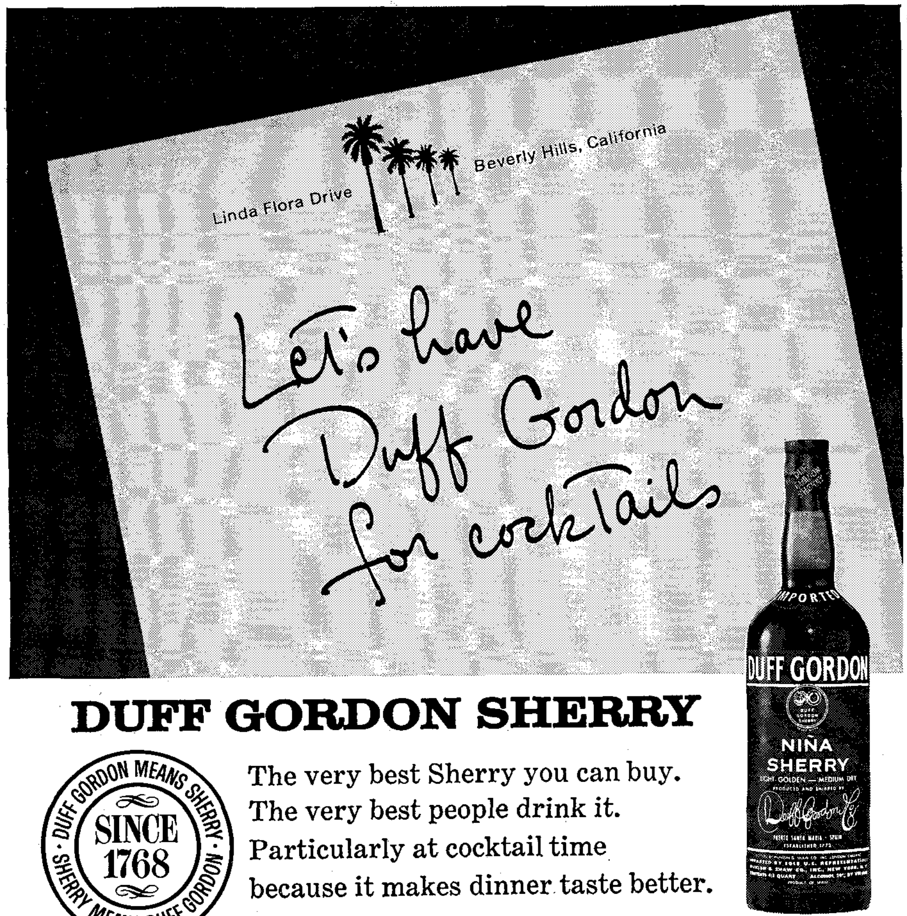


Length 3½ inches · $32.50

Crystal snail, inching through life with
an air of cautious optimism

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., NEW YORK


Linda Flora Drive
Beverly Hills, California
Let's have Duff Gordon for cocktails
IMPORTED
DUFF GORDON
NIÑA
SHERRY
LIGHT GOLDEN — MEDIUM DRY

DUFF GORDON SHERRY

DUFF GORDON MEANS SHERRY · SHERRY MEANS DUFF GORDON · SINCE 1768

The very best Sherry you can buy.
The very best people drink it.
Particularly at cocktail time
because it makes dinner taste better.

Imported from Spain, of course. True Sherry is.

but he stuck at it. All but one of his classmates are now working for the government, he told me, and that one is working as an engineer in an automobile assembly plant, whose owner does not know he is an ex-Untouchable. Khadtale, when he had earned his B.S. degree, landed a job in the state Aviation Department and found himself working in the control tower at the Bombay airport. Here he conceived the ambition to learn to fly, and, with the help of government scholarships, he did so, winning his wings as a pilot of single-engine planes in 1955. From there he pushed on to commercial-pilot training. For this there were no scholarships, no reserved places, for who would ever have dreamed that an ex-Untouchable might have such an ambition? Khadtale saved his own money and talked himself into loans and grants from a great variety of places, including, ultimately, the Department of Social Welfare. In 1959, having weathered several intervals when his money ran out, Khadtale finished his training and got his first job as a pilot—flying old Dakotas (Douglas DC-3s) between points in India, the Middle East, and Africa for a private cargo-plane company, Kalinga Airlines. The son of an illiterate Untouchable laborer was spanning the continents. In 1961, he was taken on as a pilot by Indian Airlines, and a great astonished fuss was made in the newspapers over his achievement. Khadtale was still flying co-pilot when we met, but he was expecting his own two-engine command momentarily, and was hoping to move on to four-engine aircraft and to jets.

Along with Khadtale, one other example of high ambition sticks in my mind. The elder son of an ex-Untouchable who was a well-placed government official had, like most young men in his situation, gone into a safe government job after getting his college degree, but the official's younger son was thinking of different things. When he finished school, he told me, he was going to go into business, and, what was more, he expected to do very well very fast. "I'm going to be a millionaire," he said.

UPWARD-MOVING ex-Untouchable boys obviously have to marry upward-moving ex-Untouchable girls. This is getting easier to do now than it used to be, but it still presents problems. Marriage out of caste is still quite rare and quite radical at every level of Indian society, and it is all the more so, of course, when ex-Untouchables are concerned. In the beginning, only boys

Rule: Your perfume should be changed as often as your mood.

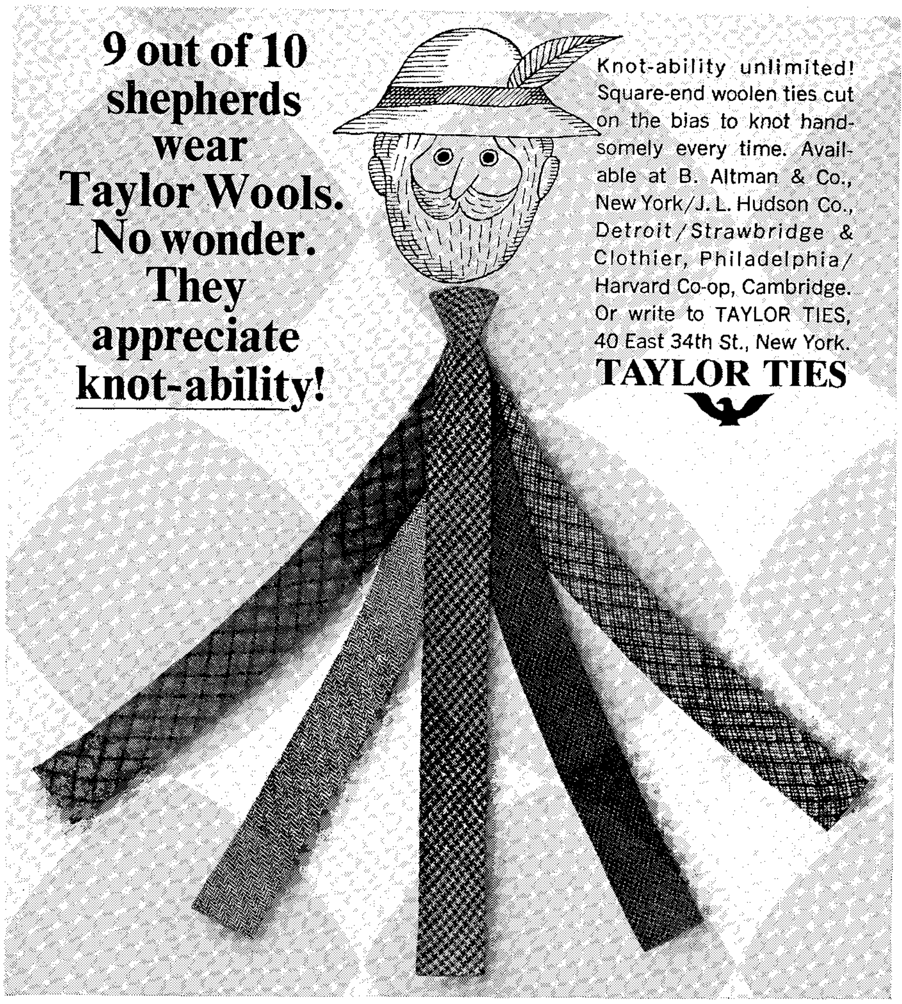
Exception.

Madame Rochas

Madame Rochas

CREATED IN FRANCE BY PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS moved out onto the path of education, and not until recent years, when public education was made available on a large scale, did girls join the movement across the great divide of literacy. Along the way, marriage became a special problem, and often an unhappy tangle. A common Indian story of these years—and not only for the ex-Untouchable—is the story of the early marriage, made in the traditional way, that cannot survive the changed life that comes with education and the move out into the world. Girls at all social levels are moving more and more into the channels of education and becoming teachers, nurses, and the like. This has been true longer for caste-Hindu women, but ex-Untouchable girls are now getting their chance along with the others. Improved chances for education do not always, however, mean improved prospects for marriage. Ex-Untouchable men in India are no different from caste-Hindu men or men in many other newly independent countries or, perhaps, men in general: they want their wives to be educated but not *too* educated, and certainly not more educated than they are. This is something of a handicap for the girl who is talented and ambitious.

I met quite a few young men who had not been caught in early marriages arranged by their parents, and they usually said they wanted to settle down before looking around for someone to marry. Among the Mahars (the Untouchable caste group to which Ambedkar belonged) in Bombay, with their longer tradition of seeking education, there seemed to be no great problem now of finding educated girls. "There are many girl matriculates, even many graduates," I was told. In other caste groups, the difficulty was greater but hardly insuperable. "In my village, there is no one I can marry," an Adi-Andhra boy told me in the south. "I want an educated girl interested in social service. I will have to find one." He happened to be very dark-skinned, as so many people are in south India, and I asked him whether color would figure in his choice. "In my community, all are dark," he answered. "Maybe the Brahmans are not quite so dark, but this is not a problem, this is not the way to distinguish people. In a girl, I would prefer good character and conduct and taste, no matter what color she was." He laughed a nervous little laugh and went on, "It is true that lighter girls will not prefer darker boys in any community. This is a matter of personal taste. If a man is dark,


9 out of 10 shepherds wear Taylor Wools. No wonder. They appreciate knot-ability!

Knot-ability unlimited! Square-end woolen ties cut on the bias to knot handsomely every time. Available at B. Altman & Co., New York/J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit/Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia/Harvard Co-op, Cambridge. Or write to TAYLOR TIES, 40 East 34th St., New York.

TAYLOR TIES

this winter... enjoy a Lucayan holiday! New, captivating, superb LUCAYAN BEACH HOTEL awaits you on Grand Bahama Island... just 76 miles—30 airliner minutes—from Florida's Gold Coast. Golf on a magnificent 18-hole country club course. Boating, swimming, fishing, sailing, skin-diving, water skiing, tennis... all in the lazy warmth of an unspoiled tropic isle. Superb cuisine and impeccable personal service... and to top it all off, the excitement of the great Casino! For a holiday you'll long remember, plan now for your visit to LUCAYAN BEACH HOTEL in the British Bahamas.

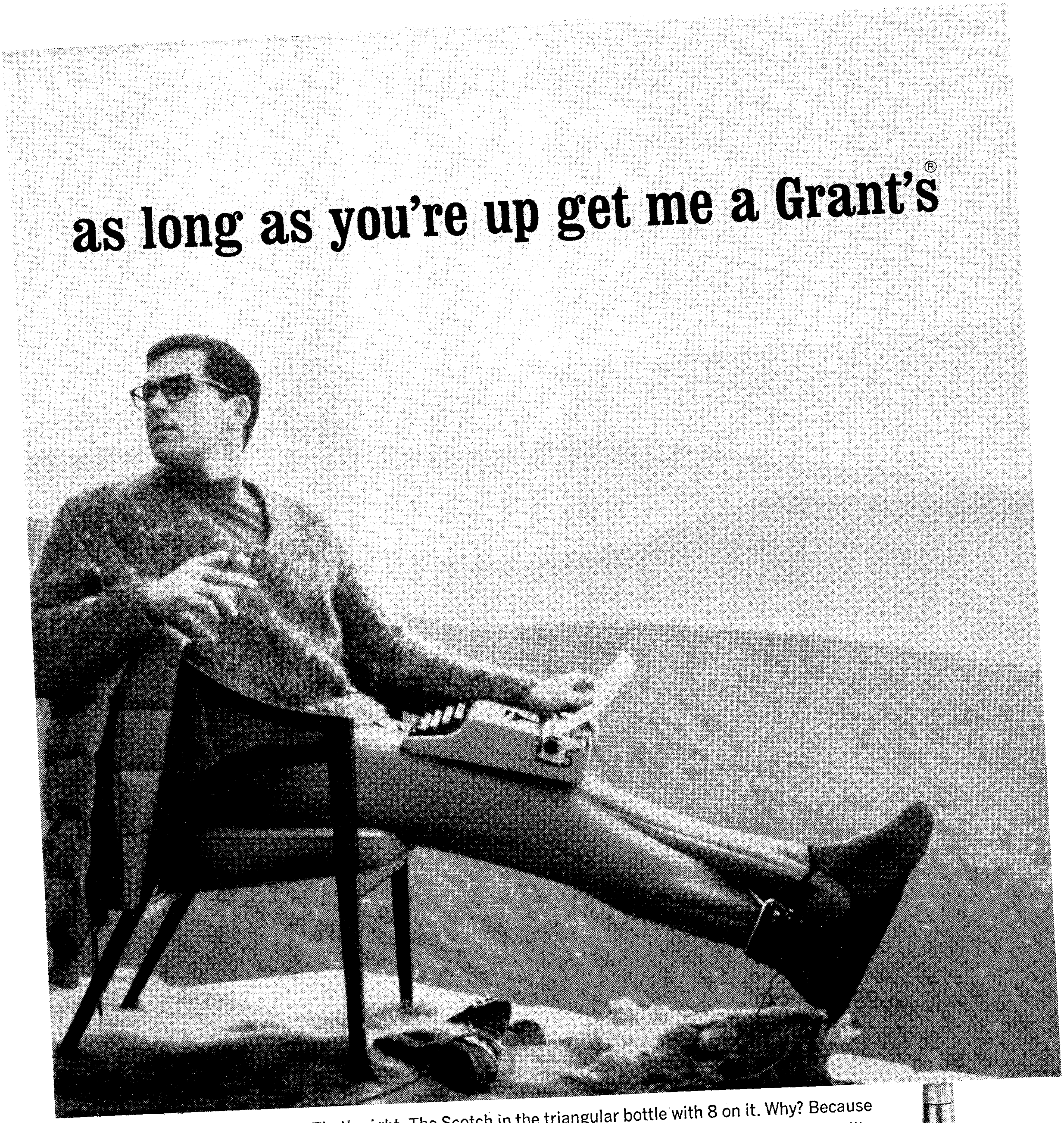
ROUND THE CLOCK DIRECT 4 ENGINE AIRLINER SERVICE FROM MIAMI - FORT LAUDERDALE - PALM BEACH via BAHAMAS AIRWAYS and MACKEY AIRLINES. Deepwater yacht harbour and marina — private and charter plane airport facilities.

Lucayan Beach HOTEL MARINA VILLAS CASINO
LUCAYA / FREEPORT · GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND

Reservations/information/brochure, call your Travel Agent or our representative, Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

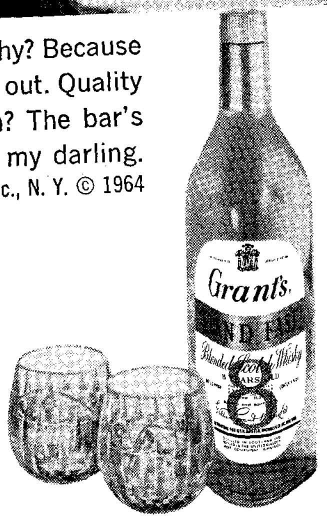
New York	TN 7-1450
Boston	CO 6-1370
Chicago	FR 2-4383
Palm Beach	833-3647
Ft. Lauderdale	LO 5-1731
Miami	945-9031

A DINKLER HOTEL OPERATION


as long as you're up get me a Grant's®

Please. That's right. The Scotch in the triangular bottle with 8 on it. Why? Because the Grant family knows it takes 8 years to lighten a Scotch. Smooth it out. Quality takes time. That's what they do back there in Glenfiddich. Pardon? The bar's bare? Well, there's plenty more Grant's under the tree. Bless you, my darling.

86 proof Scotch Whisky blended and bottled in Scotland. Imported by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N. Y. © 1964



urban or
suburban...
swing along
with
Serbin

Pretty Cage-y! Serbin Copyrights This Pure Silk Shift Design. Yellow cages and birds perched in the graceful branches of a black, Oriental tree. A dramatic print hand-screened on a cool, clear, white ground of pure silk. Fully-lined. Wear it free-flowing, or with its matching sash. Sizes 8 to 18. .... $30

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S. W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

he has to be rich or educated. When parents arrange a marriage, they compare complexions. The marriage has to be what we call '*edo-jodu*'—equal as the equal sign—in many things, and color is one of the things. It is true that darker boys prefer lighter girls. If we are educated and wealthy, nobody will mind if we are dark. If we are poor, whether dark or light, people *will* mind, no doubt about that!"

There was usually no question at all but that the ex-Untouchable would marry inside his community. That was assumed. For most of these young men the radical change was a matter not of making an out-of-caste marriage but of choosing their own mates. "I will marry in my own community, but *I* will choose the girl," a Shangar boy in Mysore told me. "There are only a few who are educated, and I will have to find one of them somehow." In some instances, boys did raise their sights above the caste line. "If my father finds a girl for me, it will be in our own community," said the son of a politician. "If I find a girl for myself, it might be outside." Another young man thought intermarriage offered the one solution to the caste problem. "I want to marry outside, because it is the only way to abolish Untouchability," he said. "When two people come together in marriage, they forget the past."

A small drama of love across caste lines—a wordless drama—emerged from a conversation I had with a small, pleasantly ugly young man. He began by telling me that he was not married and would not do anything about marriage until he was settled in a good government post. "It will be left to me to choose my own mate," he said, and, smiling slyly, continued, "and I desire to take a Brahman girl, an Ayyangar. I have the desire to marry her. She was in my class at college. I never spoke to her and she never spoke to me. I never got the courage to speak to her. She is not acquainted with me, but whenever I see her I think she should be my wife, not because she is Brahman but because I feel something toward her."

"Is she beautiful?" I asked.

"Ah, yes," he said. "She has attracted me." He added quickly, "But it's not I that attracted her. She does not even know me! It is all my own desire, to marry her. Yes, I will ask her, I will definitely ask her as soon as the examination is over. I will ask her personally."

I inquired whether he had any idea how she would reply.

"No," he said. "I do not know what she will say. I have known her for four years and we have never spoken."

"Has she ever shown any interest in you at all?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "She has never shown any interest in me. But I will ask her, I will definitely ask her."

ALMOST all educated ex-Untouchables move into government jobs. Thus far, government service has been the main channel open to the Scheduled Castes, and it has led several hundred thousand former Untouchables to new places in Indian society. Jobs have been reserved for them by explicit percentage quotas at every level of government employment, under a system that had its beginnings in India at least forty years ago as part of the revolt of the non-Brahman castes against Brahman domination, especially in the south. The reservation of government posts for non-Brahmans led to the opening of some places for Untouchables who qualified, mainly in a few of the princely states, and there were Untouchables who rose rung by rung to fairly high places. In the state of Mysore, there are now five or six members of the Scheduled Castes who are district commissioners—a post something like senior administrator of a large county. A small number of men of their generation have risen to senior posts in the central-government services as well.

The special benefits and reserved places for Untouchables and other groups that were firmly established in both the central and the state governments in the closing decades of British rule were greatly enlarged after independence, when the new Indian government set out to help raise the lowly by providing channels of preferment for them both in education and in employment. The channels were laid out for the benefit not only of the Scheduled Castes but also of the aboriginal (though not Untouchable) so-called Scheduled Tribes and a huge omnibus category called Other Backward Classes. In its first years, the new government's program was challenged in the courts, and the new Indian Constitution of 1949, which was based on the equality of all citizens under the law, was consequently amended to enable the government to practice some discrimination-in-reverse to help the lowest groups in the population to rise more

VERITABLE
EAU DE COLOGNE
Impériale
PARIS

You can't appreciate its true beauty until you lift the stopper.

Imperiale by Guerlain is a refreshing cologne with a citrus fragrance relished by men and women since the first brisk splash of it occurred in the Imperial Court. (Guerlain named it for Empress Eugénie and its antique bottle bears the distinctive bee design from the crest of Napoleon III.) $5 to $50 plus tax.

Guerlain

Go ahead.
Spend the extra $2.

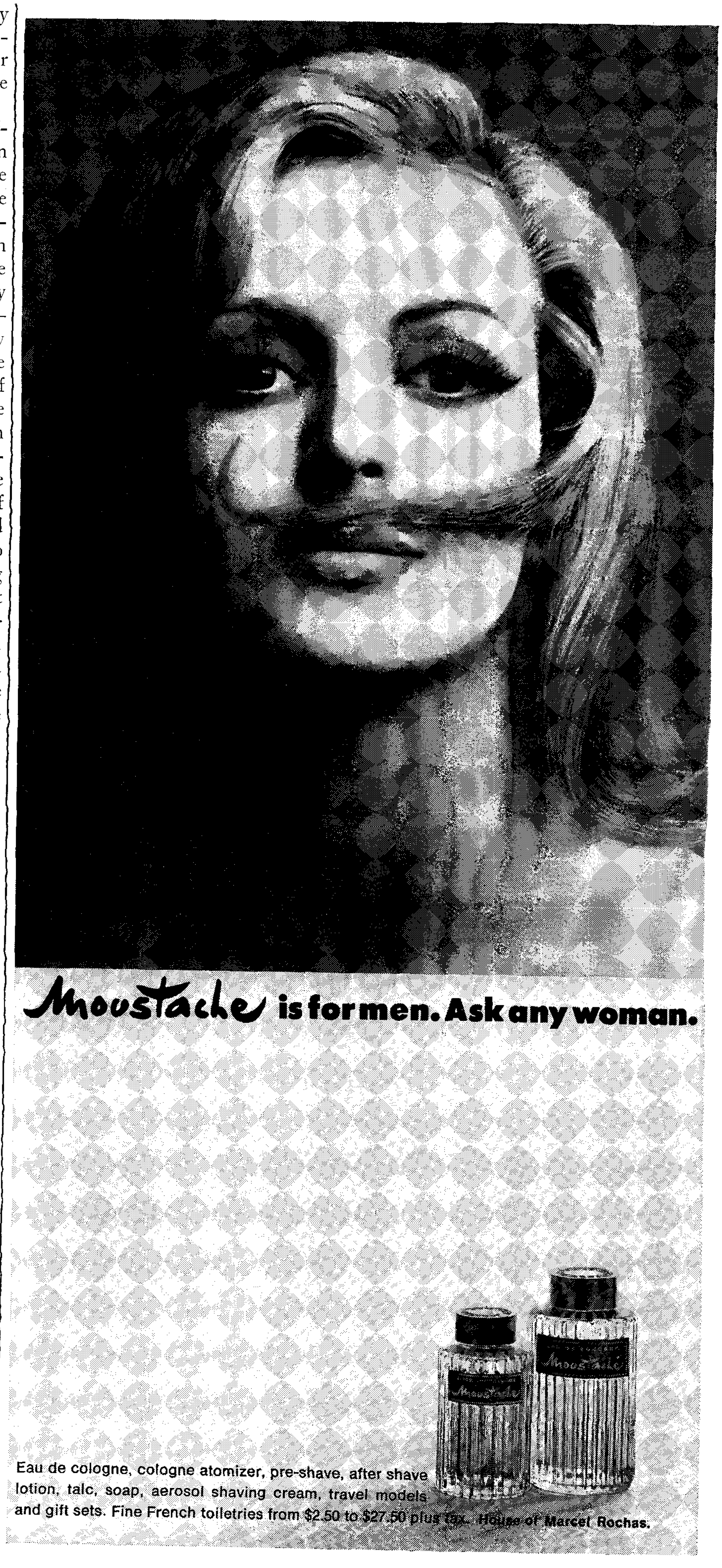
It's Christmas, isn't it?

CHIVAS REGAL
12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY·86 PROOF·GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.

rapidly. The program was originally designed to extend over ten years, ending in 1960. It was then renewed for another ten years, but hardly anyone now believes that it will end in 1970.

The Indians did not have much difficulty overcoming the contradiction between their new official doctrine of equality and their effort to practice discrimination-in-reverse for the backward classes; this kind of contradiction was, after all, a familiar part of the traditional system, although it usually worked in the opposite direction—against the lowly, not for them. They did, however, run into a lot of trouble and great confusion over the matter of who in India was "backward." The criterion used was caste, the assumption being that certain castes were by definition "backward." It quickly became clear, though, that the great bulk of India's multitude of castes considered themselves "backward" enough to share in any benefits that were being handed out. In 1953, a government commission named 2,399 such "backward" castes and communities, with an estimated total population of a hundred and twenty million, or one-third of the total population. One state tried to solve the problem by distinguishing between "backward" and "more backward," and another sorted out the "backward" from the "most backward." In the south, such questions had long been overshadowed by the struggle of the lower castes against the Brahmans, who for quite a few centuries had managed to reserve everything for themselves. The revolt against the Brahmans, which went back many decades, had been effective enough in some places to make the Brahmans the victims of considerable counter-discrimination, forcing many of them to migrate or else to change their names to something less obviously Brahman in order to escape the exclusions practiced against them. In Mysore between 1921 and 1959, for example, Brahmans could hold only three out of every ten government jobs. Revised rules issued in 1961 reserved a total of sixty-four per cent of all jobs in the state for the Scheduled Castes, the Scheduled Tribes, and the Other Backward Classes. Similar quotas operated against the Brahmans in Andhra, Madras, and Kerala, and the issue created a great confusion of political fights and court cases. The Supreme Court denounced some of the state arrangements as "a fraud on the Constitution," and began pulling on the reins of what threatened to become a runaway absurdity, imperilling the entire government pro-



Eau de cologne, cologne atomizer, pre-shave, after shave lotion, talc, soap, aerosol shaving cream, travel models and gift sets. Fine French toiletries from $2.50 to $27.50 plus tax. House of Marcel Rochas.

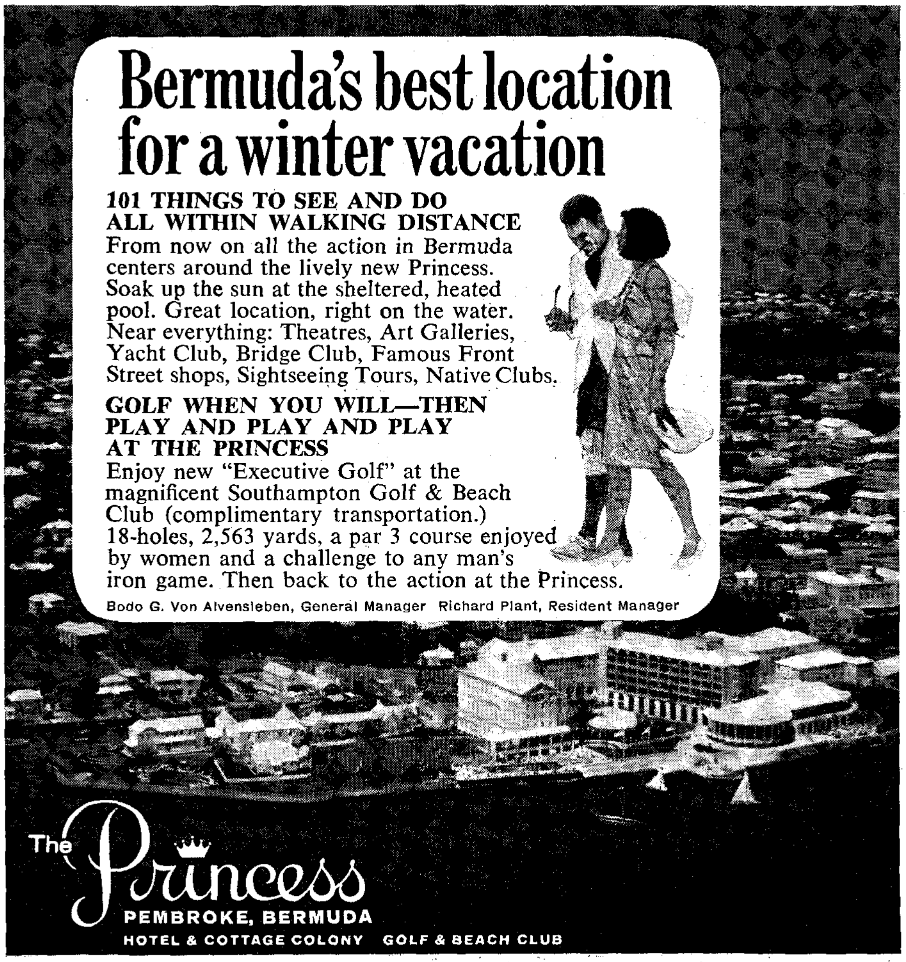
See? Turtle doves in the Persian Room!

A beautifully wrapped brace of Barry Sisters, just in time for Christmas giving. Perfect for your true love. Or the others. From December 23 through January 12.

May we also suggest The Light Fantastic by Emil Coleman, Mark Monte and their merry gentlemen?

The bubbly by Mumm? The phone for reservations? Santa is at PL 9-3000.

THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Bermuda's best location for a winter vacation

101 THINGS TO SEE AND DO ALL WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE
From now on all the action in Bermuda centers around the lively new Princess. Soak up the sun at the sheltered, heated pool. Great location, right on the water. Near everything: Theatres, Art Galleries, Yacht Club, Bridge Club, Famous Front Street shops, Sightseeing Tours, Native Clubs.

GOLF WHEN YOU WILL—THEN PLAY AND PLAY AND PLAY AT THE PRINCESS
Enjoy new "Executive Golf" at the magnificent Southampton Golf & Beach Club (complimentary transportation.) 18-holes, 2,563 yards, a par 3 course enjoyed by women and a challenge to any man's iron game. Then back to the action at the Princess.

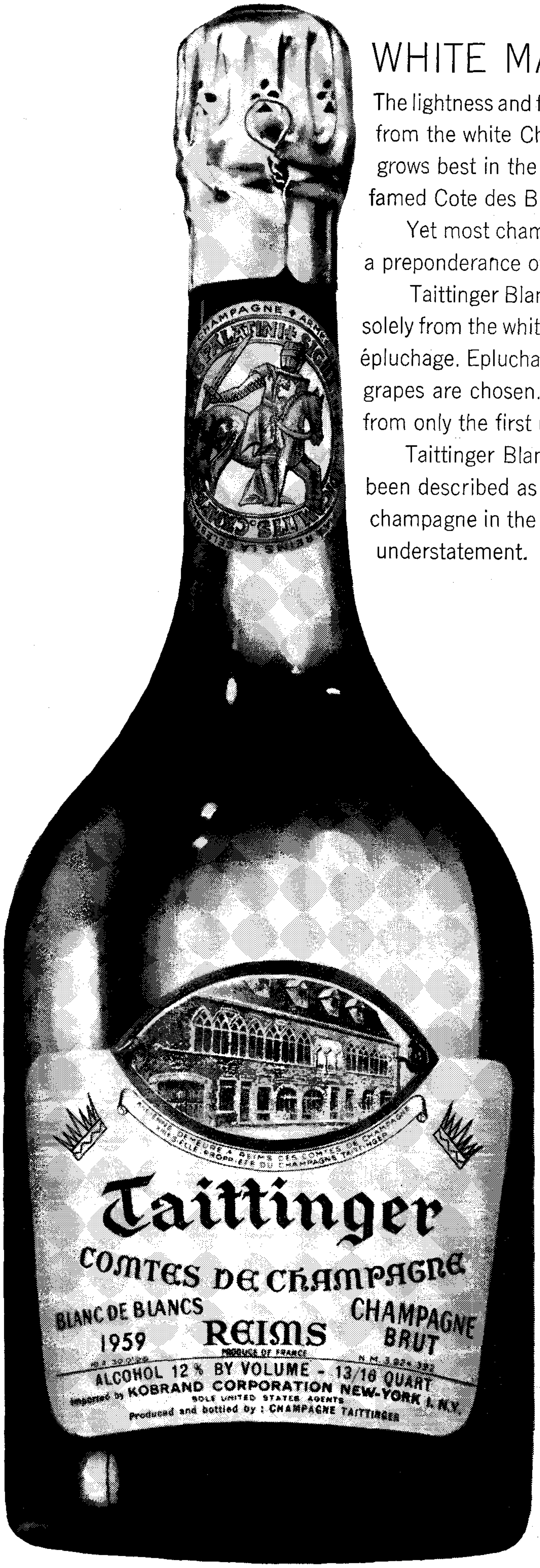
Bodo G. Von Alvensleben, General Manager Richard Plant, Resident Manager

The Princess
PEMBROKE, BERMUDA
HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY GOLF & BEACH CLUB

See your Travel Agent for Reservations. For big, free color brochure phone or write:
Hetland & Stevens Inc., New York: 211 E 43 St., TN 7-1450 • *Boston:* CO 6-1370 • *Chicago:* FR 2-4383

gram. As late as 1955, the Backward Classes Commission was defending the use of caste as the criterion for backwardness, but then just before publication of its report its chairman changed his mind, denounced the practice, and said that some other way would have to be found to deal with the problem. The central government and many of the states began to move toward the adoption of economic rather than caste criteria for "backwardness." These criteria had come into effect in most places by 1963, with an annual income of between Rs. 1,000, and Rs. 1,500 ($210 and $315) being generally recognized as the cutoff point for government help. "Four states in the south still have government-job quotas for Other Backward Classes," a Home Affairs Ministry official in New Delhi told me. " 'Backward' seems to have a special meaning down there. There is a stigma attached to being Scheduled Caste, but it is fine to get the money without the stigma simply by being O.B.C. At the beginning, everybody wanted to be O.B.C., including the dominant groups in some states. Mysore, for instance, has never had a Chief Minister who was not a Lingayat, yet this group's name was originally on the 'backward' list; it was removed later, but then the Lingayats insisted on having it restored. In contrast, you have the Anglo-Indians, who protested against being called 'backward.' They wanted to get rid of this description while, of course, receiving the benefits." None of this confusion and controversy over who was "backward" affected the status of the ex-Untouchables. No one could challenge *their* backwardness, and, in any case, very few of them had incomes high enough to disqualify them. Indeed, the national and state programs were intended primarily to help them. They remained the primary targets of special welfare programs, and the principal beneficiaries of the quota system of reserved places in government jobs.

India's system of reverse discrimination—or "progressive discrimination," as it is sometimes called—is unique in the world. In no other country have government-employment quotas and educational benefits been established right across the board in order to help speed the social and economic elevation of specific groups from the lowest levels of the country's population. In the central-government services in India, the quota for the Scheduled Castes in jobs filled by competitive examination is twelve and a half per cent, and the quota in jobs filled simply by appoint-


Taittinger
COMTES DE CHAMPAGNE
BLANC DE BLANCS
1959
REIMS
CHAMPAGNE BRUT
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME - 13/16 QUART
Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW-YORK N.Y.
SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS
Produced and bottled by: CHAMPAGNE TAITTINGER

WHITE MAKES LIGHT

The lightness and fun of champagne come from the white Chardonnay grape, which grows best in the chalky soil of France's famed Cote des Blancs.

Yet most champagnes are made from a preponderance of dark grapes.

Taittinger Blanc de Blancs is created solely from the white Chardonnay grape by épluchage. Epluchage assures that perfect grapes are chosen. And Taittinger is made from only the first pressing.

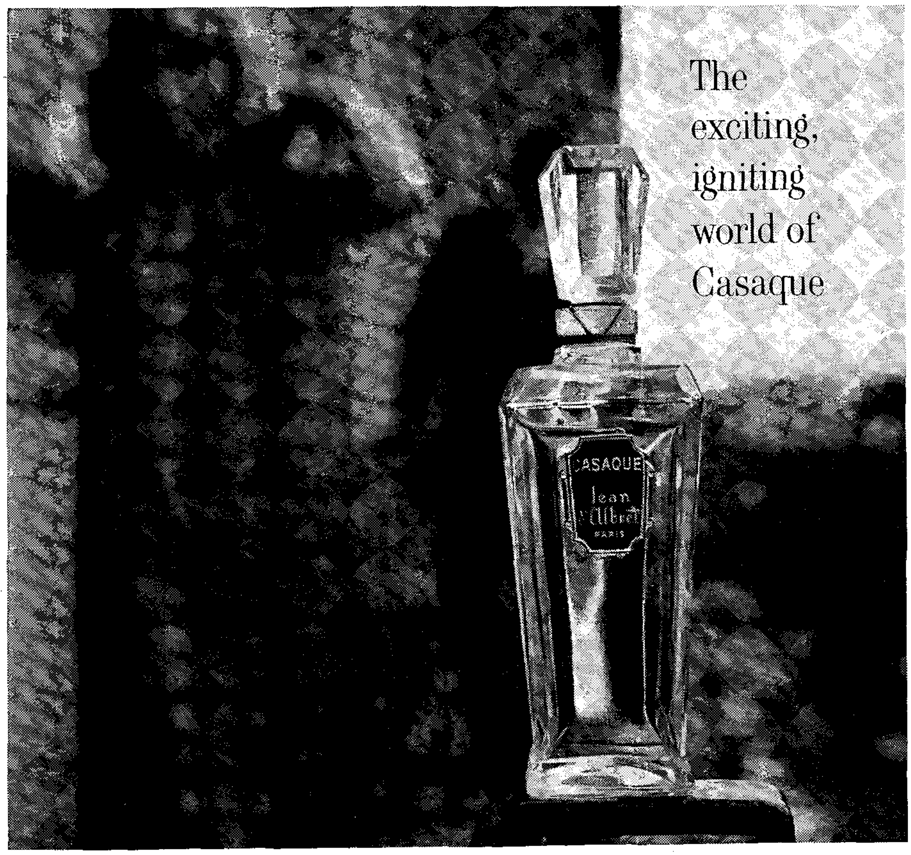
Taittinger Blanc de Blancs Brut has been described as "probably the greatest champagne in the world." This may be an understatement.

$6⁰⁰ per person per day* is the Weekend rate at the Sheraton-Park in Washington. Free garage, ice skating

This is a most exciting season to visit our nation's capital. And when you stay at the Sheraton-Park, all of Washington is just minutes away. The children stay free, too, when occupying the same room as parents. There's an exciting new Motor Inn with 214 spacious rooms, free radio and television. Come enjoy the wonderful adventure of Washington. For Insured Reservations call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Sheraton Reservation Offices: in New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585, Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

*double occupancy, to March 21, 1965.

WASHINGTON'S
Sheraton-Park **HOTEL & NEW MOTOR INN**
2660 CONNECTICUT AVENUE

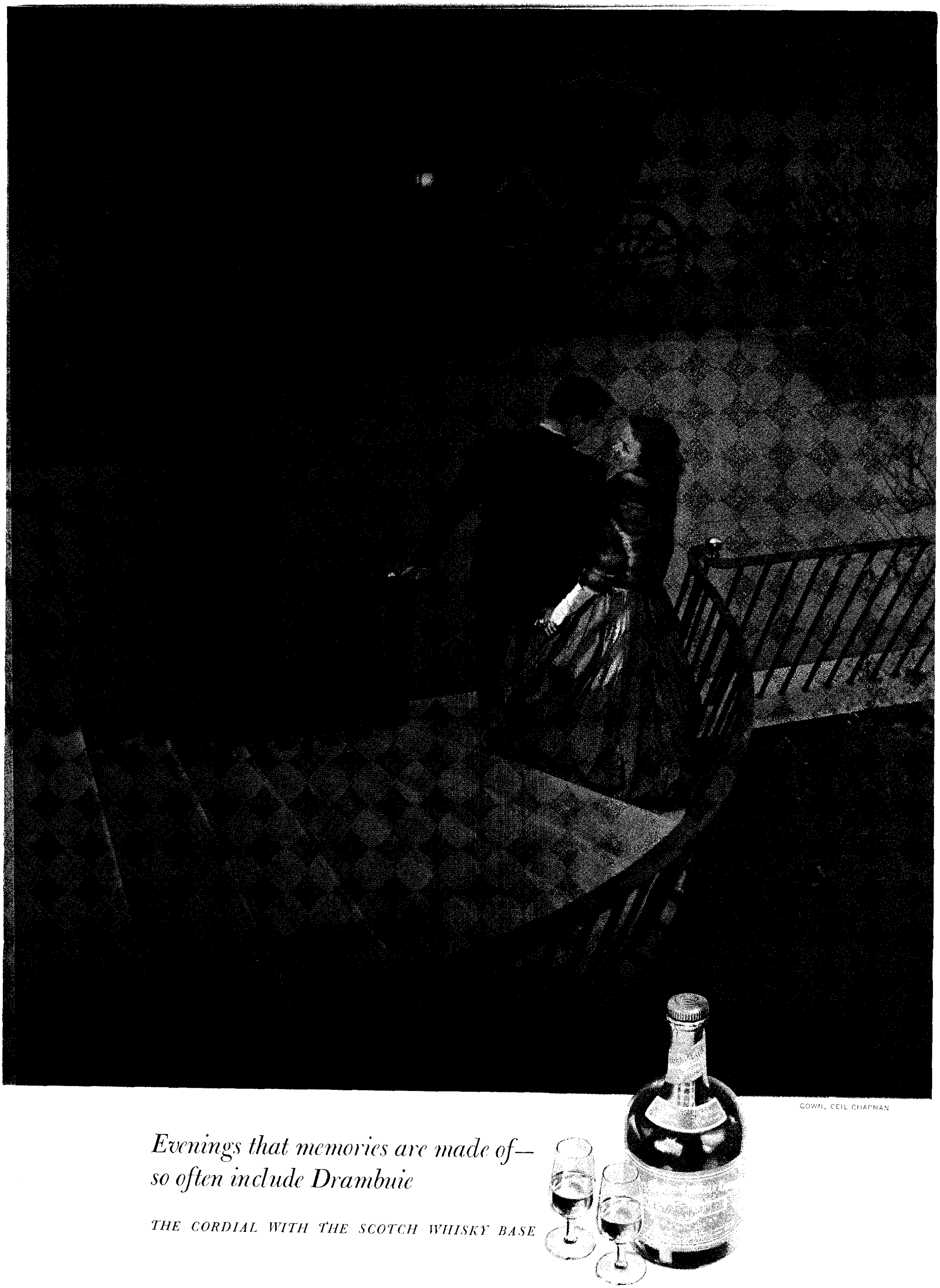


Jean D'ALBRET
CASAQUE

CASAQUE PARFUM IS BOTTLED, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. IMPORTER JEAN D'ALBRET© DIV., 680 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

ment is sixteen and two-thirds per cent. (In the states, these percentages vary according to differences in the local population figures.) In theory, when jobs are filled from examination lists, the places go to the top competitors on the general list until all but twelve and a half per cent have been filled, and from that point on, the places go to the Scheduled Caste competitors with passing scores, no matter how far down the list they may be. In actuality, the percentages of ex-Untouchables employed up to now in government white-collar jobs have fallen far short of the quotas. By mid-1963, only between one and seven per cent of such jobs were held by members of the Scheduled Castes. Government spokesmen say that they cannot fill the quotas because there are too few qualified applicants. Spokesmen for the Scheduled Castes say that the real reason is continuing discrimination, especially in cases where a personal interview is part of the appointment procedure and a caste-Hindu interviewer is able to indulge his prejudices. This argument goes on about jobs in the white-collar categories only, of course. The quotas for manual or menial jobs at the lowest level are filled without difficulty.

There are four classes of government service in India. Class 1 is made up of the members of the Indian Administrative Service, or I.A.S., heirs, along with the Indian Foreign Service, to the highly prestigious Indian Civil Service, or I.C.S., of the British era. This class includes the top administrative posts, such as were always occupied by Englishmen in the old days—senior administrators and secretaries in the Ministries and government departments. At the beginning of 1962, there were 14,505 members of the I.A.S., of whom 185, or 1.3 per cent, were ex-Untouchables. In that year, however, twenty-two positions became available by quota to the Scheduled Castes, and the quota was filled for the first time; the same thing happened in 1963, when eleven such positions were all filled. This marked a real turning point, a Home Affairs Ministry informant told me—the point at which enough educated ex-Untouchables had begun to come out of the universities to provide an adequate number of applicants with the necessary qualifications. The Class 2 category of Indian government servants consists of positions that combine some executive responsibility with a heavy portion of plain clerical work. As of January 1, 1962, there were 29,461 such officials in the service of the central government, and 832 of these, or 2.7 per cent, were



GOWN, CEIL CHAPMAN

Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie

THE CORDIAL WITH THE SCOTCH WHISKY BASE

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A. • 80 PROOF

If you suspect your husband is bored with your cooking...

You don't need a cooking course to interest him again. Let Birds Eye do it for you. Serve him this tempting combination of peas and tiny pearl onions enhanced with a selection of seasonings. Why shouldn't vegetables be interesting to a man? There are twelve exciting Birds Eye vegetable combinations to choose from.

BIRDS EYE
Green Peas
and
Pearl Onions
with selected seasonings

GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

members of the Scheduled Castes. Class 3 is the lowest grade of white-collar civil servants, doing simple clerical work, and on that date there were 913,545 of these in the service, of whom 70,854, or 7.7 per cent, were ex-Untouchables. Class 4 consists mainly of manual workers and unskilled laborers in government agencies and enterprises but also includes the hordes of messengers, menials, and flunkies who inhabit the corridors of all Indian government buildings and are still universally called "peons," as they were in the British time. The total of such workers is 947,017, and at the beginning of 1962, 164,368, or just over the prescribed 16⅔ per cent, were ex-Untouchables. In going through these records, I was struck by the fact that, just as there are four great varnas, or castes, in the Indian caste system, with the ex-Untouchables as a fifth group outside the system, so the Indian government's services are organized into four main classes plus the sweepers, who are listed separately, outside the regular classifications. The tables in the record showed that there were 73,093 sweepers, of whom 56,970, or a whacking non-quota 70 per cent, were listed as ex-Untouchables.

Out of all this, certain large general facts emerge clearly. At the bottom of the pyramid of mass education in India, the ex-Untouchables, like other Indians, are becoming literate at a rate of many millions of people every year, and are thus generating incalculable new pressures for change in the society as a whole. At the top of the pyramid, among the million Indians who are getting higher education, there are currently fifty-six thousand ex-Untouchables, and this number, too, is rising steeply each year. From here on, the statistics once again become almost entirely a matter of guesswork. To the figure of some three hundred thousand ex-Untouchables who hold central-government jobs of all sorts, one has to add unknown totals of teachers and of people working for the states, the municipalities, and the districts. Some figure also has to be included for the ex-Untouchables who have moved from the old menial occupations into more or less semi-skilled industrial jobs in both the private and the public sectors of the economy. Counting only job-holding adults, one can venture the guess that those who fall under these various headings may be in the neighborhood of a million people. If we count the children now in school, we arrive at an estimated total of nearly six million human beings who are by

The imported one

BEEFEATER BEEFEATER®

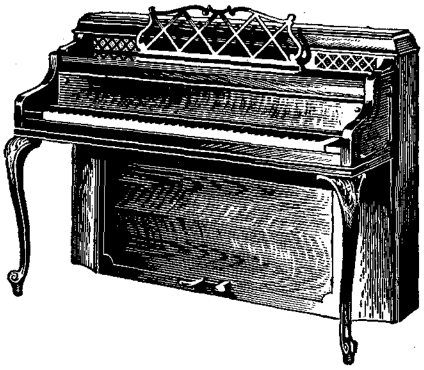
Martini Men appreciate the identifiable excellence of imported **BEEFEATER GIN**

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y.

one means or another emerging from the lowest estate into which any people have ever fallen anywhere at any time in human history, and who are now moving into conditions of life almost wholly new to their kind.

As I have noted, the program of job quotas and other special help that has been making this possible has been operating for not quite fifteen years and is now legally fixed to last until 1970. Many thoughtful people, both ex-Untouchables and caste Hindus, are worried about it. They are afraid that the "special" position of the ex-Untouchable will remain and harden as India's efforts to cope with her vast problems continue into a more and more indefinite future. They point out that the great mass of ex-Untouchables is caught in the same bind as the several hundred million other inhabitants of India's villages and will not be raised out of poverty and backwardness any faster than the greater rural mass. The caste system is, if anything, more powerful in the new India than it was in the old, having become the core of the new politics. It remains "an institution of prodigious strength," in the words of the scholar M. N. Srinivas, and "will take a lot of beating before it will die." Any change even in Untouchability itself is so hard to see among the rural masses that at the present rate real improvement, it seems, will take forever. At least two things, however, are working in the other direction. The first is the process of urbanization and industrialization, which by its very nature runs against the writ of caste. Slow as it may be, this process is creating in the top crust of Indian society a steadily thickening layer of people with a modern outlook—people who cannot and will not be squeezed indefinitely into the molds of the past. The second is a counterpart layer of educated modernizers that the program of special benefits and opportunities for ex-Untouchables has produced at the top of the lowest group of all in the Indian masses. These people—one million or six million, depending on how you count them—are coming up out of the old pits and troughs. They are living in cities, getting new kinds of employment, discovering new ways of life, and raising children from much higher thresholds. They are still barely scratching their way up this rough slope, but they are on their way out of the abyss from which they came and in which most of their kind still live. There is much we do not know about what is happening to these individuals and there are obviously many problems



There is no froufrou on a Steinway

When styling our pianos, we have resisted the temptation to adorn with frills or with showy effects to catch the eye. Steinway cabinetry is first of all functional. It is built with sound woodworking practice into authentic period styles. Our piano will remain beautiful, and in taste, tomorrow. Steinway has an inner glory, too—the tone and technical supremacy that make it the wisest piano investment.

Please send for color catalog

STEINWAY & SONS 111 W. 57TH ST. NEW YORK

Romantic treasures...
MARY CHESS
Cream Perfume Compacts
New Cream Perfumes—
cached in golden compacts
to carry or wear on a chain.
Enchantingly feminine
Mary Chess exclusives...
in White Lilac, Tapestry,
Strategy and Yram.

White Lilac Cream Perfume Compact—porcelain-topped oval. Tapestry Cameo Watch Case is studded with pretend garnets.

(Not shown) Jeweled White Lilac, Tapestry and Yram Compacts—and the charming Strategy one with Limoges flowers. Matching pins and chains available.

Cream Perfume Compacts, 5.00 each Pins, 1.75; Chains, 2.50, all plus tax. At fine stores.

MARY CHESS NEW YORK • LONDON • MONTREAL

Get CHOOSEY about brandy and you end up with…

Jas Hennessy
BRAS ARMÉ
HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & Co
COGNAC
REGISTERED IN UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE
4/5 QUART 84 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN FRANCE
SOLE UNITED STATES DISTRIBUTORS
Schieffelin & Co. - New York
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

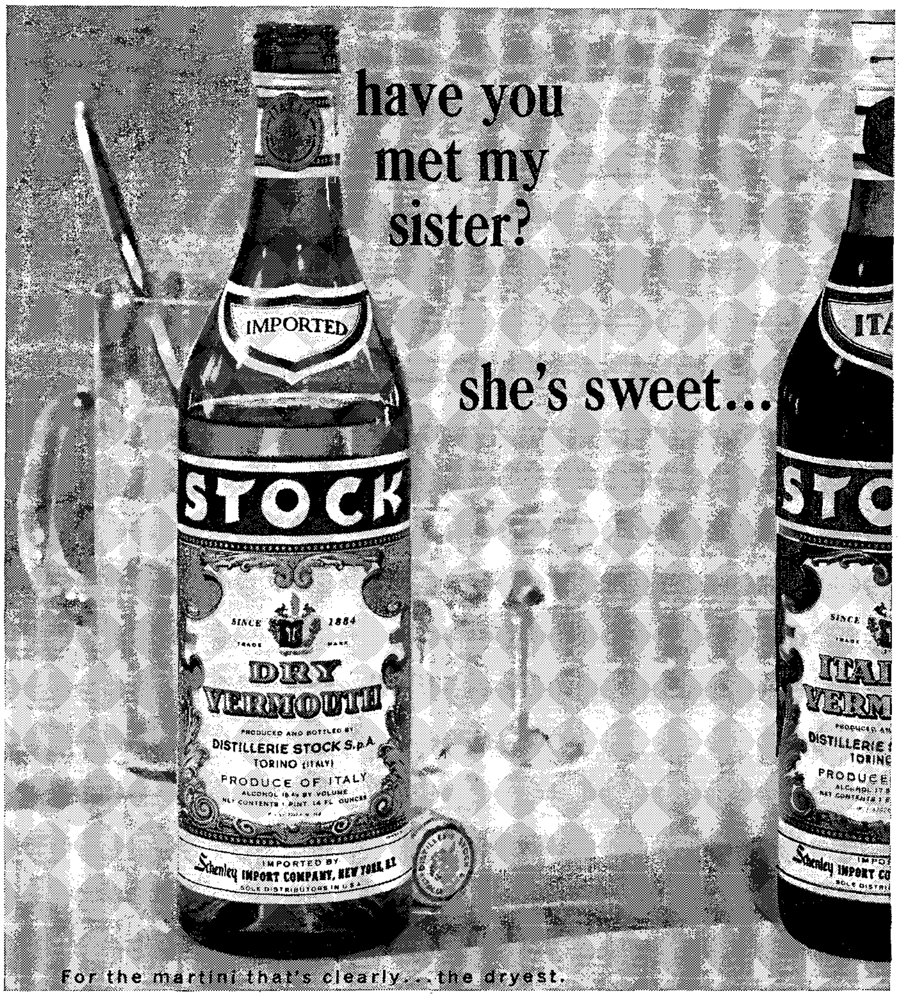
JAS HENNESSY & Co
COGNAC

84 Proof • ©Schieffelin & Co., New York

and tensions created by the complicated experience through which they are passing. Still, one thing is certain: they would not be where they are and would not be having the experiences they are having if it were not for the preferences and special help established for them by law. Despite all the earnest exhortation from well-meaning caste-Hindu reformers, changes in "the hearts and minds of men" have not been conspicuous among caste Hindus in India. Nobody, surely, can be under any illusion as to what the picture would be now if the ex-Untouchables had to depend not on these legally enforced advantages but only on the voluntary good will of caste Hindus.

The whole system of "progressive discrimination" is undercut by one painful anomaly: all good Indian liberals have long said that they wanted, like Gandhi, to reform the caste system, or, like Nehru, to abolish it, yet almost everything that has happened in the new politics of independence has served not to weaken or eliminate caste but to strengthen it. The effort to help the ex-Untouchables has paradoxically had precisely this effect. All the programs and quotas are intended to help the ex-Untouchable shed his identity, but their effect has been to make this identity more visible than ever. Their ostensible object is to root out caste and blot out the ignominy of Untouchability, but the individual who seeks help in getting rid of his identity must proclaim it. If he wants to get away from his past, he must announce it. He must write it down; indeed, he must prove it, by supplying a properly attested certificate to show that he is what the government is presumably trying to help him escape from being. He has to certify that he is an ex-Untouchable before the government can help him to become something else.

When an ex-Untouchable seeks a scholarship or a quota job, he has to establish his ex-Untouchability. He does so by submitting a certificate supplied by the government. Until a year or so ago, the form required the applicant to indicate his "community." It began to appear, however, that the benefits were good enough to attract some of the officially undeserving poor as well as the officially deserving. The Commissioner for Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes pointed out in his report for 1961-62 that there was some danger of "certain persons belonging to some non-Scheduled Caste 'communities' and having surnames similar to those of some of the Scheduled Castes trying to avail [them-


have you met my sister?
she's sweet...
IMPORTED
STOCK
DRY VERMOUTH
DISTILLERIE STOCK S.p.A. TORINO (ITALY)
PRODUCE OF ITALY
Schenley IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK
For the martini that's clearly...the dryest.

Where Laziness Is A Matter Of Civic Pride

Yours, that is. Not ours. We work around the clock to make sure you enjoy every lazy moment you spend on Miami Beach. If you have to lift a finger, there's something wrong. That's what makes Miami Beach such a great place to resort to. Come on down and see for yourself.

MIAMI BEACH VACATIONLAND USA

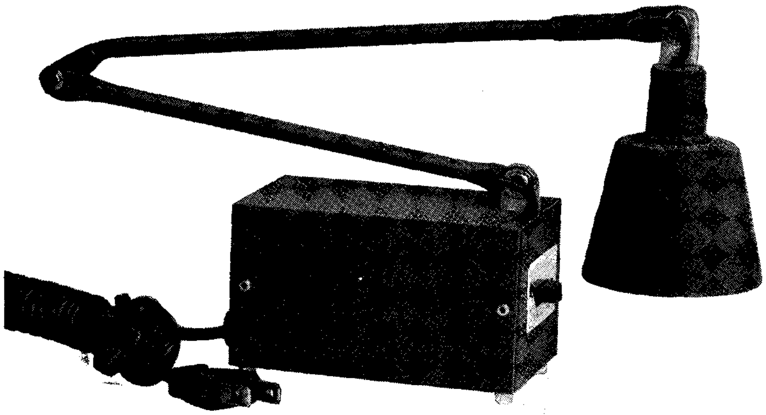
Just fill out the coupon and send it to us. We'll tell you all all about it. (No matter how lazy you'd like to be, you can find energy for this . . . and from there on out, the lazier you are the better we like it.)

Miami Beach Information Center • P.O. Box 1511 N-2
Miami Beach, Florida 33139

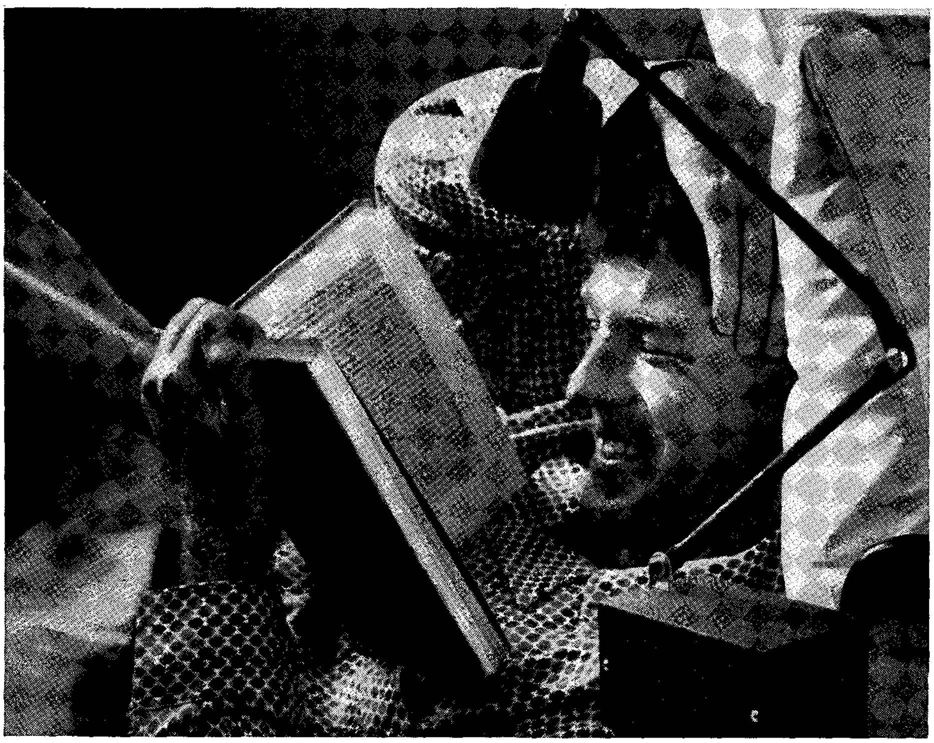
☐ Hotel ☐ Motel ☐ Apartment (Check preference)

Name.......................................
Address.......................................
City...........................State..........

APPROVED BY UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES, INC.



When you're a homely little lamp, you have to have lots of personality... and be very helpful



...then people will take you home and love you!

You'd never believe this coltish-looking little lamp could find such an indispensable place in your life.

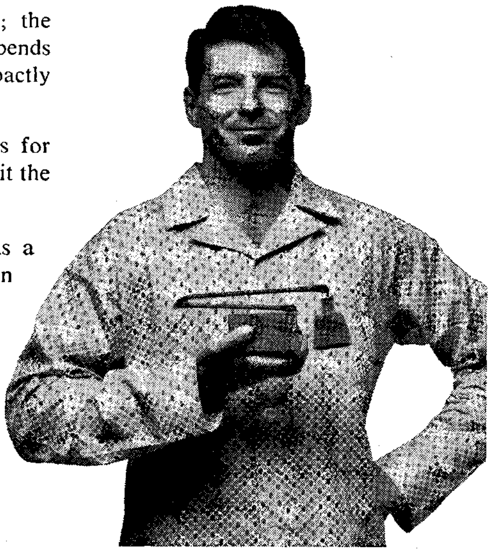
Read in bed without disturbing the spouse. Sew while the family watches TV. Fix the car. Paint (you see colors true-to-hue!). Manicure. Shave. Study. Work at hobbies. Tensor-Lite is like concentrated daylight, for your own personal use, anytime.

What makes it possible? Electronic miniaturization: High-intensity illumination in a confined beam...(the Hi-Lo switch provides up to the equivalent of a 200-watt conventional desk lamp)...that can be directed exactly where you want it, and only where you need it. It's pure white, glare-free.

Tensor-Lite can be used anywhere; the extra-long cord gives wide reach. It bends every which way. It travels: folds compactly to pocket size.

Tensor-Lite will do so many things for you, it won't be long before you'll find it the irreplaceable light of your life.

The Tensor-Lite shown (#5975) has a LIFETIME GUARANTEE against damage in normal use. In neutral finish, $17.50. Other models from $9.95. You'll find them in department, stationery and specialty stores. Stop in and see if you can resist owning one.



tensor®

TENSOR CORP., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11233

© TENSOR CORP. 1964 MADE IN U.S.A.

selves] of benefits provided specially for Scheduled Caste persons." Hence, the language of the certificate was ordered changed: "This ambiguity can be avoided if the term 'community' used in the form of certificate prescribed by the Government of India . . . is replaced by the words 'Caste/Tribe.' " One cannot now loosely affirm ex-Untouchable status; one has to pin it down with hard particulars. The consequence is that the anomalies multiply and even grow absurd. To lose himself in the larger society, the ex-Untouchable has to mark himself out as no other kind of person has to; to get rid of his "casteless" status, he has to name his "caste." Since the benefits are distributed strictly by the criterion of caste (or, technically, the criterion of belonging to no caste), the beneficiaries obviously have to be properly sorted out and identified. As I noted earlier, the government has expressed its nominal anti-caste stand in a most literally nominal way—by eliminating caste designations from its official records. Owing to the formal position of the Congress Party on this matter, the last census to list people by caste was the census of 1931. But now, precisely because there are special programs for the benefit of the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes, the government needs to know which the Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes are. So they became the exceptions, and in the 1961 census they, and they alone, were listed by caste. This was done for the creditable purpose of making sure that the benefits went to those for whom they were intended, yet the effect was to make a member of the Scheduled Castes a more clearly marked man than any other kind of man in the whole country. This built-in contradiction has dogged almost every aspect of these well-meant programs. The modest efforts that have been made to provide better housing for some Scheduled Caste villagers and to distribute some land to those who are landless have usually had the effect of separating them even more sharply from the rest of the community than ever before. Only several years after the program of benefits was begun did someone point out that no law had been passed prohibiting segregation of the ex-Untouchables, and that much of the welfare effort actually increased their separateness. Thus, during the first years of the program, in the eagerness to help the Scheduled Castes get the benefits of education, separate schools were established for them in many places, and separate hostels built for the separate students to live in. The record is full of strictures and misgivings about benefits that served only, as someone has written, "to crystallize the feeling of separateness"—an outcome not without parallels among the Negroes in the United States.

THE caste Hindus' responses to the improvements in the status of the ex-Untouchables have been mixed and, as might be expected, seem to depend on just how close to the whole thing the caste Hindus get. Up in the busy, cosmopolitan world of the intellectual leaders, it is dealt with in more or less airy generalizations. If my own friends and acquaintances constitute a fair sample—and I think they do—the intellectuals never see an ex-Untouchable, as far as they know, except when they glimpse a scavenger or sweeper at work, and then the question of his identity and his place in the scheme of things may catch for an instant at the edge of their minds. They say all the right things about the problem, but they are busy with other great affairs. People in the academic world who may have come into contact with Scheduled Caste students will perhaps remark on how "aggressive" they are, or how poor they are at their studies. Even here, contact is minimal, and, among the people I met, interest was not great. Out in the villages, there have been some rather violent reactions by caste Hindus to attempts by members of the Scheduled Castes to assert their new rights by trying to enter the temples, use the wells, or begin to participate in local political affairs. Episodes like this have led to riots and shootings, in which a number of ex-Untouchables have been killed. Many more, as the record of offenses and complaints shows, have been beaten by caste-Hindu village goons for some such trespass as having musicians at a wedding. At the faster-moving outer edge of advancement, however, there has apparently been an impressive degree of acceptance by caste Hindus of the special preferences given to the Scheduled Castes. This is partly because Indians do commonly accept what they are ordered by higher authority to accept, and partly because, as some caste Hindus explained it, there is a tacit recognition of the fact that past injustices must be righted somehow. Here again, though, such lofty ideas are most likely to be expressed by a caste Hindu who is far from the problem himself. One does not imagine a great

Antartex
Sheepskin
No. 7
$145.00

Made and imported by Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Dumbarton, Scotland.
Designer—Ronald Paterson.

Catalogue on request.
No shipping charges.
All sizes—14 styles—10 colors.
Dry Cleaning service.
Money Back Guarantee.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City, 139 E. 76th at Lex. LE 5-9079
Cambridge, Mass., 50A Boylston. 868-6083
Middleburg, Va., U.S. 50. 687-6545
Coconut Grove, Fla., 3460 Main. 444-0955

antartex
SHEEPSKINS

Even after 172 Christmases, a gift from The House of 4711 is a refreshing idea.

EAU DE COLOGNE
KÖLNISCH WASSER
No 4711
Eau de Cologne- & Parfümerie-Fabrik
GLOCKENGASSE No 4711
COLOGNE ON RHINE
EAU DE COLOGNE DUSTING POWDER
CREAM SOAP
4711
RUSSIAN LEATHER

If you're giving cologne, don't give anything less than 4711. It's the refreshant cologne; welcomed both by men and women since 1792. (Women like it as an all-day freshener. Men, as an aftershave bracer. Both, as a crisp freshener after a bath or shower.) $2 to $17.

4711 Tosca is one of Europe's favorite perfumed colognes. (In bottle or spray.) Another is Troika, *the more casual Russian Leather* scent. Not shown, but also available, are 4711 Rhine Lavender, Carat Eau de Cologne, and Shahi Eau de Cologne. $2 to $12.

Our new 4711 Dusting Powder, in either our classic 4711 Cologne fragrance or Tosca. $3.50 each.

One of the handsome silk-lined 4711 gift sets, done up for Christmas. This one matches our classic 4711 Cologne with 4711 Cream Soap. In all, our gift sets range in price from $2.25 to $7.50.

[illegible] of our 4711 soaps make refreshing gifts. Here, 4711 [illegible] Cream Soap. We also have 4711 [illegible] Soap, Tosca, Troika and Glycerine Soap. $1.[illegible] to $[illegible], in boxes of three.

Sole Distributors: Colonia, Inc.
[illegible] East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

Sophisticated
people call for
the typically
Italian bitters
**FERNET-
BRANCA**

'Tis the season to be jolly,
Falalalalalalalala.
But it soon can be a folly,
Fernet-Branca-lalalalala.
Good with mint or straight or coffee,
Falalalalalalala.

Known the world over for over 100 years

At your favorite grocers, or write
Fratelli Branca & Co., 12 Desbrosses St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

FERNET-BRANCA
FRATELLI BRANCA E C.
FRATELLI BRANCA & C.

surge of benevolent good will rising in the breast of a person crowded out of a desirable government job by a competitor scoring as much as ten per cent lower than he did on the examination. Heavy strains appeared quite early in this part of the fabric of acceptance. They grew even heavier in 1961, when the Supreme Court affirmed a ruling that the quota system should be applied not only to appointments but also to promotions. This ruling came out of a case brought by a railway employee in Madras, and although the court said that quotas were to be applied to promotions as a matter of policy rather than of law, ex-Untouchables everywhere in the government service took it as a mandate. The issue consequently created much friction between them and their caste-Hindu fellow-employees and much difficulty for the administration, where responsible officials worry over the problem of establishing and maintaining some appropriate level of efficiency. The present practice, I was told at the Ministry of Home Affairs, is to promote by quota in Class 3 and Class 4 positions but not in Classes 1 or 2, where growing executive responsibilities go with advancement.

The question of numbers is beginning to impose itself on the situation. Ever since independence, the government has expanded at a rapid rate, but it obviously cannot go on expanding indefinitely. Moreover, during most of this time the number of Scheduled Caste applicants above the manual and menial levels has not been pressingly high, so that those who have qualified have been absorbed at relatively low cost to caste-Hindu competitors. Nevertheless, in the last few years, ex-Untouchables have been coming up in much greater numbers. More and more quota jobs at the top level are being filled for the first time by ex-Untouchables, and the competition is getting sharper, not just among all applicants but among Scheduled Caste applicants. One hears nowadays of ex-Untouchables who take examination after examination, year after year, in various government services until they finally squeak through to a job. Everyone predicts that from now on the going will get steadily tougher, the competition steadily harsher, the friction steadily greater. It would be premature, however, to begin feeling sorry for the caste Hindu who loses, under a system that favors the ex-Untouchable, for the danger of the caste Hindu's losing his top-dog status is nil, and the ex-Untouchable remains a man who has the burdens of the centuries to shed. The question is not what

Confusion
is
Expensive

If your job requires you to move your family lock, stock and barrel to a strange city, don't despair—simply call Homerica. America's famous service for home buyers has representatives in 300 major cities—2500 prime suburbs across the land. Based on your requirements, no matter how difficult, we'll recommend the communities that offer you the maximum advantages. Then we'll ferret out potential homes and screen them thoroughly. On your inspection visit, you'll see only houses of interest. Homerica saves you time, worry and expense. There's no charge to you. Put Homerica to work for you today.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

Chicago, Marina City, 6023 East Tower 527-3111

EL CONQUISTADOR

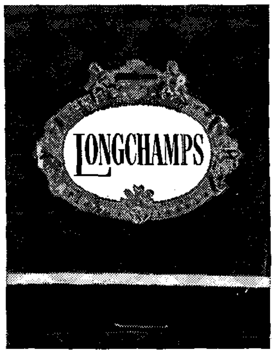
UNEQUIVOCALLY,
A NEW HEIGHT IN
LUXURY

You may never find an island hotel to equal this. Here, across the top of a 280 ft. cliff on Puerto Rico's spectacular east coast, are among the most luxurious accommodations and facilities in the Caribbean. Everything from fresh water pool to nightly dancing. Then go down Puerto Rico's only aerial tramway to swim, sail to deserted isles, fish, skin dive. Sail to St. Thomas... nightclub in San Juan.

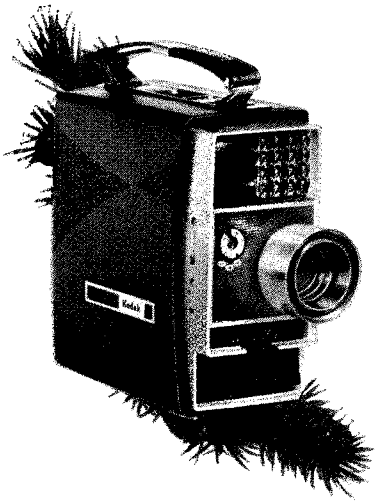
El Conquistador,
Las Croabas, Fajardo, Puerto Rico.

See your TRAVEL AGENT or our Representatives: Leonard Hicks, Inc., 532 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. MU 8-0123 • Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami • Toronto • Washington, D. C.

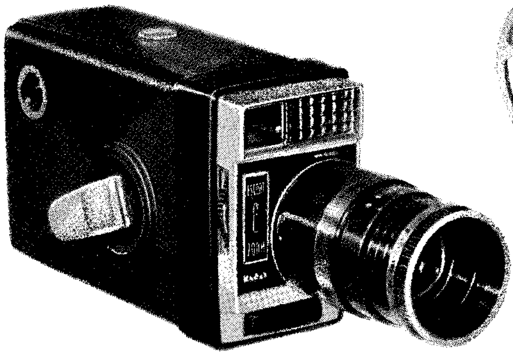
**Nine of New York's
great restaurants
are named**



TRADEMARK



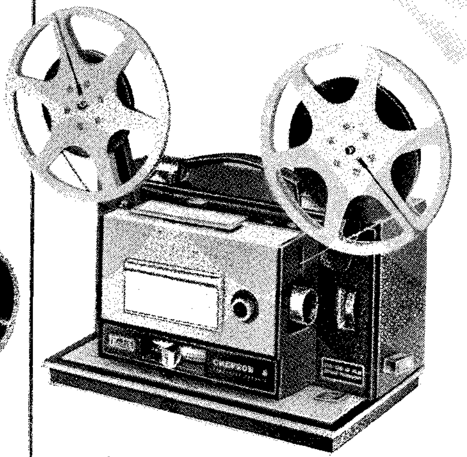
Drop-in cassette loading—eliminates conventional threading and rethreading at the end of side one. Battery-drive winds film. Electric eye sets correct exposure, adjusts automatically to changing light. Fast f/1.6 lens. KODAK Electric 8 Automatic Camera . . . less than $80. (KODAK Electric 8 Zoom Camera, with f/1.6 zoom lens for exciting zoom effects . . . less than $160.)



Zoom in for close-ups simply by rotating lens barrel—and see zooms through the viewfinder! Or set lens for wide-angle, regular, or telephoto. Fully automatic! Just push a button for wonderful 8mm movies! Electric-eye control. KODAK ESCORT 8 Zoom Camera . . . less than $100. (Single-lens model . . . less than $55.)

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Rochester, N.Y.

Prices subject to change without notice.



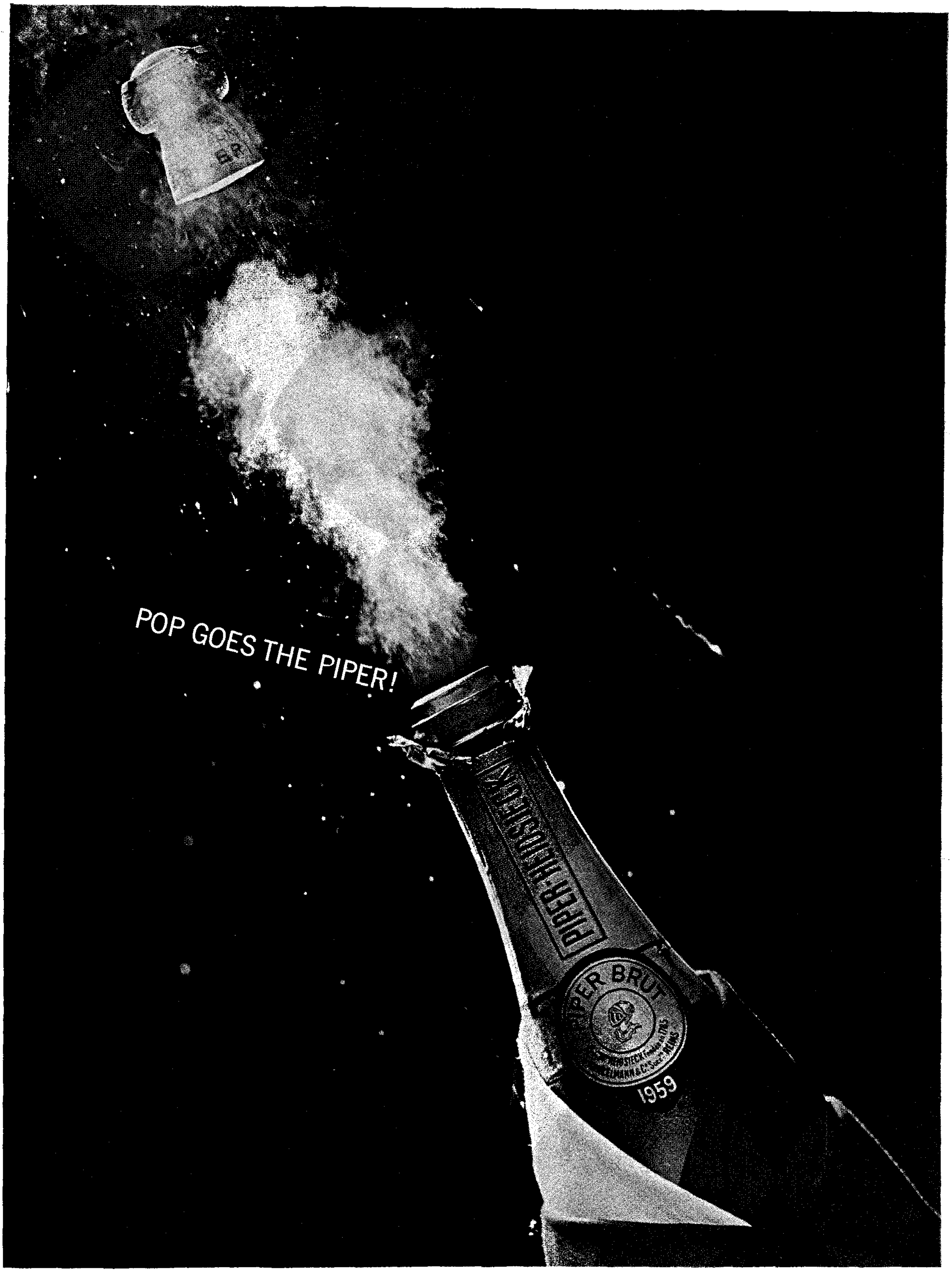
Brilliant movies automatically! Just feed film into gate . . . and projector threads itself! Runs at regular or slow-motion speeds, or stops on single frames. Brightest "still" projection ever! KODAK CHEVRON 8 Projector, Model 10 . . . less than $190.

All Kodak gifts say "Open me first" and save your Christmas in pictures!

Be sure the name Kodak is on the box!

Open me first
Kodachrome II
COLOR MOVIE FILM
FOR DOUBLE 8mm ROLL CAMERAS

Give color . . . action . . . excitement. Give a fine movie gift from **Kodak**!


POP GOES THE PIPER!
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1959

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

...from grapes so rare, from care so experienced.
...even the cork is an exclusive preparation.
...the most civilized drink in the civilized world.

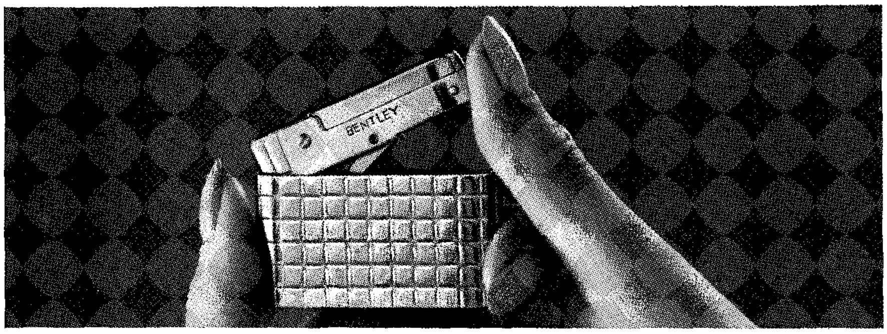
PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE / PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE / CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS / PIPER PINK / RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

the caste Hindus lose by this reform but the price that the ex-Untouchables have to pay for what they gain.

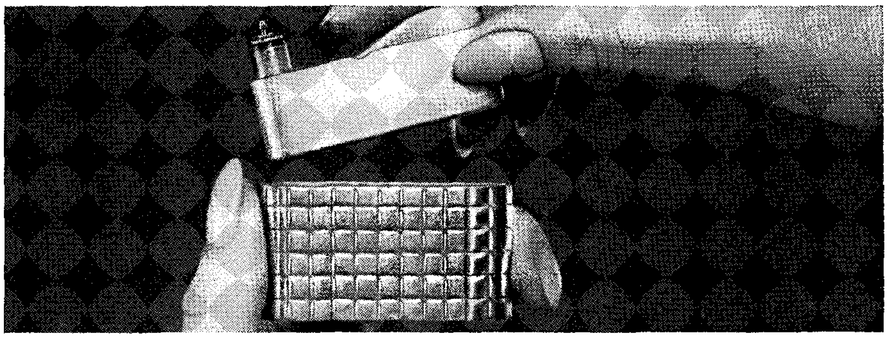
Addressing an audience of earnestly interested caste Hindus nearly a decade ago, Jagjivan Ram, who was for many years the only Scheduled Caste Minister in the Cabinet, said that the ex-Untouchable needed special privileges, because discrimination and disability would persist if it were simply left to caste Hindus to "assume the role of benevolent guardians who must determine how their wards must grow and develop." As things have worked out, this is the role that caste Hindus have played anyway. Benevolence and dependency are what give the whole program, laws and all, its essential quality, with the ex-Untouchables seen as more or less docile wards who irritate their caste-Hindu benefactors and mentors by not doing enough to reform themselves, and who are characterized as "over-aggressive" if they insist too strongly on their "rights" and are insufficiently grateful for the state's largesse. This relationship is particularly visible in the sphere of politics. Ever since Gandhi fasted Ambedkar out of the attainment of an independent political identity for the Untouchables in 1932 and then launched his program of reform by exhortation, welfare, and uplift, the Congress Party has for the most part kept the Scheduled Castes under its influence and control. In the various states, indeed, Congress politics has become mainly a matter of caste combinations. As the party in power, the Congress Party machine controls most of the choices that lead to offices, jobs, and preferred positions. The men who occupy the reserved seats in the legislature are hand-picked for the job—a fat plum for whoever gets it, and a lot to jeopardize by being a troublemaker. Any ex-Untouchable can stand for one of the general seats, of course, but it requires both a strongly independent spirit and an independent source of political strength, which an ex-Untouchable does not readily find. As the source of all benefits, the Congress Party has kept the allegiance of the bulk of the ex-Untouchables. There is no strong independent political current among them, and it is surprising how little headway has been made among them by either the Socialists or the Communists—the self-nominated natural leaders of all underdogs. The Socialists, who are perennially split among themselves, have been no more successful in winning the support of the ex-Untouchable poor than of the Indian poor in general. The Communists,

BENTLEY® BUTANE

Loads instantly, lights automatically and you refill just 3 or 4 times a year



OPEN—Slide off the top and flip out the empty cartridge.



DROP IN—Your new Bentley Butane Throw-away Cartridge has a 3 to 4 months supply of clean burning butane gas in one convenient refill. No more cotton...no more wicks...no messy fluids. As easy to fill as a ball point pen.

The perfect gift from
$4.95
BENTLEY

LIGHT—Instantly, automatically for thousands of lights! Flame height is adjustable. Slim, compact styles for men or women. Gift boxed from $4.95 to $495.00. For pipe smokers, there's the automatic, jet-flame Pipe Lite.

Give the Best in Butane...Give a Bentley

Write for FREE color brochure:

Bentley Butane Lighter Corp., One West 37th St., N.Y.18, N.Y. or 36 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Aruba's "rainy season" is measured in minutes!

Most visitors never see a drop. What they do see is the fabulous Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino, with its talcum-white beach, its diamond-clear water, its lavish rooms, superb food, elegant casino and top entertainment. Come see for yourself. Leave your umbrella home. Make reservations through any Travel Agent. Or call JU 2-3780.

Aruba Caribbean Hotel-Casino
Dutch West Indies, N.A.

"Say something romantic!" "Condado Beach Hotel!"

It's the most romantic hotel in romantic San Juan. Spanish decor. Candlelight dining. Dancing and entertainment nightly. Plus whispering palms. Sighing surf. Oodles of moonlight. Need we say more? Any Travel Agent can help you. Or call us in New York at JU 2-3780.

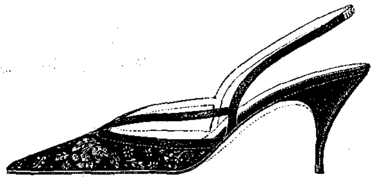
Condado Beach Hotel
San Juan, Puerto Rico

who are stronger but are also usually split into factions, have won some Scheduled Caste support, particularly in the states of Andhra and Kerala, but this appears to be part of a complicated game of local caste politics rather than a serious political mobilization of any durability. The Congress politicians I met who were members of the Scheduled Castes tended to be carefully defensive when they talked about their situation, never professing to be "satisfied" but never being really critical, either. A blunter oppositionist view was put to me by B. P. Maurya, a young Ambedkarite from Uttar Pradesh who, thanks to a fortuitous anti-Congress alliance in his district, holds not a reserved but a general seat. Maurya was the only ex-Untouchable I encountered who explicitly and flatly opposed the whole program of special reservations and benefits for the Scheduled Castes. "This system does the Scheduled Castes no good, because the people in the reserved seats belong to the party in power and are often incapable persons," he told me. "Although they are educated, they dare not speak out against the party in power. They do not represent their people to the party and the government but represent the party in power to their people. They do not fight for their people's cause. As for the school benefits, we do not need them, either. If there is free compulsory education for all, then our people will have access to it anyway. In higher education, let scholarships be given where there is economic need. All our people are poor, and the party in power is not solving the problem of poverty. As for the quotas in government service, these are only one- to seven-per-cent filled and they take our best people. In government service, the educated people are kept out of politics, and we are left with illiterate workers. We say, end these reservations. They are just a way of keeping the weaker section weak, and subject to the party in power."

I often heard it said, both by caste Hindus and by ex-Untouchables, that the generation of young people now moving up the path of preferment to improved positions are intent only on their own self-improvement and do not care about "social work"—a phrase that in India means work for the community as distinct from work for oneself—or about politics. No new Ambedkars are appearing among the young, it is said; instead, they are revealing themselves as self-engrossed people who are quickly and easily satisfied with the small gains they can win for themselves. This may be natural in

CHRISTMAS PRESENT
Tiffany circle pin of eighteen karat gold with blossoms of diamonds set in platinum, $ 800.
TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVE. & 57 ST. • PL 5-8000
NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS • HOUSTON

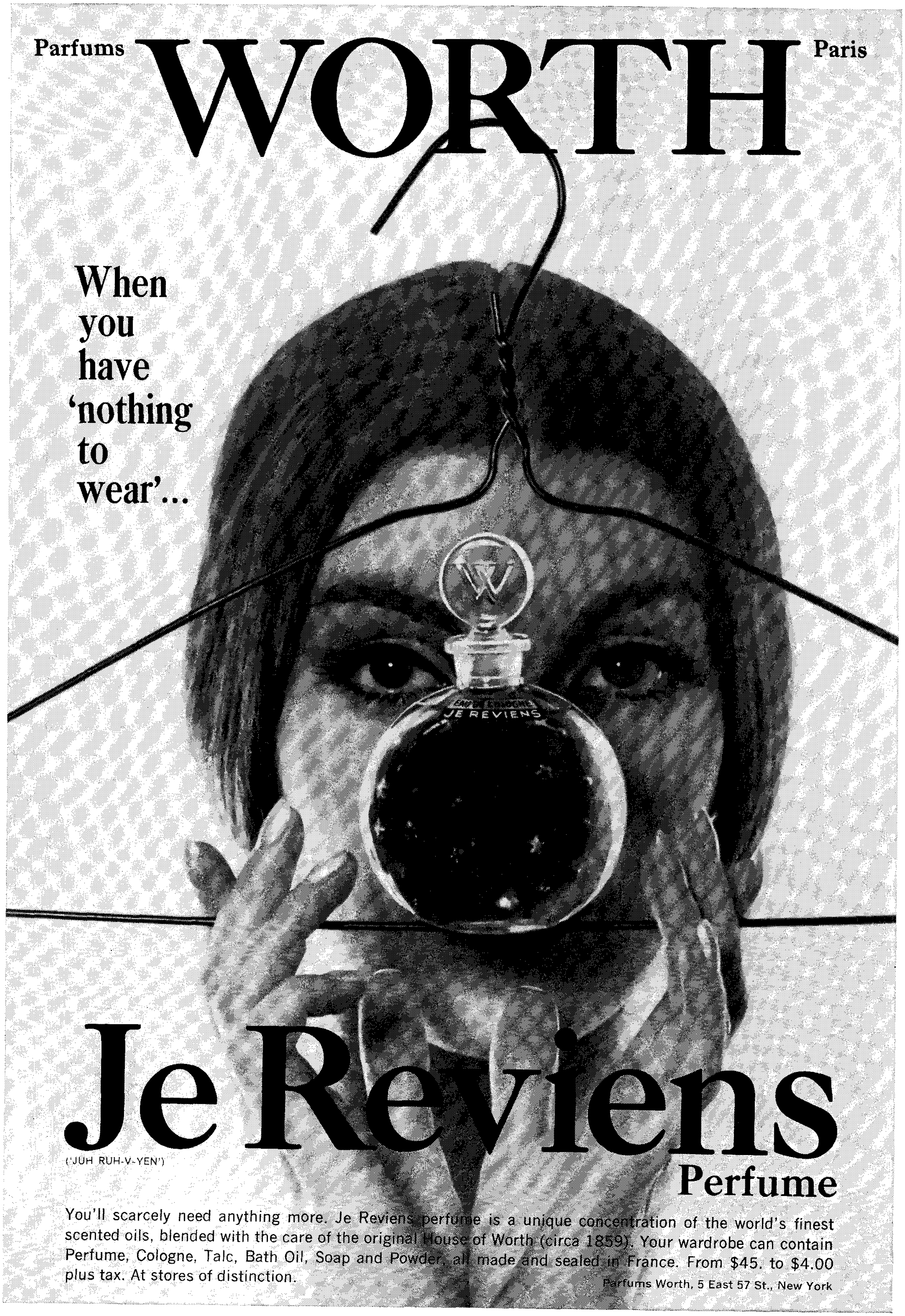
B Altman & Co
FROM A GREAT COLLECTION: BALLY OF SWITZERLAND'S SATIN, A DANCE DEVOTEE. 30.00



THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR
FIFTH AVENUE AND SUBURBAN STORES

A cherry, a quick jerk of bitters, one part vermouth with 5 parts Beam's Pin-Bottle Bourbon and you not only have a Manhattan...but the Bronx and Staten Island, too.

BEAM'S PIN-BOTTLE. 8 YRS. OLD. 86.8 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
JAMES B. BEAM DIST. CO., CLERMONT, KY.



Parfums **WORTH** Paris

When you have 'nothing to wear'...

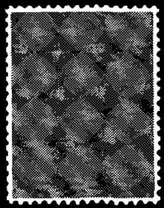
Je Reviens

('JUH RUH-V-YEN')

Perfume

You'll scarcely need anything more. Je Reviens perfume is a unique concentration of the world's finest scented oils, blended with the care of the original House of Worth (circa 1859). Your wardrobe can contain Perfume, Cologne, Talc, Bath Oil, Soap and Powder, all made and sealed in France. From $45. to $4.00 plus tax. At stores of distinction.

Parfums Worth, 5 East 57 St., New York



The intriguing awareness
that in the whole universe
you alone possess . . .

BUYERS AND BUILDERS OF
GREAT STAMP COLLECTIONS
Roger G. Weill • Raymond H. Weill
RAYMOND H. WEILL CO.
407 Royal Street, New Orleans, La.

the circumstances, but there are many people in India who look ahead with foreboding to what will happen next. A prominent caste-Hindu leader who is a weary veteran of Indian politics told me, "Now we have the large influx of Scheduled Castes in the universities. To what extent they will bring us new people we won't know for a time. The answer is simply not visible now. I think it unlikely for these students to move into politics. They are interested in jobs, in getting fed, in better living. On the whole, they have followed Congress so far, but when things get difficult, this will change. They will join the floating mass of unemployed, some of whom are already supporting regional and linguistic extremism, as in the Dravidian movement in Madras. In Kerala, such people have gone with the Communists. In West Bengal, they are simply disoriented. The young people who are getting educated are being separated from the rest of their people. The mass consists of the less enterprising, who are stuck in the mud, and where the educated ones will go, no one knows." Another discouraged caste-Hindu politician said, "Today they are quite easily won over—a little money, a little position. This is what happens to most of them. They end up in minor jobs, not trying to fight the caste system but trying to get individual status, trying to get accepted by the higher castes. Maybe after they have had education in larger numbers and find that they cannot be absorbed into the higher castes, and also find that they are unemployed, they will become more revolutionary." Maurya, the plain-spoken oppositionist, said, "When a man is taken into government service, he becomes a member of another class. He stops mingling with Scheduled Caste people. He becomes a victim of the caste system in a new way. In his new circle, he is still looked down on. So he ends up nowhere."

As the educated ex-Untouchables pull themselves out of the sodden bleakness of their past estate, they do not quite get *nowhere*, but neither do they get *somewhere*. They are people who want above all to become different from what they were and what their fathers were. They want to leave all that behind, to forget it, to blot it out, but they find a situation where too little is changing, and what is changing is doing so too slowly; a society still governed by caste does not allow them to obliterate their past. What they do is move into a kind of limbo. Behind them the distance widens

*those who expect
the very finest
find it at the*

Palm Beach Towers

In a resort fabled for
its splendor and beauty,
the Palm Beach Towers
is considered one of the
world's most luxurious
hotels offering Palm
Beach's finest facilities.
Make Your Reservation
Now!

Palm Beach Towers
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
DONALD W PATON, Gen. Mgr.
Palm Beach—
Area Code 305, TEmple 3-5761
New York—
Area Code 212, LExington 2-8514
Convention Information on Request

MID-
MANHATTAN
at its
Luxurious
Best
Regally spacious guest
rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator.
HOTEL DORSET is noted for
its quiet elegance; adjacent
to Rockefeller Center,
theatres, shops, art and
business centers. Two
excellent restaurants.
Banquet and meeting
rooms accommodate 10
to 175.
HOTEL *Dorset*
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel

The Leopard
RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

80 PROOF PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

THE FIRM COINT
TREAU ANGERS
80
PROOF
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
Manufactured
der formula
supplied by CO
EAU, Angers,
France. The orig
orange liqueur
enjoyed in the 4
rs of the world.
Demand the Poppy Red
on and the Signature
COINTREAU LTD
ennington, N. J.

The whole world loves it after dinner.

Intriguing on the rocks...

...essential in a Side Car.

Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur...for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner ...the key to classic cocktails...always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

is it me...or Jack Winter?

How can one blossom without the other? But *you* get the bouquets. All this for around $25. At fine stores.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST.

Jack Winter, 1410 Broadway, N.Y.C.

between them and the rest of their community, even their closest kin. This happens to those raised in cities but even more to those who grew up in villages. An I.A.S. aspirant at a coaching school in Bangalore, a stocky, nearly jet-black young Adi-Andhra from a village called Laddigan, described what things were like when he went home: "When I go back, they feel different toward me, even though I treat them all as equal to me. I find I can only stay there two or three days. Our house is a dilapidated house. Here I live in a room with friends and I eat in restaurants and I have people I can talk to. In the village, I have no friends to talk to, no books, no papers. In our district, very few children go to school. The parents are ignorant, so there is no encouragement—no one insists. I talk about welfare. I tell things about myself to my mother. There is always some reserve between father and son. Normally, sons won't feel free with their fathers; only rarely will they talk freely. I talk to my father and brother only about family affairs. They are proud of me when I come. They celebrate and get me things, prepare special food, and urge me to stay longer."

In the crowded world where the educated ex-Untouchables work at their white-collar jobs, they move daily among masses of caste Hindus, and since these are the people they most want to be like, they do their best simply to lose themselves in that white-shirted mass. In the great blur of people on the city streets and in the public places, they seem just about like everyone else of their class, and one might think that it would be equally easy in the great, mazelike offices where the Indian bureaucracy functions. Up to a point, it is. In the busy preoccupation of each one with his own concerns, and in the trivialities that pass for talk between desks or over tea in the canteen, the prickly question of one's caste might never arise, especially if one is careful to steer the talk away whenever it threatens to wander in that direction. Friendly associations can be maintained, especially if they stay casual—if they are not allowed to carry over into non-working hours, or to get too personal. In this way, for a considerable part of every day and in a considerable area of life one's identity as an ex-Untouchable can be fairly well effaced, or at least kept out of sight. It is not so much a matter of hiding one's caste but rather of not announcing it. From some accounts I heard, however, the insulation is fairly thin. In

Diorling
Christian Dior
...the new perfume of Christian Dior
Made in France

'Arden for Men' is the greatest thing Elizabeth Arden has done for women.

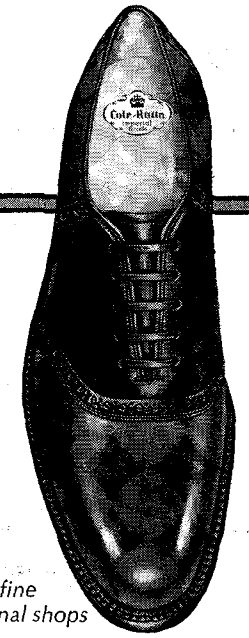
DEN ♦ MEN
ER SHAVE
OTION
SANDALWOOD
ER SHAVE LOTI

Elizabeth Arden's incomparable After Shave Lotion for men, with the Sandalwood scent women remember; 3.50 or 6.50, plus tax; at

Arden for Men
1 East 54th Street

jobs where the competition for appointment or promotion has been sharp, identities are unavoidably known and caste-Hindu rivals often show their resentment in all the nasty little ways that the situation readily affords. It is not unknown for caste Hindus in government offices to insist that ex-Untouchables have cups or glasses of their own and keep them in a separate place, away from the common supply. Wherever conflicts arise, wherever mistakes are made, wherever competence is brought into question, the appropriate gibes are ready on the lips of the resentful and the malicious, perhaps spoken out of one's hearing, or simply conveyed by a taunting or superior look—and all this may really be there or just be one's imagination. Again, in a public place, the anonymous surface can be suddenly broken and a man find himself painfully unsure of what to say, how to react. An ex-Untouchable government office worker in Bombay told me, "Yesterday, I went to Victoria Terminus to book a first-class ticket for my superior. At one window, the clerk made his entry on the wrong kind of slip. With that slip I went to buy the ticket at the booking window, and passed it in. The man there said with irritation, 'This is the wrong slip.' I said that I hadn't known—that the clerk back there had given it to me. And he said, 'These Scheduled Caste people! The government is recruiting people who are not fit to do their jobs!' I don't think the first clerk was Scheduled Caste at all—this one just assumed he was, and showed his contempt. Somebody had made a mistake, and he attributed it to the Scheduled Castes. I felt it, but I didn't say anything." Another individual told me of making a complaint about his telephone service and being told by a clerk, "What can we do? We have to hold all these places for the Scheduled Castes!"

By way of response to these slights, an ex-Untouchable can become what is called "aggressive"—which usually means that he insists on his rights, or just that he shows open resentment of contemptuous or insulting treatment. A caste Hindu will sometimes describe this kind of person as "proud of being Scheduled Caste." Alternatively, he can choose to draw back into himself or back into the safety of his own group, keeping away from others as much as he can. But what he finds most satisfactory, it seems, is to have his identity tacitly known without anybody's openly taking notice of it. A civil servant of high rank said to me, "I think the oth-



Found only in fine traditional shops

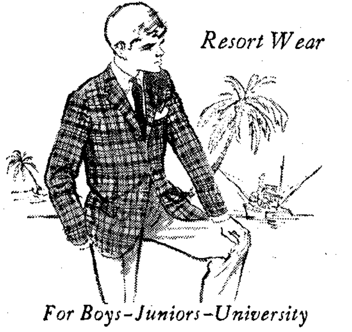
Style 7111 dark shell cordovan with black saddle. Style 7112 all black cordovan.
Round edge double soles.
Most styles $23 to $35.

Cole Haan

COLE-HAAN
Dept. C-15, Freeport, Maine

BG

Resort Wear



For Boys-Juniors-University

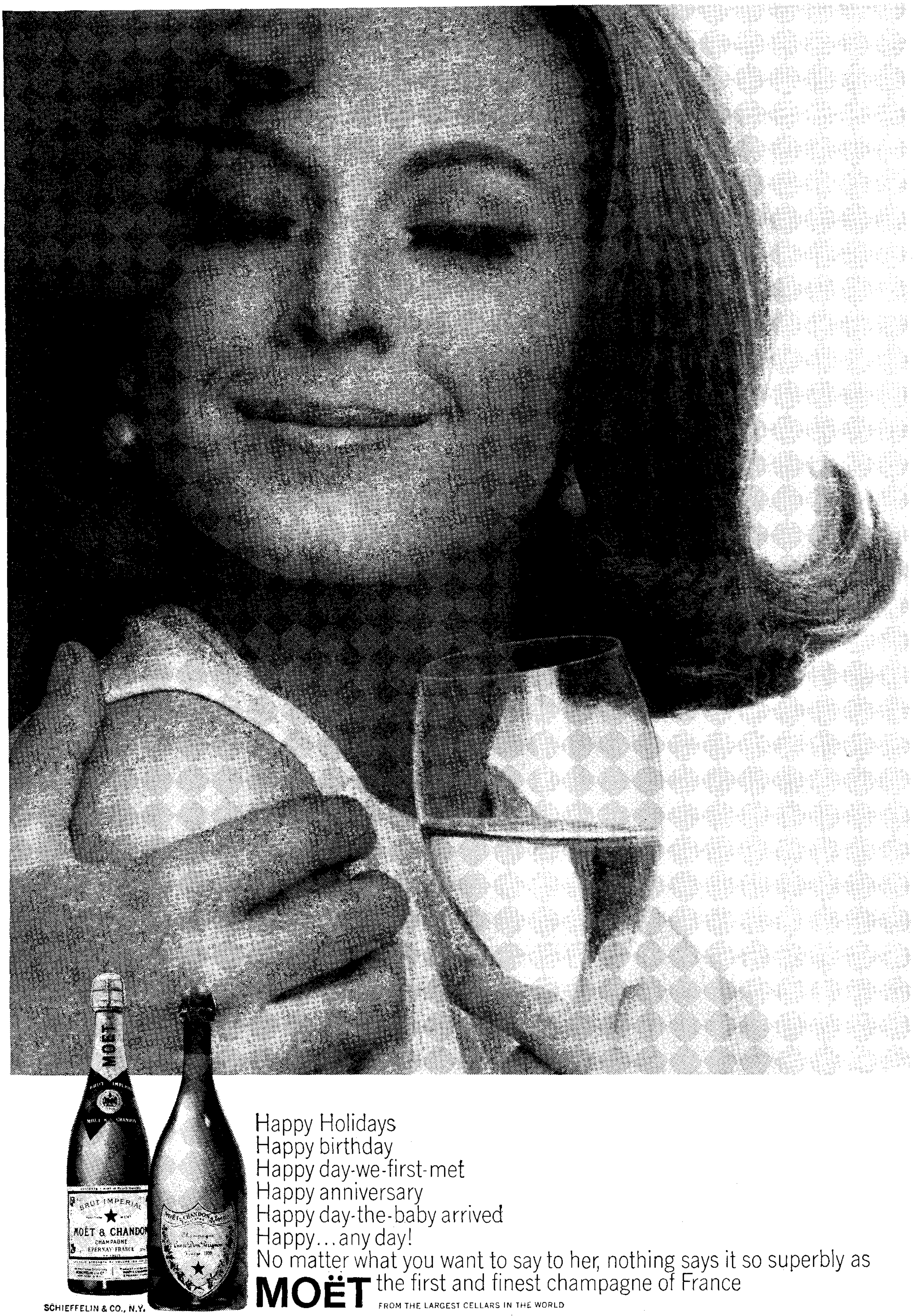
the epitome in clothing by Glanzrock

DePinna, New York

Boyd's, St. Louis
Woolf Bros., Kansas City
Dreyfuss & Son, Dallas
Jos. Horne, Pittsburgh
Higbee's, Cleveland
Hutzler's, Baltimore

at the fine stores listed, or write:
B. Glanzrock, Inc., 126 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

THE BEAUTY AND LORE OF IRELAND...
come to you six times a year through IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES. This lively magazine is crammed with articles, stories and poems on the events, traditions, history, architecture and arts of Erin as seen through the perceptive, witty or scholarly eyes of Ireland's leading writers. Liberally illustrated with photographs and drawings. Two year subscription (postpaid), $3.00. And why not give some gift subscriptions? Subscribe now and receive a special bonus in the November/December issue: an insert of 18th Century woodcuts of Dublin Street Criers, suitable for framing. Send names, addresses, cheque or money order to Welcomes, Dept. NY1219, Bord Failte, Baggot Street Bridge, Dublin, Ireland; or Irish Tourist Office, 33 E. 50th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.


MOËT
BRUT IMPERIAL
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
EPERNAY FRANCE

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

Happy Holidays
Happy birthday
Happy day-we-first-met
Happy anniversary
Happy day-the-baby arrived
Happy...any day!
No matter what you want to say to her, nothing says it so superbly as
MOËT the first and finest champagne of France
FROM THE LARGEST CELLARS IN THE WORLD

KNOTT HOTELS ARE TOPS...

Both Sides of the Atlantic!

The renown of Knott Hotels is world-wide... for gracious, deluxe hospitality, for luxurious accommodations, for the finest in food and beverage service. Specify Knott Hotels, next time you travel.

NEW YORK
INTERNATIONAL
Kennedy Airport (Idlewild)
Jamaica, N.Y. 11430 . 995-9000

NEW YORK
NEW WESTON
Madison at 50th St. • PL 3-4800

NEW YORK
BERKSHIRE
Madison at 52nd St. • PL 3-5800

NEW YORK
WESTBURY
Madison at 69th St. • LE 5-2000

TORONTO, CANADA
WESTBURY
475 Yonge Street • 924-0611

LONDON, ENGLAND
WESTBURY
Bond Street • MAYfair 7755

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
WESTBURY
6, rue Cardinal Mercier • 13.64.80

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
ROBERT TREAT
50 Park Place • MA 2-1000

For reservations, see your travel agent...or call:

NEW YORK.............PL 9-6100
BOSTON.................542-1112
CLEVELAND.............333-2404
CHICAGO...............FR 2-7741
DETROIT...............KE 1-4400
LOS ANGELES . BRadshaw 2-9551
MONTREAL, CAN........844-3274
PHILADELPHIA..Enterprise 6800
SAN FRANCISCO.......EX 2-7277
SEATTLE..............MA 4-7537
WASHINGTON, D.C......546-4040

KNOTT HOTELS CORPORATION
575 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022

ers in my office know that I am Scheduled Caste, but they don't say anything about it. My superior told some of them, but I have not taken any initiative to explain myself, and I don't want to, because I think it is absolutely unnecessary." Another senior official said, "In government, I have never hidden myself. Everyone has known all along that I belong to the Scheduled Caste, but no one has shown anything openly in connection with it. I have high-caste friends, and they have never shown contempt for me to my face."

At the higher levels of individual achievement, it is harder, and perhaps impossible, for an ex-Untouchable not to have his identity known. All the big and little tensions of his new relationships are close to the surface, and constant irritation keeps his nerve ends sore. One would never have realized this, however, on first encountering Dr. Parvathamma, a poised woman of thirty-five, cool and precise in manner and speech, who occupies the high post of Reader in Sociology at Maharajah College, at the University of Mysore. Dr. Parvathamma has three distinctions, each one of which creates a problem in India, so they make quite a collection when they are all held by one person. In the first place, she is an ex-Untouchable, born a member of the Chalavadi caste in a village in northern Mysore. Second, she is a woman. Third, she is a bright woman—bright enough to have risen from grade to grade and from scholarship to scholarship until she took a double-first B.A. (meaning that she took a first-class degree and stood first in her class) and an M.A. with distinction in philosophy. Then, having received a state award enabling her to pursue her studies abroad, she went to Manchester, England, where she earned her doctorate. Back in Mysore, she was appointed Reader, a rank for which many aspirants wait many years while serving in the humbler post of Lecturer. From what I saw of Indian university life, I concluded that the Indian academic world is even more status-conscious, if that is possible, than the American one, and that friendly camaraderie is not exactly the usual style of life among faculty members. It was not difficult to imagine what things were like for Dr. Parvathamma, an ex-Untouchable in a world of caste, a woman in a world of men, and a woman who had won a double first, an M.A. with distinction, and a British Ph.D.—qualifications far from common among men seeking places in the Indian academic world. I was able to gather that Dr. Parvathamma does not have a particularly companionable time in her department, and that, apart from attending official university functions, she does not lead a lively social life of any kind. She is not married. She told me that she had grown up in a fatherless family. She had nothing in principle against marriage, she said, but felt that the prospects were not encouraging. "I don't think I can find anyone in my caste," she said. "My educational qualifications stand in the way. As for marrying out of my caste, I don't know. Marriage is still endogamous, and this caste endogamy is the stronghold of the caste system. Among teachers, it is possible for different castes to dine together, even to eat meat together—but to marry out of caste, no! One *has* to be of the right caste." Her most vexing practical problem, it appeared, was getting a place to live. "When I came back here, I found it difficult to rent a house," she said. "For the first few months, I stayed in a hostel while I looked around for a home. Everywhere, they asked my caste. I wasn't able to get a place. Then I learned that a doctor in Bangalore had a house for rent. I went to see him and offered sixty rupees rent for a house that normally brings in only forty-five rupees. He wrote out a letter of agreement, it was all ready, and then he asked me if I was a Lingayat—the local dominant caste. I said, true to my conscience, no, I was Scheduled Caste. Then he said he would not rent to me—that he could not overlook the wishes of his friends and family. And this was a doctor, educated in England!" Dr. Parvathamma had witnesses with her when this occurred, and she immediately brought suit against the man. The case was still pending when we met. After this disagreeable experience, however, she had been able to rent a pleasant bungalow, part of the university's own faculty housing, where she was making her home with her grandmother—an old village lady, who hovered in the background during our visit—and a young relative. "I don't see any end to all this in the next two hundred years, unless there is some kind of violent revolution, and I have no idea that a revolution is possible," Dr. Parvathamma said. "The government provides benefits, and this is an encouraging thing, but there is cutthroat competition among Scheduled Caste people for these things, and the caste Hindus are jealous and resentful. The Scheduled Castes are

7up

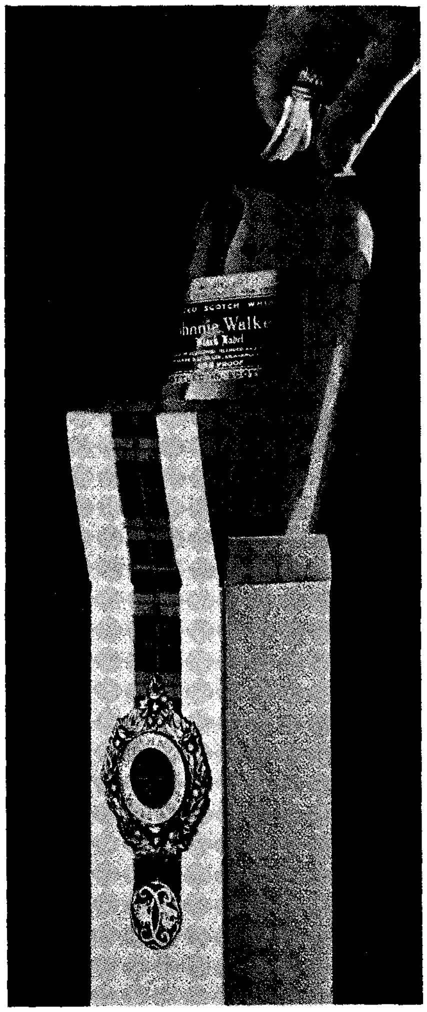
the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY

This year, notice who's drinking what at the holiday parties. We predict you'll find the highball drinkers who sip with the most satisfaction have mixed with 7-Up! Seven-Up polishes. Seven-Up smooths. But 7-Up never, never turns whiskey taste pallid. Try it. Another prediction: you'll be very glad you did!

Copyright 1964 by The Seven-Up Company

How many people on your gift list appreciate the world's finest Scotch?



After all, how many people know that Johnnie Walker Black Label is an incomparable blend of over forty of the finest aged Highland malt whiskies, each whisky chosen for its body, or special flavor, or unique bouquet?

JOHNNIE WALKER

This perfect balance of richness, smoothness and mellowness makes Black Label prized by discriminating Scotch drinkers throughout the civilized world.

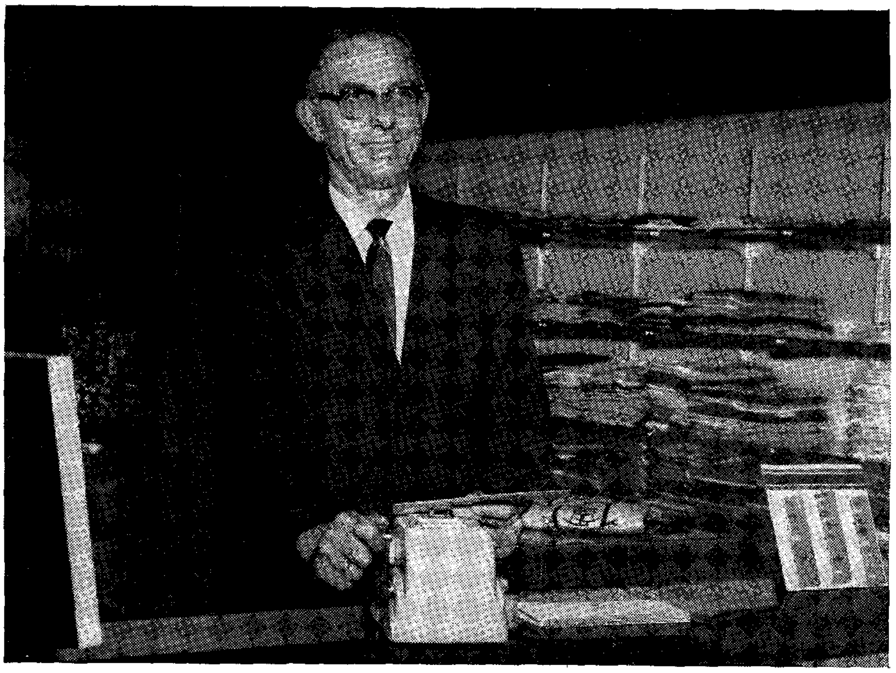
Now then, how many of your friends are really connoisseurs of fine Scotch? Many of them, you say? Ah, then you're twice blessed: You not only have friends of good taste—but you will probably receive gifts of Johnnie Walker Black Label yourself.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent ignorant. Only a handful are affected by the government program. How are we to benefit from it? I think we will separate ourselves from those who do not benefit, and I wouldn't be surprised if that were *all* that happened."

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT is a man of not inconsiderable status and privilege in New Delhi. A modestly pleasant house in the Parliament block goes with his job, and his daily contacts are in the busy world of politics. As stated before, seventy-six seats—or about a seventh of the total number—in the lower house of the Indian Parliament are occupied by ex-Untouchables. One of those I met is a quiet-spoken, calm man with an unexpected touch of humor in his outlook. When I first mentioned Untouchability to him, he said, "Here in New Delhi, no one observes Untouchability." As we talked on, however, it began to appear that, out of fear for his own pride and his uncertainty about the behavior of others, he acts as though it were still very much in force. Here is how he spoke of his life in the capital: "Sometimes we get invited out, but most often I avoid it, because I know *they* feel it very much and just invite me as a formality. Suppose there is the marriage of a daughter of an upper-caste friend. The friend will invite me, and I have to send a gift, but I avoid going. It *could* happen that they would give me some kind of separate meal, and I would resent it and be angry, and would make a scandal there. So I don't go. I do go out sometimes, but only to the houses of very trusted people. And, of course, I go to official functions, like tea parties or at-homes held by other officials. There are friends of mine who won't practice Untouchability in their homes here in New Delhi, but it is in my mind that in their homes back in their villages they could not treat me like this. This troubles me, because of all I have experienced in the past. And I know that their wives feel more strongly about Untouchability than the men do. They have inherited these feelings from their parents, all of them, and they are not easy to overcome. There are not many places where we all meet. Invitations do not come that often. We go to festivals, or to eat a meal, or to take tea, perhaps three or four times a year. This year, I have been here two months now and have not invited anybody here myself. I was invited to the home of a caste Hindu during the Holi festival, but I didn't go. I have a Brahman friend and an



Milton C. Justice, owner
Justice Man's Shop
(address on request)

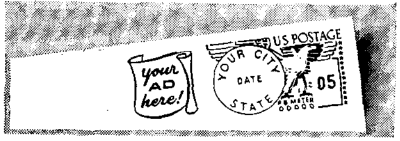
Why Milton Justice uses a postage meter for about $1 worth of postage a day–

Justice Man's Shop, started six years ago in a suburban shopping center, has grown steadily, now carries a $75,000 inventory of brand name merchandise—and does 90% of its business with suburban wives and mothers!

Reports Mr. Justice: "We send out orders to suppliers and invoices with checks every day. Occasionally we write our good customers about new items that may be of interest to them. Several hundred statements go out to charge accounts every month. We even meter-stamp parcel post orders. So we're satisfied that our postage meter does a good job for us."

Successful businessmen prefer metered mail. You get rid of tedious, time-wasting stamp sticking or sealing pre-stamped envelopes. A meter prints postage as you need it, any amount, directly on the envelope; or on special tape for parcel post. You always have the right stamp. Mailing is more efficient.

Your postage is protected from loss, damage, misuse; and automatically accounted for on dual registers. The postoffice sets the meter for any amount of postage you want to buy.



And with every meter stamp you can print your own small ad, if you like.

The Pitney-Bowes DM, little, low-cost desk model postage meter, is made for the small business. And more than a third of the DM users average less than $1 a day for postage—favor the meter for its convenience and utility. Twelve other models for larger mailers. Ask any of the 190 Pitney-Bowes offices for a demonstration! And ask about the new PB Addresser-Printers for machine addressing.

FREE: *Booklet, "So You Think Metered Mail Is Only For Big Business?," plus handy postal rate chart including new parcel post rates. Or literature on new Addresser-Printers.*

PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
1664 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn. 06904

Send ☐ booklet & postal rate chart;
☐ Addresser-Printer literature.

Name ________________
Address ________________
City ________ *State* ________

PB Pitney-Bowes
Originator of the
POSTAGE METER

*TMK© 1964, MARK II CO., NEW YORK/PHILADELPHIA

Mark II* Cologne D'Or ...for the Male Animal!

Mark II is the vibrant, exciting essence for a man. Its elegance appeals to the male...and to the woman near him. Over 100 essences and oils, unusual and rare, combine in its uncopyable blend. Cool, aromatic and zesty ...it's all-man! Cologne D'Or Flacon, $7.50 plus tax. Other Mark II products up to $2500.

MARK II
MARK II
COLOGNE D'OR

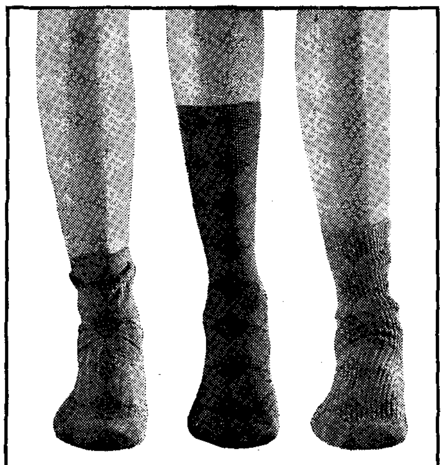
B Altman & Co

Fifth Avenue and suburban stores.

Ahir friend. It is getting easier now to invite people in or to go out when you are invited. A few years ago, this was very unusual. I used to think it was all due to illiteracy—that as soon as people became literate, it would be automatically removed. But experience has shown us that it is going to take a long, long time, for even literate people observe caste. Ideas are moving, but only very slowly. In all parties, even the Communist Party, there is a caste system and a basic caste organization. No matter whether a man is Congress or Communist, if he's a Brahman he will marry his daughter to a Brahman. It will take a long time for things to be any different."

This man also felt much discouragement about the masses of people behind and below him. He did not think there was enough impetus toward change among them. "We are trying to teach them—we go to them and tell them that all this is man-made and that it's changing, it's up to them," he said. "But we are the educated ones, and perhaps only about five per cent of the Scheduled Caste people are literate. The mass of the Scheduled Caste people prefer to hear the word from the upper classes, the caste Hindus, rather than to take advice from us, their own Members of Parliament. If I offer them some advice, they'll go to the upper-caste people in the community and ask them if what I said was correct. This makes our progress very slow."

Khadtale, the airline pilot, was too visible and too self-confident a young man to stay very long in the limbo of this kind of ex-Untouchable life. When he was taken on by Indian Airlines, he was given congratulatory receptions and much publicity, and became something of a public figure, a role he did not mind at all. "Being Scheduled Caste never gets in my way," he says. "It's no problem. The general impression is that the Scheduled Caste person is backward, inefficient, and incapable, and gets a job only because he *is* Scheduled Caste. I have heard that some people have said this of me. But I was actually the best-qualified pilot in the batch taken at that time—two years ago. I had a navigator's license and the best qualifications of any of them, and I know I am still the best-qualified pilot in that group. There is a policy of preference for the Scheduled Castes, but this did not apply in my case. I haven't been subjected to any personal attacks. My being Scheduled Caste has never been thrown up to me by anyone. But then I am careful to see to it that such occasions do not arise. I don't enter into



WILL THE REAL HANES PLUS 4 SOCK PLEASE STAY UP?

YOU BET! IT'S GUARANTEED TO STAY UP

HANES® Red Label Plus 4

In casual, dress and sports styles. Money back if not satisfied.

$1 and $1.50

The moccasin

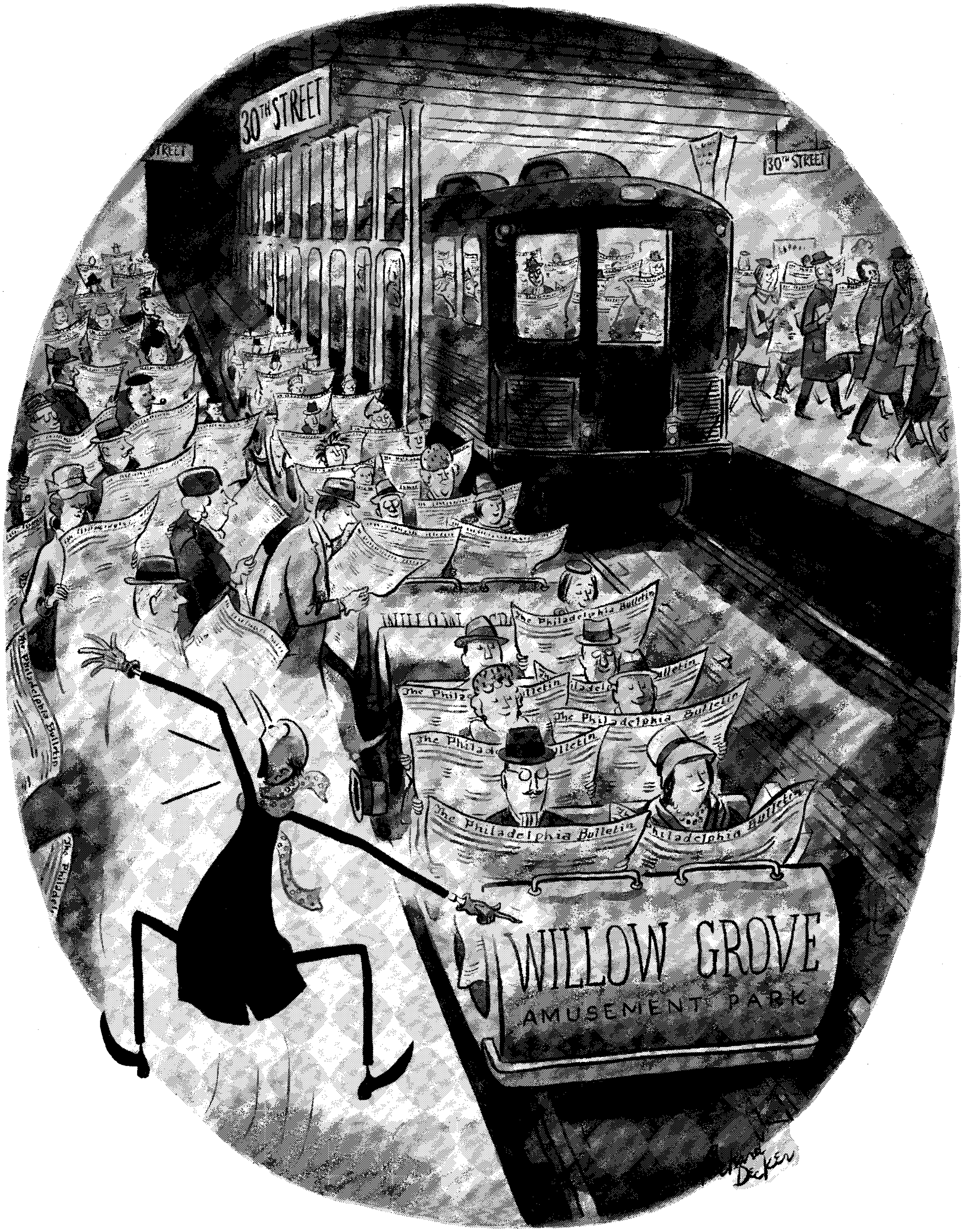
. . . a classic by Barrie bootmakers of New Haven. Made from Imported Scotch Grain or Puritan Veal—not cowhide • full-leather-lined—not unlined • double-stitched, hand-sewn vamp—not single machine-stitched. In hand polished Antiqued Golden Grain—or Puritan Veal in Chestnut Brown, Antiqued saddle or Black.

Order by mail, state shoe size—only 19.95 postpaid!
Address all orders to Barrie Booters, Dept. N 12.
260 York St., New Haven, Conn.

FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

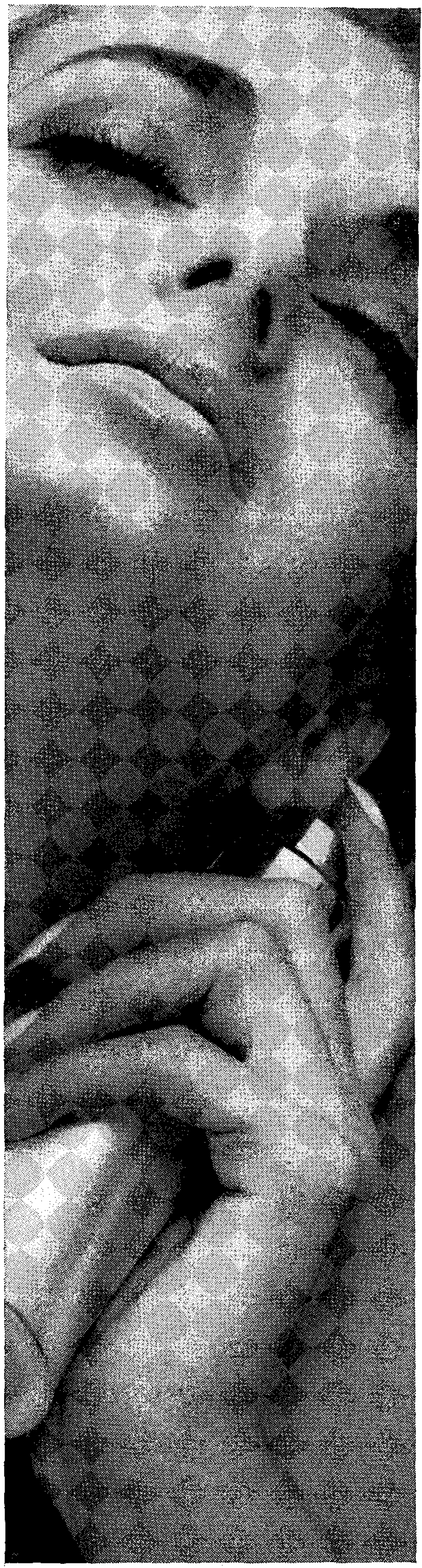
Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

DISTINCTIVE DINING
The Murray Hill
RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St.—S.W. Cor.


30TH STREET
30TH STREET
The Philadelphia Bulletin
WILLOW GROVE
AMUSEMENT PARK
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

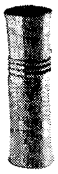
(*Advertisement*)



Give her L'Aimant before someone else does . . .

L'AIMANT spray mist by COTY

©COTY, 1964



arguments about caste or religion or politics—I keep out of arguments like that. I think Brahmans do feel a certain prejudice, and there are some among my fellow-pilots. But we do mix, and face to face there are no problems. People's attitudes change with financial change. I guess I am now the highest earner in my age group among Scheduled Caste people. I have an apartment in a government colony, and I am cosmopolitan in every respect."

Khadtale started out pretty much on his own and he traces his feeling of confidence in himself to some of his early experiences. "Possibly this does not seem such a great change to me, because I got into it all so slowly, almost accidentally," he said. "In my school days, I was a paying student at an orphanage, and then I was a teacher there. At that orphanage, the boys made paper bags, and I worked at that, too. I was there for three years—up to my matric. I was the only Scheduled Caste boy there. I think I got a certain grooming from that experience. I learned to mix with other communities without differentiating myself from them. It helped me aim for something higher. I'm not boasting, but if a person has a chance to meet people of a more educated background, it is easier for him to face the difficulties of life. The orphanage people were not well off, but they were all in higher communities. I think I lost my sense of isolation there. From birth, we Scheduled Caste people are isolated. We live in our separate locality, and we never get out of it. We get into its routine. I experienced this in my childhood in my home village. I was not allowed to enter temples or use public wells or the public bath. We were completely cut off from the main part of the village. I think I heard the name Ambedkar before I heard the name of God. After that, when I was at school and they said that I couldn't take water from the common pot, I just went up and took it. Most of the Scheduled Caste boys got good marks. I myself was always first in primary school. Later, my brother, when he became a government servant in a small town, was refused entry into tea shops there and forbidden to use the public water tap. He and I brought suit, and now anybody can do those things there. When I went to school at Kolhapur, I was taken to be some kind of Maratha [a higher caste], because my name is not clearly a Mahar name. I never said I was Maratha, but I came with a note from a Maratha man, so I was assumed to be Maratha, too, and I never said differently. This school was four hun-

"A LAUGHING, SLASHING SHOW WITH A WONDERFULLY DISARMING AIR OF GENIALITY." Taubman, N.Y. Times

Oh WHAT A LOVELY WAR

PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: $8.60, 7.50; $6.90, 5.75, 4.80. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $5.50; 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
BROADHURST W. 44th St. Hol. Mat. Dec. 25

AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

HELLO, DOLLY!

PRICES: All Evgs.: $9.90, 8.05, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $6.25, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.00
ST. JAMES THEA. W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

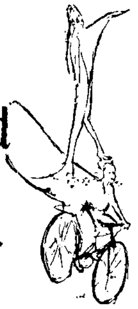
"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!"
—HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES

Beatrice Lillie
Tammy Grimes
Edward Woodward
in
"High Spirits"

"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!"
—Gaver, United Press

Directed by Noël Coward

Mail Orders Filled. Eves.: $9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: $5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: $6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Cl 5-5226



"DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!"
—Time Magazine

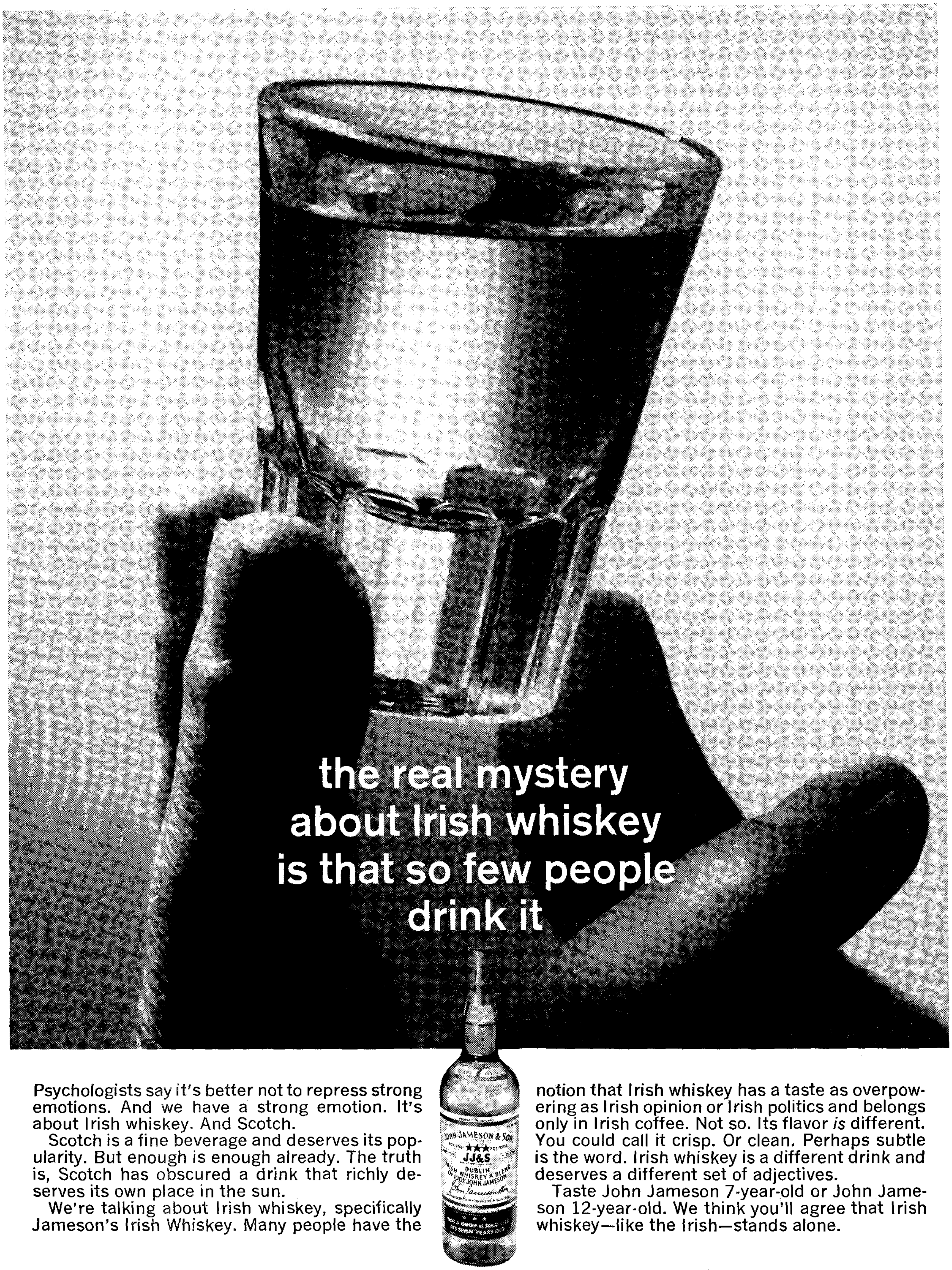
SANDY DENNIS DON PORTER in
The New Smash Comedy Hit!
ANY WEDNESDAY
with ROSEMARY MURPHY
KENNETH MARS

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00.
MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636

"BRILLIANT"
—Time Magazine

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES

WINTHROP AMES THEA. 240 W. 44 St., N.Y.C.


the real mystery about Irish whiskey is that so few people drink it

Psychologists say it's better not to repress strong emotions. And we have a strong emotion. It's about Irish whiskey. And Scotch.

Scotch is a fine beverage and deserves its popularity. But enough is enough already. The truth is, Scotch has obscured a drink that richly deserves its own place in the sun.

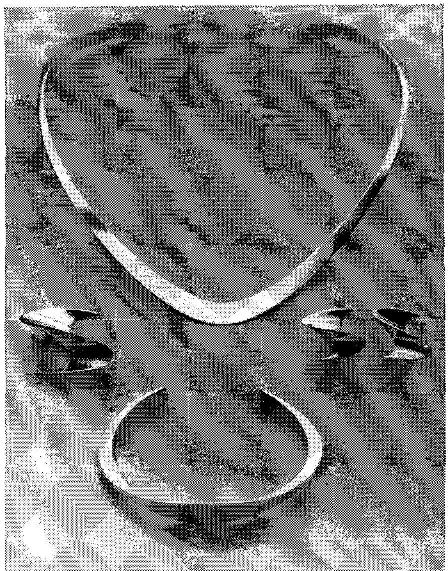
We're talking about Irish whiskey, specifically Jameson's Irish Whiskey. Many people have the notion that Irish whiskey has a taste as overpowering as Irish opinion or Irish politics and belongs only in Irish coffee. Not so. Its flavor *is* different. You could call it crisp. Or clean. Perhaps subtle is the word. Irish whiskey is a different drink and deserves a different set of adjectives.

Taste John Jameson 7-year-old or John Jameson 12-year-old. We think you'll agree that Irish whiskey—like the Irish—stands alone.

JOHN JAMESON

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY

86 Proof — IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, New York, N. Y. — Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.



CULTIVATED CURVE . . . Distinctive hand-wrought elegance in a sweep of vigorous simplicity. The necklace in silver is $20—in gold $120. Bracelet, $12—in gold $58. The pin is $10.50—in gold $64. Matching earrings are $11 the pair—in gold $48. Add 10% for Federal Tax and 85¢ for shipping.

america house

THE FINEST IN AMERICAN CRAFTS

44 West 53rd St., New York City • PL 7-9494

SOUTHBOUND

Imported linen dress. Horseshoe collar with polka dot silk bow.

Beige, navy, black

Sizes 8-20

$35

add $1.00 for postage

Janet Sloane

136 E. Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.

Gin and Vodka's new rival . . .

GAVILAN TEQUILA!

Meet this spirited new challenger in the
Tequini
(Gavilan Martini)
Margharita
Tequila Collins

Send for free recipes:
Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
Sole U.S.A Distributors

90 Proof

dred miles from my home. A local Scheduled Caste boy was refused admission to the hostel where I was staying. This was when I was taking the science course after my matric. I took him in with me, and he stayed there illegally. At the pilot-training school later on, only the principal knew I was Scheduled Caste. The boys I was taking the training with had no idea of it. No one asked about anybody's community. The students all came from higher castes and rich families. I did not really hide that I was Scheduled Caste, but neither did I broadcast it, because if you do the outlook of people changes. They look down on you as inferior."

Khadtale became a Buddhist in 1956, when Ambedkar led some three hundred thousand of his followers in a mass conversion from Hinduism. Khadtale had just finished engineering school and was working in the Bombay airport. "That was before I became a pilot," he told me. "But for the purposes of the record I still maintained that I belonged to the Scheduled Castes. But very shortly now I will change all my records to Buddhist. I was married by Buddhist rites. My wife is Mahar—a matric. We have one son, and *he* will be a Buddhist entirely. He will have *no* caste, *no* community. Nowadays, it automatically follows that a Buddhist is a Mahar, but my son will be *just* a Buddhist."

With his wife and young son, Khadtale lives in a three-room apartment. He has attempted to shoulder all his obligations, so his brother and *his* wife and children and two other relatives—ten people in all—also live in his apartment. He cheerfully told me that he thought this was only a temporary arrangement. He is trying to keep contact with his community, because he knows, he said, that he is still bound to the people from among whom he came. He and some of his friends have started a small private effort among themselves to buy books and to help students in other ways. He thinks that more education will enable ex-Untouchables to compete more successfully, and to achieve this he thinks the reservations and other benefits will have to be maintained for some time to come. He says, "I know it goes against your conscience to say you are Scheduled Caste if you are Buddhist, but if you have to say it to get material benefits and to get ahead, what are you going to do—stay in the same old state? The change is for the better. We were rebels without power, like somebody in a jail cell shaking the bars. Now we have

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

OVIDEA
Silk, Satin $50

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

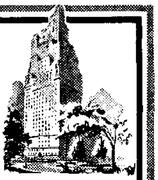
MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE . . . SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF AND LUSCIOUS LIVE LOBSTER . . . ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

IN NEW YORK CITY
NEW FASHIONABLE CONVENIENT REASONABLE

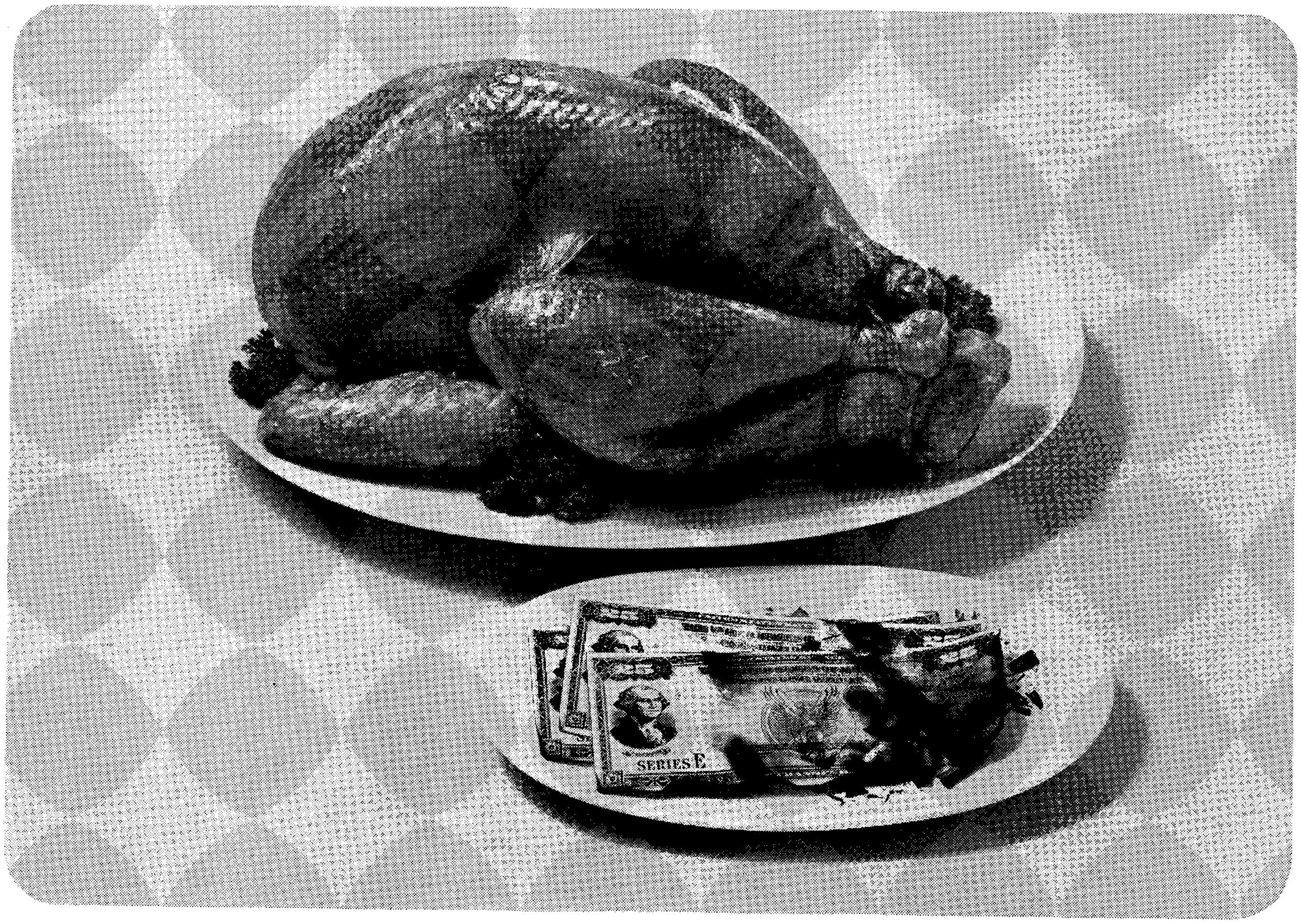


Singles from $13, doubles from $16.
Suites from $26.

HOME OF CAFE DE LA PAIX AND RUMPELMAYER'S

St. Moritz
ON-THE-PARK

50 Central Park South, N.Y. 19, N.Y.
PLaza 5-5800



Why Mrs. Dobbs was afraid it had cost her $81 to roast a $6 turkey

If you've ever put something in a "safe place" and then forgotten where it was, you can sympathize with Mrs. Jeanette Dobbs.

For some unexplained reason (even to Mrs. Dobbs), she tucked 3 crisp new $25 Savings Bonds behind the heating element of her electric roaster.

She next saw them as she was lifting the turkey out of the roaster. They were considerably crisper; in fact, roasted to a crisp.

Although her holiday dinner turned out to be less festive than planned, Mrs. Dobbs cheered up next day—when she learned she really hadn't lost a penny.

The Treasury Department keeps a microfilm record of every Savings Bond sold. If any Bond should be lost, destroyed or stolen—it's replaced free.

Security like this is one of the reasons Americans have over 47 billion dollars invested in Series E and H Savings Bonds. Good return is another reason. Money saved in "E" Bonds grows 33⅓% bigger in 7 years and 9 months, and helps Uncle Sam stand taller in today's world while it's growing.

The $50 variety costs only $37.50. Why not start buying them soon and see if you don't feel pretty good about it?

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FIFTY DOLLARS
ISSUE DATE
SERIES E
L 0000 000 000 E

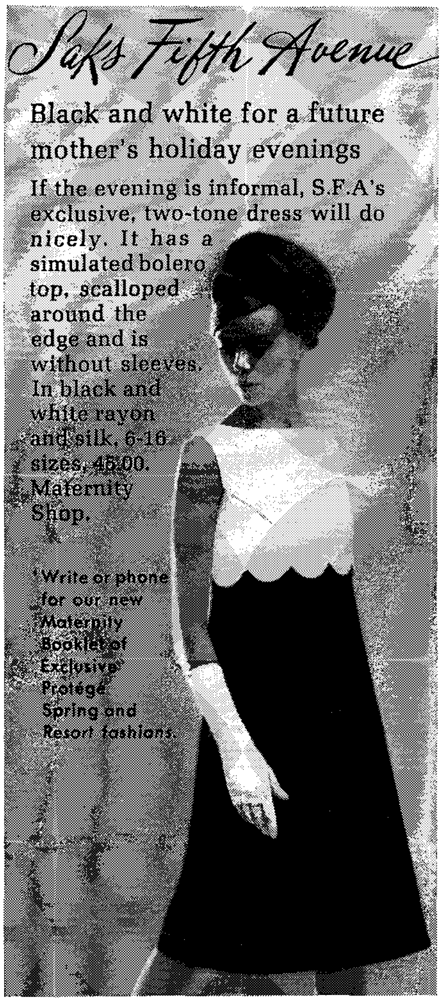
Quick facts about Series E Savings Bonds

- You get back $4 for every $3 at maturity (7¾ years)
- You can get your money when you need it
- Your Bonds are replaced free if lost, destroyed or stolen
- You pay no state or local income tax and can defer payment of federal tax until the Bonds are cashed

Buy E Bonds for growth—H Bonds for current income

Help yourself while you help your country

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS


Saks Fifth Avenue

Black and white for a future mother's holiday evenings

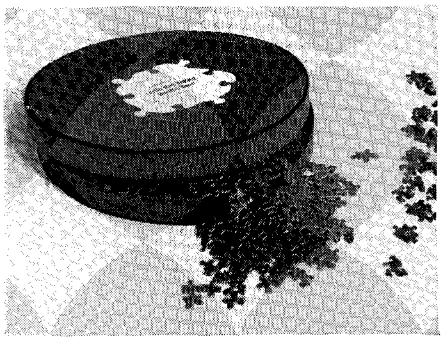
If the evening is informal, S.F.A's exclusive, two-tone dress will do nicely. It has a simulated bolero top, scalloped around the edge and is without sleeves. In black and white rayon and silk, 6-16 sizes, 45.00. Maternity Shop.

Write or phone for our new Maternity Booklet of Exclusive Protégé Spring and Resort fashions.

Bachrach

First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233


It's a Puzzlement!

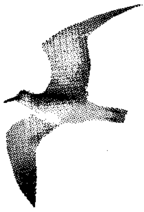
No-picture round jigsaw picture puzzles keep you going in circles. All-red, all-white or all-brown... they're all ours exclusively. 506 pieces. $4.50 ppd.

serendipity 3
225 E. 60TH ST. TE 8-3531

some education and a better means of livelihood, and we mix with other people. We understand that other people are not so bad at heart; they just follow tradition. At the same time, they see us competing, and the idea that we are something inferior is slowly changing. Everybody used to be in watertight compartments, suspicious of everybody else. We have to change this outlook and learn to compete on the same level as the others. Unless we have the power to compete, we will slide back to the state we were in before. That is why the special facilities must continue. The political reservations haven't helped us much, but the jobs and the training have, even though they have not spread among us to their full extent. They will have to continue for some years, and from time to time we'll have to judge what is to be done. It does become a sort of halfhearted effort. We lack leaders and guidance, and I don't know what we should put our hope in. Those who get something will try to better themselves. The rest will remain in great difficulties. Even educated people still live in the slums. There are so many things working against them. People in the lower strata have no future even in the city, and in the villages it is still more hopeless. Society is organized on the basis of caste, as it has been for thousands of years. It will be difficult to destroy this unless there is a great intermingling of races and castes."

As for Khadtale himself, he was looking forward to the day when he would be piloting his four-engine aircraft. "I have just got my foot on the ladder," he said.

SOME kind of "passing" has been part of almost every ex-Untouchable's experience. At almost any point of contact with the caste-Hindu world, the satisfaction of a man's simplest needs has often depended on his readiness to conceal his caste identity—and, in some situations, to falsify it. Young people have concealed their caste to get food and lodging, and to win acceptance, or at least to avoid rejection. Anyone who has moved out of the fixed patterns of the old Untouchable existence has had to learn how and when to hide his identity. One man who has managed to rise fairly high recalled that his earliest such experience occurred at the first turning point of his life. A caste-Hindu teacher who had grown interested in him escorted him to a district town twenty miles from his village, where he was to take an examination that would determine the shape of the rest of his life. "He told


Now you can buy your jewelry between cruises.

If this sounds silly, then you've never visited Spritzer & Fuhrmann in the Caribbean. (In which case, please talk to someone who has.)

Here, in our New York branch, you'll find our famous collection of fine jewelry. Watches. Unusual gifts. Our traditional service, integrity and *values.*

If it's worth a trip to Curaçao to visit Spritzer & Fuhrmann (and we have friends who do just that) think of what it means to have a branch right here in New York!

SPRITZER + FUHRMANN
"Jewelers of the Caribbean"
Fourth Floor: 5 East 57 St., New York
Curaçao • Aruba • St. Maarten • Bonaire

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous Restaurant with a tradition of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via Garden State Pkway., exit 40

CONTINUOUS DANCING NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
RESTAURANT • BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

me not to say I was of my caste," the man said. "He was travelling with me and did not want to have any problem at the hostel. He instructed me to say I belonged to another caste. So when I was asked, I said I belonged to the Ahir caste—an agricultural caste, very low but not Untouchable."

An ex-Untouchable who was well on his way to high professional status told me, "I grew up in the city, and when I was eight or nine, my father said to me, 'If anybody inquires about your caste, tell him you belong to the Baria [the local higher caste] so that you may not be hindered or insulted.' When we went to visit the village, my father used to wear a Parsi gentleman's hat on the train, and my brother and I put on khaki uniforms—something like a Boy Scout uniform—and also wore Parsi caps, so that others would not know we were of the Scheduled Castes. I felt bad and awkward. I couldn't mix freely with other people. It was a hide-and-seek game. My father used to tell us we had to avoid all these things. He was not angry about it; in fact, he used to take pride in the fact that nobody questioned his identity or objected to his presence."

Many ex-Untouchables who have moved up in life have naturally continued to find it easier in many situations to pass than not to. This has often meant not falsifying one's identity but not proclaiming it, either. If one has occasionally been pushed to the point of actually giving the name of another caste as one's own—well, it has not proved so hard to do. There are so many advantages in doing so, and it corresponds to one's deepest desires. "What we want, what we have always wanted, is to become something else, to be something higher," one ex-Untouchable explained. So wherever it was needful or possible, one would pass—whether while travelling or, in a more consistent way, at one's place of work, where what other people did not know could never hurt one. The need to pass on a consistent basis seemed to arise most often from efforts to obtain better housing. In the cities, people at the lower-income levels tend to preserve their caste groups, which live quite separately, sandwiched through big blocks of slum tenements. As the economic level rises, some localities still remain caste-bound, but more generally Hindus of various castes will nowadays be found living side by side. The higher the scale, the less the separation, even for Brahmans. Anybody who has the price can move in next door—anybody, that is, except an ex-Untouchable. Here the line remains

The Assembly
Washington, D.C.

INTERNATIONAL INN
Washington, D.C.

Camellia Garden
Atlanta, Ga.

Student Prince
Springfield, Mass.

JIMMY'S RESTAURANT
Boston, Mass.

Americana BAL HARBOUR
Miami Beach, Fla.

The ROYAL ORLEANS
New Orleans, La.

Coach Grille
Boston, Mass.

The Jockey Club
Washington, D.C.

Polcari's
Boston, Mass.

"HEDGES"
is the scotch proudly served
at magnificent places

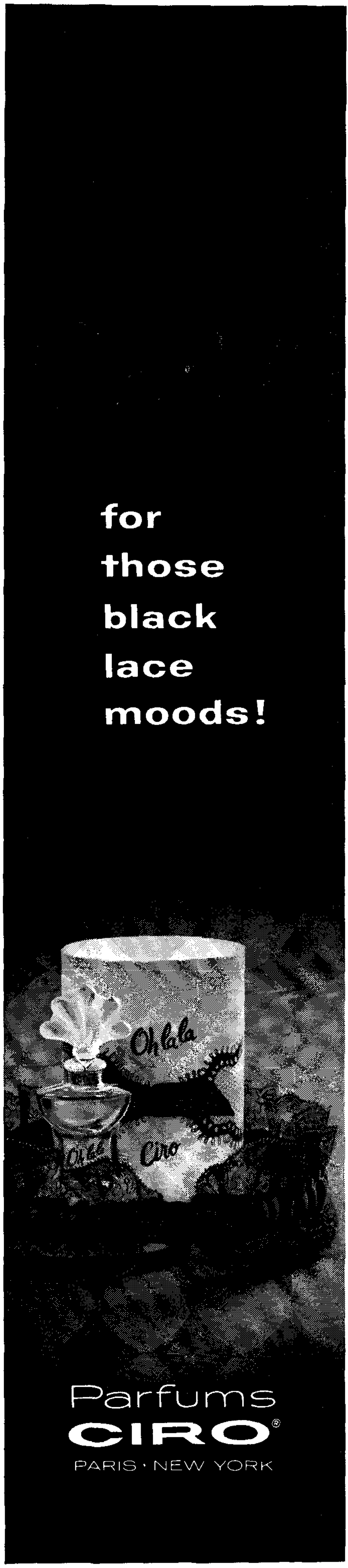
Hedges & Butler

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
1667
EST. A.D. 1667 IN THE REIGN OF H. M. KING CHARLES II

Hedges & Butler
ROYAL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
By Warrant of Appointment to
H. M. KING GEORGE VI 1940
H M KING GEORGE V 1910
H M QUEEN VICTORIA 1873
H.R.H. The PRINCE of WALES 1863
H. M. KING EDWARD VII
H. M. KING WILLIAM IV 1830
H R H. The PRINCE of WALES
H.R.H. The DUKE of EDINBURGH
H M The KING of SPAIN 1886 · H M. The KING of PORTUGAL 1907
H. I. M The EMPEROR of JAPAN 1905
4/5 QUART · 86° PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
HEDGES & BUTLER LTD.
REGENT STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND

The Company of Kings Since 1667

100% Scotch Whiskies • 86 Proof • The Westminster Corporation, New York, N.Y.



quite rigidly drawn. Better housing is open to him when it is public—in government colonies or government-supported projects—but in most privately owned housing the ex-Untouchable will be turned away if his identity is known.

However, there are strict limits to how far and for how long an educated ex-Untouchable can continue to pass successfully in India today. Some members of the Scheduled Castes have tried to disappear from view entirely, only to be overtaken eventually by the demands of life in a society still dominated by caste. One man who was passing part of the time told me, "You may be able to go up yourself, but you can't take the whole family with you. I know of some people who go far away from home and hide their identity and try to solve their problems by themselves. I know one man working for a steamship company who hid his identity and called himself by another name. He refused all help to Scheduled Caste people. He would just say he didn't belong to the Scheduled Castes. But then his family grew up and the time came to marry his daughters, and he could not find anybody. He had to come back to the community after all, to find husbands for them. You can't disappear completely. There are always parents and relatives, always ceremonies, always marriages and deaths."

Marriage remains the most formidable barrier in the path of anyone who wishes to escape his caste. Intercaste marriages are less infrequent among caste Hindus now than they were a generation ago, but such marriages involving the Scheduled Castes are still extremely rare. Ex-Untouchables who pass seldom find mates for their children outside their caste, or, if they do find them, they are unlikely to be able to keep their own caste background hidden. "It is possible but not very likely," said one informant. "In India, everybody knows everybody's caste one way or another, sooner or later. The educated people can separate, yet they can't separate, for community is part of this society. You can't be without a community. For a man without a community, all relationships are awkward. This is the culture of the country. In India, you have *got* to be connected."

The inescapable facts of caste life in India have led some ex-Untouchables to devise an in-between style, a kind of semi-passing, as their solution to the problem. What it amounts to is a system for passing in public while not passing in private. In general, it means that in all circumstances where self-advancement, comfort, and convenience dictate it, an ex-Untouchable passes as a member of some higher caste, and, at the same time, in all the circumstances that dictate the opposite course—marriage, voluntary work for the community, death—he lives in the bosom of his community. I met several people who were trying to organize their lives this way, and they did their best to explain to me just how they managed it. The technique is to take a name that is common to more than one upper caste, so that it may be assumed that you belong to one or another of the castes it suggests. You are prepared to claim one of these castes as your own, if necessary, but, generally speaking, you hope that appearances will suffice. One of these people explained it to me by saying, "The idea is that you adopt the appearance of being of a higher caste through your name and your way of life. Your professional associates must not know about you in too much detail. You can have a social life with them, but you avoid letting this social life grow too close. You go to tea, but you avoid having dinner. That's too close, so you avoid that."

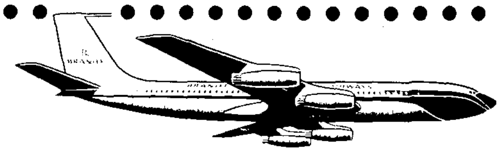
"Why not dinner?" I asked.

"Well, when you take dinner, you take it in a particular manner," he said. "You might eat out of the pot, or do something else that was not right, and spoil the whole relationship." He continued, "At the same time, you keep your connection with your community in all such things as arranging marriages, looking after family affairs, and observing ceremonies. Thus, in your public and professional life you appear to be of another caste, while in your private, personal life you are of your own community. This is difficult, but it is not as difficult as trying to disappear from the community altogether."

Among the people I met who were engaged in this tightrope walking as a way of life, one was a lawyer, who told me that he had taken his name—a common upper-caste name—while he was still in law school, and that he had gone through the proper legal procedure, which took two months. His diploma was made out in his new name. "In this way, I started out fresh," he said. Thanks to "a certain fraternity" of people accustomed to this way of life, he went on, he was able to set himself up in practice. I gathered that a few

Braniff/Eastern Super-Jets
to South America . . .
every day, at just the times you'd choose

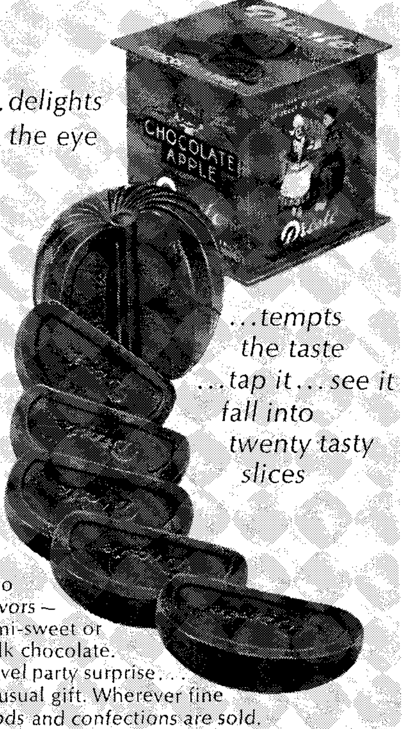
Convenient afternoon or early evening flights, daily from Kennedy International Airport, jet you to more of South America than any other airline. One-stop jet service to Panama and Bogota — fast, dependable schedules to Guayaquil, Lima, La Paz, Asuncion, Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo and Rio. No other airline serves so much of South America, so well. In the air there is nothing finer than Braniff service, friendly, attentive, luxurious. On your next trip to South America, enjoy daily Braniff/Eastern Super-jet service from New York. Muchas gracias!



Call your Travel Agent, Braniff or Eastern

BRANIFF/EASTERN
INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
AIR LINES

New York Reservations: MU 7-8200
New York Reservations: YU 6-5000



Droste®
OF HOLLAND
CHOCOLATE
APPLE

...delights
the eye

...tempts
the taste
...tap it...see it
fall into
twenty tasty
slices

Two
flavors –
semi-sweet or
milk chocolate.
Novel party surprise...
unusual gift. Wherever fine
foods and confections are sold.

H. Hamstra & Co. • Importers • Clifton, N. J.

Continental Intrigue Trench Coat - All-weather "Zelan" finish cotton Twill. Leather buttons. For Boys or Girls.
3 to 6x (with hat)..$14.95
8 to 12 (with hat)..$17.95
14 to 20 (no hat)..$19.95
ALL PRICES PPD.

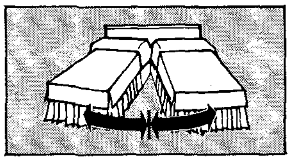
MAIL ORDERS ANY WHERE IN THE WORLD

Tennis... Anyone?

Luxurious high-bulk non-allergenic Orlon Sweater- Authentic Cable stitched. White with red/blue trim
2 to 3x (toddler)...$3.95...3 to 6x...$4.95...
7 to 12...$5.95...14 to 20...$6.95...PPD.
LULLABYE - PREP SHOPS 224 Worth Ave. Palm Beach, Fla.

NEW! SWING AWAY FRAME FOR EASIEST BED-MAKING!

EXCLUSIVE!
glide-a-frame
by Warco revolutionizes bed-making forever!
$40.00 EACH
FOB



- Eliminates lifting, saves carpets and floors
- Upper frame moves, lower frame stays stationary
- Locks open or closed. Money-back guarantee

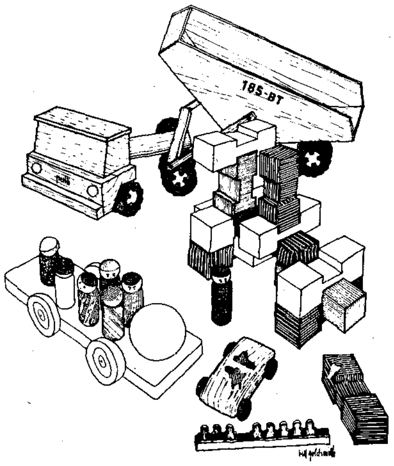
WRITE FOR FREE INFORMATION

WARCO PATENT BED CO. DEPT. B
P. O. BOX 338, DELAWARE, OHIO

friends who knew his identity sent him some clients for a start. "I get caste-Hindu clients, Mohammedan clients, and a few Scheduled Caste people who know me," he said. "About ninety per cent of my clients do not know I belong to the Scheduled Castes. If they knew, they would not employ me, so naturally I have to conceal the fact. It is a problem. In the profession generally, people do not know I am Scheduled Caste, though some of my associates do know. I mix with many non-Scheduled Caste lawyers at dinner, lunch, tea; sometimes I go to their homes. My wife, who is Scheduled Caste and is educated up to matric, does not go with me on such occasions. It is not the custom. My lawyer friends come to my home, too, perhaps two or three times a year. I live in a neighborhood where all sorts of high-caste people live. They do not know there that we are Scheduled Caste. I have some good friends, whom I visit often—perhaps every week or so. Some of them know what I am, some do not." He was able, it seemed, to keep a mental card file and always to remember who knew what he was and who did not know. If this was a wearing business, he gave no sign of it. Indeed, it was when ex-Untouchables were talking to me about things like this that I felt least sure I had any idea how they actually felt about what they were telling me. I had to assume that on this subject, above all, they were protecting themselves psychologically as well as they could. There were confusions and contradictions and ambiguities when we got down to details, but I had to be content with leaving most of them unresolved. This was especially true when I asked the most troubling question of all: What about the children—what do you tell your children?

Whenever the subject of children came up in conversation with educated ex-Untouchables, things invariably grew very confused. What had been up to that point a reasonably clear line of communication was suddenly clogged. Facts would become unclear or contradictory. Several men with young children told me that they had never said *anything about their background* to their children, and expressed the belief that the children had no knowledge of it. Then they would go on to tell me how they had taken their children back to their family villages for visits, and I was left to wonder what they thought their children had learned there. I met one father who declared emphatically that he would never take his children back to the village for that very reason.

Wooden toys from Finland, Germany, & Switzerland. Sand Truck $8 / H-Blocks $3 doz. / Painted Skittle Car $4.75 / Rennwagen $3.25 / Counting Men $2.25.



D|R

DESIGN RESEARCH
57 BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

D/R INTERNATIONAL
53 EAST 57th ST. &
866 LEX. AVE., N.Y.

BAMER HOTEL
mexico city

service beyond comparison

Ask your travel agent
U.S Representatives:
Robert F. Warner Inc.

New York, N.Y.
Tel: JUdson
6-4500

Chicago, Ill.
Tel: RAndolph
6-0624

from 10:30 PM on
Bobby Short
at
LE CAPRICE

FABULOUS FOOD
LUNCHEON DINNER
SUPPER
10 East 52nd St
PL 1-0845

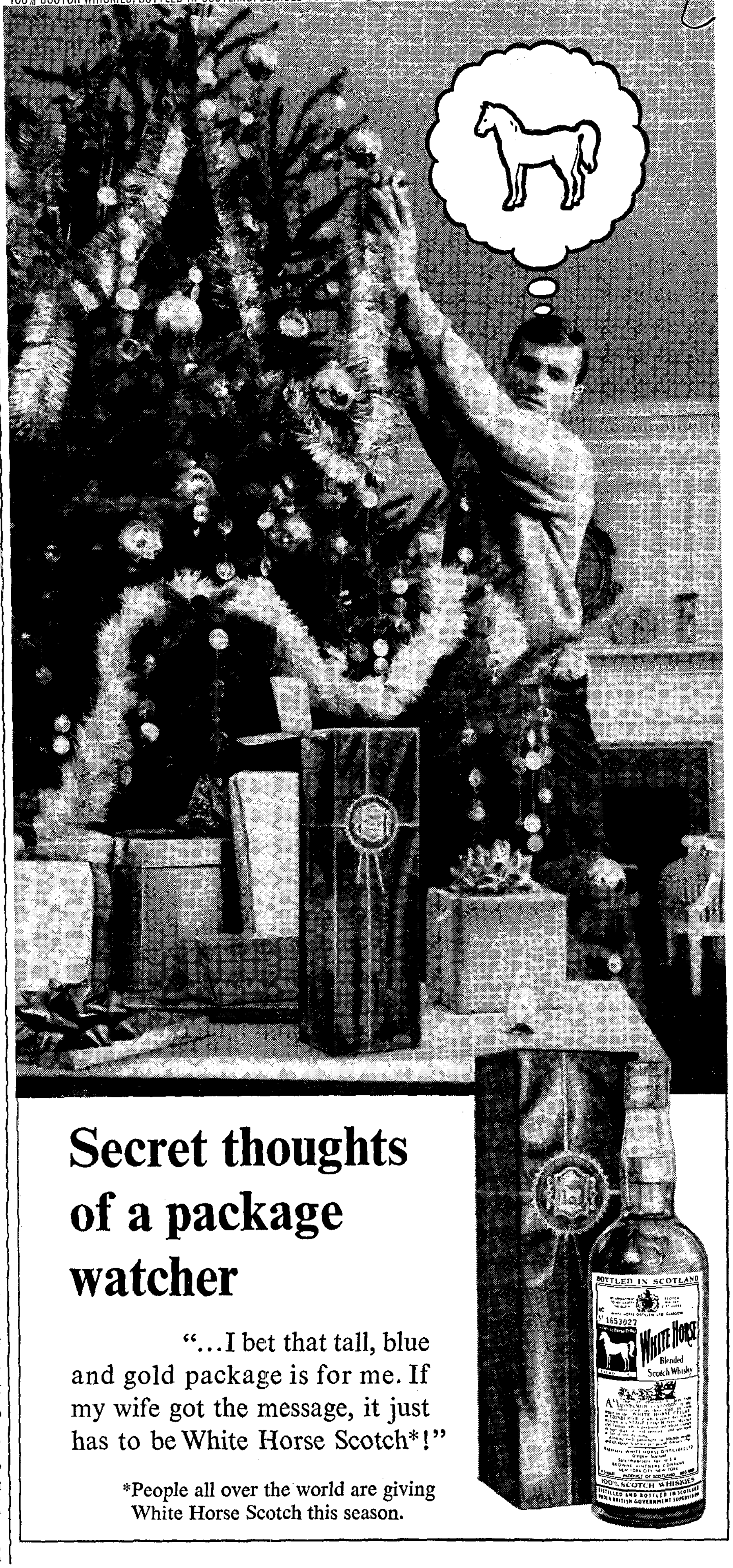
"My son is fourteen and I have never taken him back to the village," said this man, a senior civil servant in Bangalore. "I don't want my children to have any experience of Untouchability. They don't know what it is, because they have never experienced it, though they have read about it in books. They do not identify themselves with it. My son goes to public school and is in a mixed class, where it does not come up. He knows that his caste is Adikarnataka, but he does not know his identity as an Untouchable."

My Congress M.P. acquaintance in New Delhi said, "Up to now, I have not told my children. I have sons of twelve, ten, and nine, and a daughter of five. I have not told them all the things that have happened." But then he added, "Now my oldest son knows that he belongs to such a caste, though up to a year ago I avoided it. He asked me one day, 'Father, what caste do we belong to? The boys were saying that you are a Chamar. Is this correct?' I said, 'Yes, this is correct.' But up to that time none of the children had known about these things."

IN the minds of the ex-Untouchables I met, the future took many different shapes. I did not meet any who were bouncing with bright optimism, but neither did I meet any in deep despair. The older ones seemed weary and rather discouraged, but among the younger ones there were rising expectations—if not for the group as a whole, at least for themselves. I came, surprisingly, upon only one example of an ex-Untouchable who had been pushed by circumstances into violent anger, openly expressed. This was a young man who, at a meeting I had with a group of students in the city of Mysore, rose and made a long speech, which he wound up by saying, "The Congress Party is making fools of the Scheduled Castes! We need to revolt against the whole caste system! Half of all the caste Hindus must be killed immediately. I can't tolerate it!" Among the several dozen young people I met, one told me he "hated" Brahmans, and another burst out suddenly with "I want to avenge my people! I want to *do* something!" When I asked this young man how he thought he could avenge them, he answered, in a deflated voice, "I can't say. I don't know how. Oh, why do they hate us? Now we are educated. That is the barbarous way, to fight, and that way I don't like. The second is the civilized way—to go ahead and be equal."

Most of the people I spoke to did

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED 86 PROOF. ©1964 BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS.

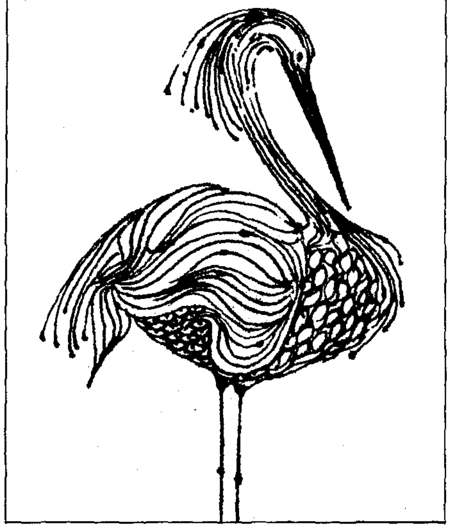


Secret thoughts of a package watcher

"...I bet that tall, blue and gold package is for me. If my wife got the message, it just has to be White Horse Scotch*!"

*People all over the world are giving White Horse Scotch this season.

CHRISTMAS AT ADVENTURE INN ON SUBTROPICAL HILTON HEAD ISLAND, S.C. • FEAST ON ROAST ISLAND PIG & SYLLABUB • HEAR SPIRITUALS SUNG AROUND THE FIRESIDE • HUNT PHEASANT & DEER AT HONEYHORN • GOLF ON 2 CHAMPIONSHIP COURSES AND A LIGHTED PAR-THREE • HOLIDAY RATE, $48 PER PERSON INCLUDES 6 DAYS, 5 NIGHTS, BREAKFAST & DINNER, ROOM WITH BALCONY ON THE OCEAN. CALL 803-785-3372 • WRITE THE ADVENTURE INN • BOX 10



ZIP CODE: 10022

Doesn't say much, does it? But the code that will interest you is our code of personal service. It goes with our decor, hospitality, sensible rates. Free Parking for transient guests. Family Plan.

THE Sheraton Gladstone

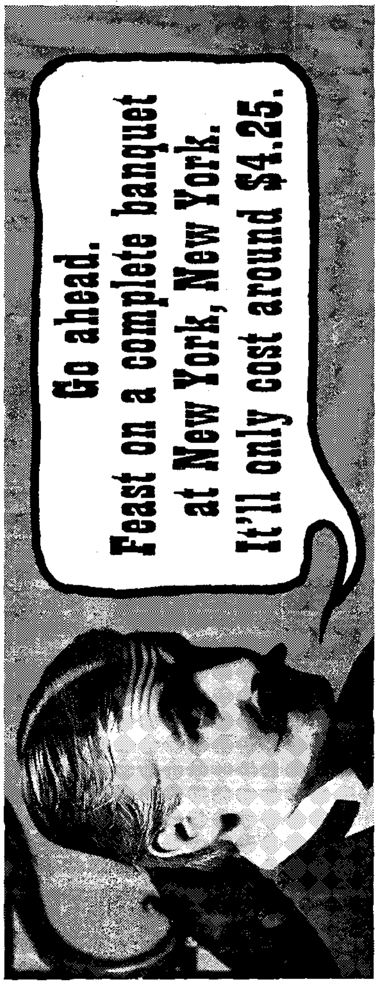
114 E. 52nd St., New York 10022
Telephone (212) PL 3-4300
Under the same Direction as the adjacent Sheraton-East
HAROLD P. BOCK, V.P. & GEN. MGR.

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

not express any such feelings, though one had to assume that the feelings were there. A man in his forties told me how he had won his way to higher education by reading under Bombay street lamps, and had finally been admitted to a college in 1941. He said, "After six months at the college, I started suffering from headaches. Because of these headaches, I was in Inter-Arts—the second year of the degree course—for three years. I suffered three failures because I couldn't study. I joined a government department as a clerk in 1943, went on reading for my exam, and hoped that my headaches would just disappear, so that I would be able to get through. I went to many doctors, but nobody could diagnose them. A brain specialist examined me and said he could do nothing. I tried a nature cure, according to Ayurvedic medicine, but that only made me gain some weight. I had to pay what I could for all this medical service out of my salary of ninety rupees a month, and, of course, I could not save anything. Finally, in 1944, I passed my Inter-Arts exam and went on for my B.A., and I got through the B.A. in 1947. I still get headaches." I asked a psychiatrist in Bombay about this—he was a Moslem who had received his training in England. "All the feelings you *think* ought to be there *are* there," he said. "Only they are very well repressed." He believed this to be the pattern among Indians generally, who, he said, were even more given than other people to make-believe in dealing with life's problems. This was only a guess, he added, and I gathered from him and others that very little is known as yet about the effects of specific cultural patterns on the psychodynamics of individuals—particularly in India, where there are deep blocks against this kind of self-scrutiny.

However, all the ex-Untouchables I talked with did share one explicit wish: to be free of the stigma of having been Untouchables. For this they would also have to cease being ex-Untouchables. They had to become something different, something not connected in any way with the rejected past. What they wanted was to assume wholly new identities that would be accepted by society. This was no small wish. To realize it, for the great mass of ex-Untouchables, the whole of Indian society would have to make itself over; it would have to conquer its economic and social backwardness, abolish caste, and put all its people on some new and common footing. This is not something anyone in India expects will come


Go ahead.
Feast on a complete banquet
at New York, New York.
It'll only cost around $4.25.

"New York, New York;" the restaurant at Lefrak City, on the L.I. Expressway
Free Parking. Phone (212) WELCOME 9-1910.

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino ON THE Park
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club
ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants
SeaFare
Newest Branch
25 West 56th St.
Near Fifth Ave.
1033 First Ave.
at 57th St. Sutton Place
44 West 8th St.
Greenwich Village
Diner's Club • American Exp.

HOUSTON'S TRADITIONAL HOST
THE RICE HOTEL
For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080 in New York or see your travel agent.

about soon. If there was any despair in the ex-Untouchables' outlook as I found it, it was over the distance and dimness of the prospects for this large change. Still, each man, meanwhile, had to shape his own view of the future he wanted for himself and for the group to which he found himself attached. Among those I talked to, I encountered four ideas about this—that is, four ways out for the ex-Untouchable. The first one was to achieve economic self-betterment. The second was to get out of the caste system altogether by quitting Hinduism and embracing another religion. The third was to remain Hindu and continue inside the caste system but to achieve true touchability for the Scheduled Castes. The last and faintest of these hopes was to have their new identity as *Indians*—citizens of the new Indian nation—become strong enough to take precedence over the caste or group identity they might continue to possess.

Economic self-betterment in India has to begin with education, and education has so far come to only ten per cent of the ex-Untouchables. Only the young people now in school can be counted on to acquire a new outlook, and new desires, and to reach for new positions in the society. The millions of ex-Untouchables in the villages have had their status changed by legal fiat but in hardly any other way. They remain where they have always been, caught in the great bog of backwardness. Perhaps here and there one of them becomes aware of new pressures and new possibilities, but he never sees himself as part of the new picture. An ultimate emergence from poverty would, of course, help solve many problems for the ex-Untouchables as well as the rest of India's poverty-bound masses. A few ex-Untouchables may share in the rise of the new Indian middle class, but it will be a long time before they become numerous enough to denote a change in the status of the majority of the ex-Untouchables. Yet, even assuming the best of all possible outcomes of India's struggle for economic advancement during the coming decades—and optimism in this respect must be restrained—one has to recognize that the rising ex-Untouchable's problems will not be met by rupees alone. For generations to come, the society will be wrestling with what one Hindu liberal has called "the monster of caste." Meanwhile, the ex-Untouchable will have to cope with all the burdens it imposes upon him.

As already stated, one way of trying to solve the problem of Untouchability

CORA
ASTI SPUMANTE
CORA
F.LLI FRATELLI CORA
TORINO
SPARKLING WINE

Why don't the Italians call it champagne?

Why don't they play baseball in the Colosseum?

Why don't they straighten that leaning tower?

Italians are Italians, that's why. And Cora Asti Spumante is Cora Asti Spumante. There's no other sparkling wine quite like it.

You'll either like it less than champagne or you'll like it more. Many people like it more.

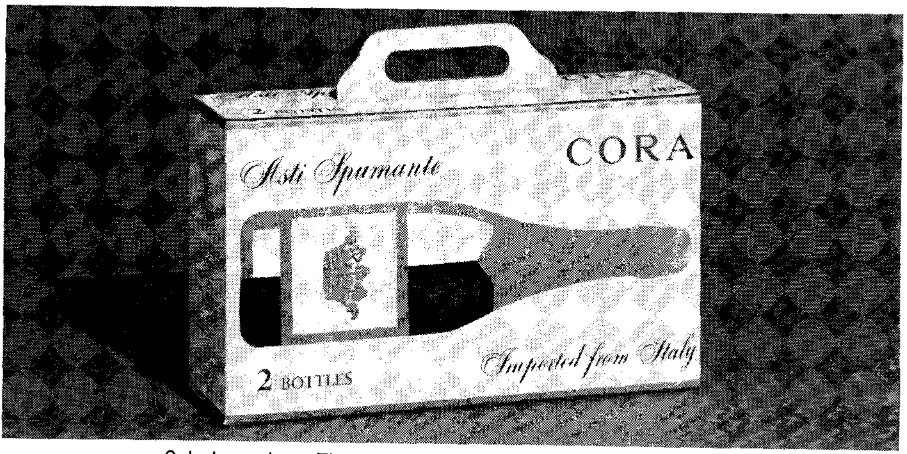
Cora Asti Spumante is a little sweeter than champagne, for one thing.

It's a little less expensive, too.

But the only way to know the difference is to taste it.

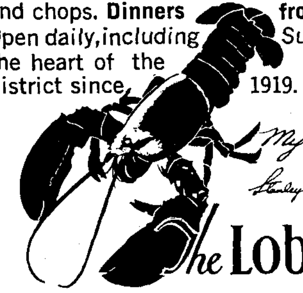
Why not carry home a handsome 2-pack of Cora Asti Spumante tonight? It has more class than an attaché case.

If you'd like a sparkling wine that's a little dryer than champagne, we make that, too. Cora Lacryma Christi.



Sole Importers: Thompson Cellars Co., Louisville, Ky. © 1964

for travel
COLOGNE FOR MEN
alfred dunhill
available at fine stores everywhere
plastic travel set $5.50—also individually boxed



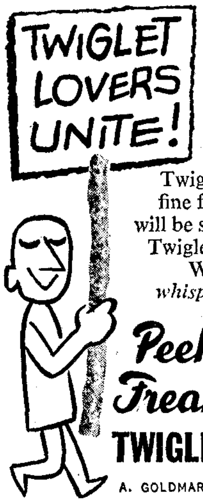
45 YEARS ON 45th STREET!

The city's famous sea food restaurant featuring the finest sea food, steaks and chops. Dinners from $3.25. Open daily, including Sunday. In the heart of the theatre district since 1919.

Myron Fine
Stanley E. Fine

The Lobster

145 W. 45th St. • JU 2-0400



TWIGLET LOVERS UNITE!
Stop telling your friends about new Twiglets! Soon everyone will be nibbling these zesty imported snacks. The Twiglet shelf at your favorite fine food or department store will be swept clean in an orgy of Twiglet buying. So be discreet. When you order Twiglets, whisper. (And get a few extra boxes. Just to be safe.)

Peek Frean's TWIGLETS

A. GOLDMARK & SONS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

has been to quit the Hindu fold altogether, escaping from caste by leaving the religion that supports it. In the last three centuries, large numbers of Untouchables have abandoned Hinduism and sought greater dignity for themselves in other beliefs. At various periods during this long history, they have become Buddhists, Moslems, and Christians. Ambedkar took the way out through conversion, and this was foreshadowed quite early in his career. In a famous speech in 1936, he put an Untouchable declaration of independence from Hinduism on the same footing as a Hindu declaration of independence from Britain. "Just as *swaraj* [self-government] is necessary for India, so also is change of religion necessary for the Untouchables," he said. "The underlying motive in both the movements is the desire for freedom." He went on, "My self-respect cannot assimilate Hinduism. . . . I tell you, religion is for man, and not man for religion. If you want to organize, consolidate, and be successful in this world, change this religion. The religion that does not recognize you as human beings, or give you water to drink, or allow you to enter the temples is not worthy to be called a religion. . . . The religion that does not teach its followers to show humanity in dealing with its co-religionists is nothing but a display of force. The religion that asks its adherents to suffer the touch of animals but not the touch of human beings is not religion but a mockery. . . . The religion that compels the ignorant to be ignorant and the poor to be poor is not religion but a visitation!" Not until twenty years later, after much wrestling with Hindu intransigence and much painful contemplation of alternatives, did Ambedkar finally choose Buddhism as the way out for himself and for the Untouchables he led. One reason for his choice was that Buddhism rejected caste and, in matters of the soul, offered equal status to all men. Another reason was that it was close enough to the tradition of the culture not to "denationalize" those who embraced it. Buddha, after all, was a Hindu himself, and his appeal to the common humanity of mankind twenty-five hundred years ago brought him into conflict with the Hindu powers of his day. There are those who think that it was because Buddhism threatened the social structure maintained by the Hindus that it was never able to establish itself successfully in the land of its birth, and it was one of Ambedkar's theories that the first Untouchables were those who were punished by a

AFTER the PLAY

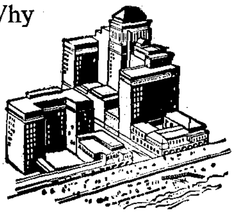
Come Here For Supper.

Just what you had in mind: steak & eggs, *Tex-Mex chili*, steak thumbits, sirloin-burgers, and a whole herd of hearty surprises! Dine in the plush intimacy of a candlelit Victorian alcove, or whoop it up around the piano in The Saloon. Entrees from $1.65, after 11 nightly.

LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.

THE CATTLEMAN

THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200



PREDICTION

The day will come when you will come. Why not hasten that day by making a reservation now.

CHALFONTE—HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 74 Years
For Reservations: Ask operator for 609-344-5131 collect

STRAPARAMA®

The authority on Fine leather watchstraps. Made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All widths and lengths; all colors. Attached in one minute; for men and women. 2.50 to 10.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts. New York 17, N. Y.

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper

Russian Tea Room

Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

taboo for embracing the radical doctrine. Eventually, Buddha was taken in as a Hindu deity, and his doctrines were successfully Hinduized—though this process, too, is veiled in obscurity and controversy. The relevant point is that Ambedkar chose Buddhism not only because of what he felt that it preached but because it was native to his native land. He had given thought over the years to Sikhism, a five-hundred-year-old offshoot of Hinduism, and also to Islam and Christianity, both of which came to India more than a thousand years ago. Even after partition, when most of India's Moslems were transferred to the sovereignty of Pakistan, India retained a Moslem minority of forty-five million. Indian Christians number some ten million, more than half of them Roman Catholics. There are Nestorian Christian communities in Malabar that date back to the fifth century, and tradition puts the arrival of Christianity in India in the middle of the first century, when St. Thomas the apostle is supposed to have arrived on the Malabar coast. The Portuguese brought Roman Catholicism to the country in the sixteenth century, and the British brought Protestantism a century later. Both Islam and Christianity attracted large numbers of Untouchables, though no one can now say how many. There is a record of Christian effort for the uplift of these lowly castes, and there is also a remarkable record of Hindu caste lines' being carried over and maintained within the social systems of both the Christians and the Moslems. This arresting fact came to general attention only in more recent years, and in a peculiarly ironic way—when the advantages for ex-Untouchables in the form of government benefits began to outweigh the stigma attached to Untouchability. Christian Untouchables, Sikh Untouchables, and apparently Moslem Untouchables as well clamored to be counted in. The Mahars who followed Ambedkar are the only ex-Untouchables in India who have attempted mass conversion as a way out of their troubles. I was told that as many as two and a half million of them, or about half the total Mahar population, have embraced Buddhism. These converts are often called "Neo-Buddhists," but, whether they are called Neo-Buddhists or simply Buddhists, the new label remains for all practical purposes synonymous with "Mahar," which, in turn, is synonymous with "Untouchable." An additional difficulty they face is that if they are to receive benefits from the government, Neo-Buddhists must,

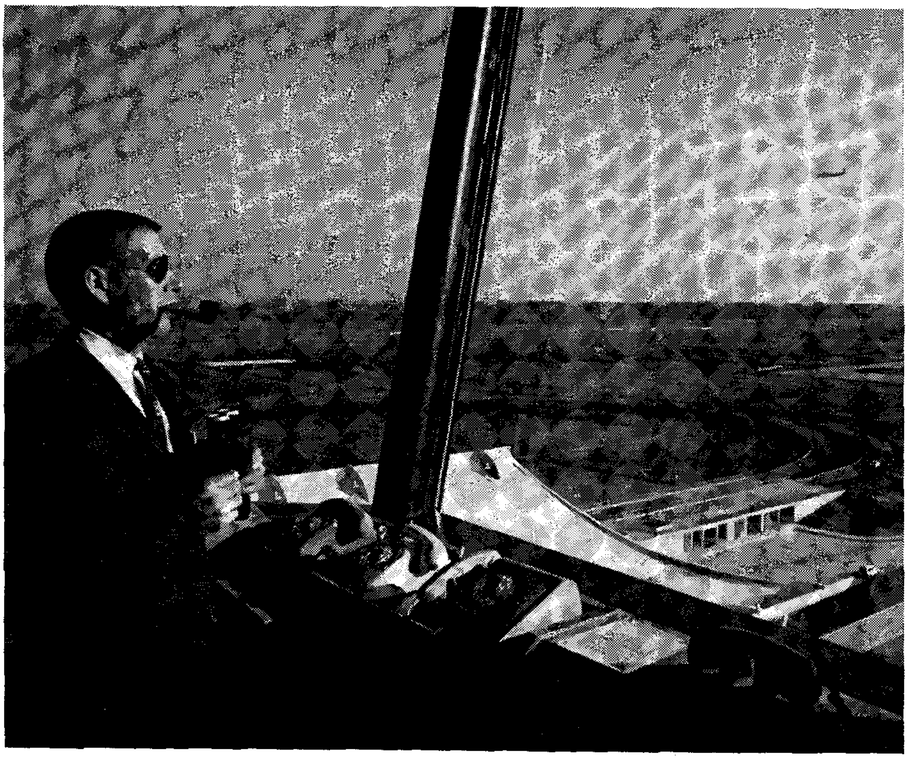
CHARTREUSE

Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

But then why not? Chilled Chartreuse goes with lots of things...grapefruit, ice cream, desserts...and, naturally, on the rocks or as a highball. The main point is: chill Chartreuse before you serve it. For that's the new way to add finesse to Chartreuse's 350-year-old flavor. A most venerable and versatile liqueur. For an idea-ful booklet on drinking and cooking with Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Department F.

CHARTREUSE
(have the genius to chill it)
GREEN, 110 PROOF—YELLOW, 86 PROOF



This man is enjoying a Holiday

Whatever your job, it's a holiday anytime you light up a pipeful of flavorful, aromatic Holiday Mixture. There's relaxation built into its blend of five custom-selected tobaccos, with the aroma men relish and women welcome, too. Get Holiday today!

FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

Larus & Brother Co. Inc., Richmond 8, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

HOLIDAY
Pipe Mixture

for official purposes, remain Scheduled Caste.

Abandonment of Hinduism is a radical step that has not been taken by many ex-Untouchables. Far more commonly, they want to remain within the Hindu fold and would be happy within it if they could only achieve a status of touchability. "Let each one remain in his caste, but let every caste be touchable" is their motto. I heard frequent variations of this in the conversation of ex-Untouchables who were not followers of Ambedkar, who had never dreamed of being anything but Hindus, who wanted to live in caste groups as they always had, and asked only to cease being pariahs. This was essentially Gandhi's view of the way out: to preserve the caste system but to reform it by doing away with Untouchability—that is, by giving the Untouchables access to the temples, access to the common utilities, such as wells, and assistance in raising the conditions of their life to some more tolerable level. What Gandhi evidently wanted, instead of abolishing caste, was to restore the ancient system under which there were only four large groups. Although the post-Gandhian Congress leadership has been ritually committed to the more radical idea of abolishing caste, its actions have conformed much more closely to an acceptance of the idea that caste is here to stay and the thing to do is to make it more tolerable for the groups at the very bottom. What has been legally abolished is not caste but Untouchability, and the problem is to transform this legal fact into a social reality. What many ex-Untouchables say they would prefer would be for the society to let the Untouchable groups cross the line and join the mass of lowly Sudras, let them remain as humble as they might be, let them retain all their divisions and subdivisions, like everyone else, but let them be *touchable*. Caste groups have been known to improve their status, rising from some lower to some higher place in the complicated Hindu hierarchy of castes, but this has always taken many generations to accomplish. I did not meet any ex-Untouchables who were optimistic about the outlook for achieving touchability in this way. One said he thought it would take a hundred years; another said four hundred years.

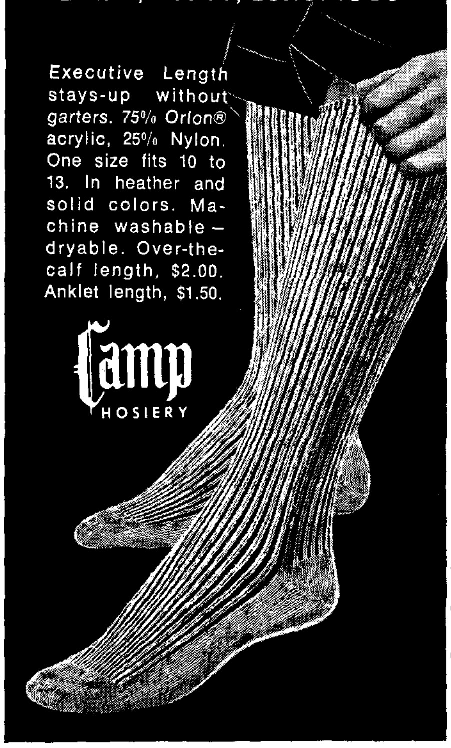
Flickering here and there among these thoughts of the future, I found, was the gleam of an idea larger than touchability and caste. This was the notion that there was a new identity in which all could share—an identity called *Indian*. This was a nationality

BUOYANT 7®
LIGHT, LOFTY, LUXURIOUS

Executive Length stays-up without garters. 75% Orlon® acrylic, 25% Nylon. One size fits 10 to 13. In heather and solid colors. Machine washable—dryable. Over-the-calf length, $2.00. Anklet length, $1.50.

Camp HOSIERY

FEATURED AT ALL wallachs STORES
Mail Orders MU 6-3400. 323 E. 44th St., N. Y.



neige (snow) assurance
(at Lac Beauport, 10 miles from Québec City)

SKIING GUARANTEED at Le Manoir St. Castin every day early December through April. Modern double chair and 4 T-bar lifts—no waiting ever. Ski School and Ski week plans available. PLEASURE GUARANTEED day and night. Gracious *French* Hospitality; exquisite *French* cuisine and the *French* Flair for Fun. Entertainment, parties. Fresh, restful private rooms and baths. SNOW GUARANTEED for 125 glorious days! See the Manoir; the slopes right at your door and *LA NEIGE*. Send for our free color brochure or consult your Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner / 123 Park Ave. / N.Y. / JU 6-4500

MANOIR St. Castin
Dept.200
Lac Beauport, P.Q.

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

TURNBULL ELEVATOR
Residence Lift

The easy way to get upstairs
and you'll be surprised how little it costs
FOR INFORMATION, CONTACT SALES DEPARTMENT
TURNBULL ELEVATOR
P.O. BOX No. 174, TIMES SQUARE STATION,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036 PL 7-3030
In Canada: 126 John Street, Toronto 2-B 2

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

Nino's RESTAURANT
CUCINA CLASSICA
Telephone: BEDFORD VILLAGE 4-3374 4-9840
Rt. 121 BEDFORD VILLAGE, N.Y.
Merritt Pkwy Exit 31 (40 mi. from N.Y.)
Open 12 to 11 P. M. Closed Tuesdays

THE MOST UNUSUAL TOYS IN TOWN ARE AT A RESTAURANT
AVEC 172 BLEECKER ST. NEW YORK
Catalog .25 Until 6 A.M.

born only in 1947, when, amid the mass fratricide and panic of the Hindu-Moslem partition, Indian independence began. It has not yet rooted itself very deeply in Indian society, for that society is still rent and slivered by regional, linguistic, and caste divisions. In 1962, when the Chinese Communists invaded India across the high mountain passes, there was an almost convulsively patriotic response by great masses of people throughout the country—an outburst of feeling that startled, and perhaps even frightened, India's leaders. It had nowhere to go, though, and it faded so quickly that some people began to wonder whether it had ever really been there. Others, however, thought they had glimpsed something new somewhere in the multiple layers of region and caste—a mass of people whose sense of the *nation* had taken on strong, even passionate meaning.

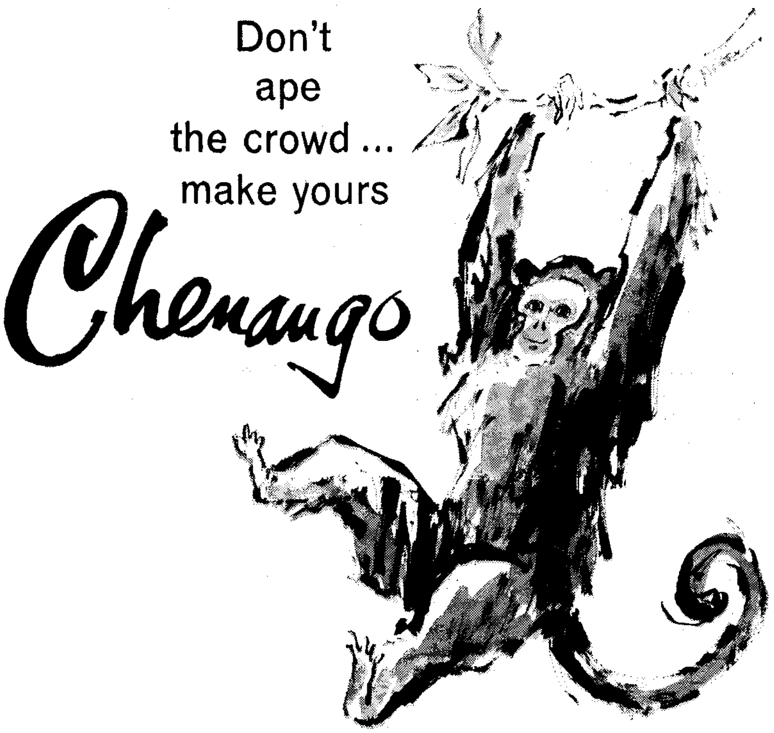
Among the ex-Untouchables I met, there was little sign of any such strong feeling, but every once in a while there was a sudden widening of viewpoint to take in something larger than caste, something called *India*. Describing the differences between himself and his father, a young aspiring chemist said, "My father never thought about the development of India, of the world, of the atomic age. He knew nothing about all this. I do know about it. He had no interest in the progress of India, but I read about the problems of this progress every day in the newspaper. He reads no newspapers; he doesn't read anything." A Class 1 civil servant told me he was seriously considering quitting his highly coveted job because it limited him too much in pursuing his larger interests. He said, "I have it in mind to change. I am interested in the economic and political conditions of India. I want to concern myself about these problems." Dr. Parvathamma, in trying to identify herself for me, said, "I cannot take refuge in Hinduism or Indian philosophy, for I am really quite skeptical. I therefore cannot really call myself a Hindu. I am an *Indian national*, and that's all I am!"

Forty years ago, Ambedkar went through a series of crises and choices involving these same issues. When they began, in the mid-twenties, he stood aloof from the burgeoning struggle for Indian independence. The Untouchables, he thought, had to win religious, political, and human rights for themselves before they could enjoy any larger freedom. His thrusts at Hindu nationalists on this issue were sharp. Caste Hindus liked to say that people

65% "DACRON"® polyester /35% COMBED COTTON
plus
SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP BY REIS
means
THE BEST UNDERWEAR YOU CAN BUY

HERE'S WHY. 65% "Dacron"/35% cotton is the ultimate wash-and-wear blend. Lightweight, soft, luxurious. Reis knits the finest fabric and tailors each garment to perfection. Keep size and shape better . . . last longer. Underwear, including athletic shirt, $1.50. Pajamas about $6.00.

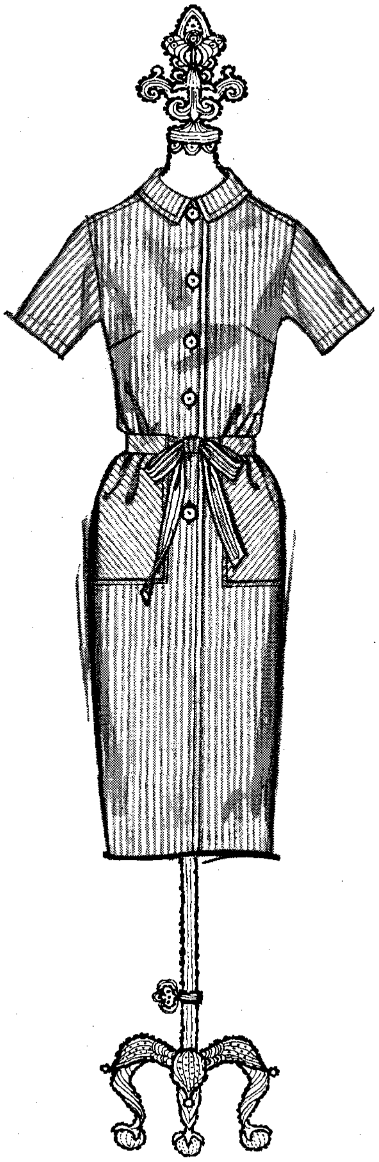
ROBERT REIS & CO. 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y. REIS®



Don't
ape
the crowd . . .
make yours
Chenango

New AFTER SHAVE COLOGNE and aerosol DEODORANT FOR MEN.
Originated by FRANCES DENNEY. Available at fine stores.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Authority

Something to inspire confidence,
and bring forth the native hue
of resolution. A strong-minded
blend of Arnel triacetate and
cotton, striped in firm clear
colors up and down. The sash,
tunneling under pockets,
adjusts the waist according
to your degree of resolution
at the moment. Blue, Olive,
Yellow, Red. Sizes 6 to 16.
About twenty-three dollars at
good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1964 ; MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

were not ready for anything as radical as the end of ancient caste practices, he noted, so why, then, did they clamor for independence, "when the people as a whole were neither prepared for it nor deserved it?" When Ambedkar was criticized for urging an independent militant politics for Untouchables, he replied, "If Tilak [the first hero of Indian nationalism, in the generation before Gandhi's] had been born among the Untouchables, he would not have raised the slogan '*Swaraj* [self-government] is my birthright' but the slogan 'Annihilation of Untouchability is my birthright!'" Caste-Hindu nationalists did not find it easy to take up Ambedkar's challenge to those who "raised violent protests against the insulting treatment meted out to the Indians in South Africa . . . and at the same time denied human rights to their countrymen and co-religionists in India." When Ambedkar talked this way, the Congress nationalists called him a "traitor." Like people elsewhere who have felt themselves caught in a hopeless web of rejection and oppression, he sometimes thought of migration as a way out. "You must abolish your slavery yourselves," he told his fellow-Untouchables in 1929. "It is disgraceful to live at the cost of one's self-respect. Self-respect is a most vital factor in life. Without it a man is a mere cipher." He suggested that they might migrate "to some better and distant lands." In 1930, the year of one of Gandhi's major civil-disobedience campaigns against the British, Ambedkar finally took a stand in favor of an independent India but at the same time demanded adequate safeguards for the Untouchable minority. Facing the British in London at a Round Table Conference that year, he spoke for Indian freedom. Then, back in India, he had his historic first meeting with Gandhi, in Bombay, and, according to the record kept by Gandhi's secretary, this exchange took place:

AMBEDKAR: "Gandhiji, I have no homeland."

GANDHI: "You have got a homeland, and from reports that have reached me of your work at the Round Table Conference, I know you are a patriot of sterling worth."

AMBEDKAR: "You say I have got a homeland, but still I repeat that I am without it. How can I call this land my own homeland and this religion my own wherein we are treated worse than cats and dogs, wherein we cannot get water to drink? No self-respecting Untouchable worth the name will be proud of this land. . . . I do not feel sorry for being branded as a traitor; for the responsibilities of our action lie with the land that dubs me a traitor. . . . If, in my endeavor to secure human rights for my people, who have been trampled upon in this country for ages, I do any disservice to this country, it would not be a sin. . . . I have been striving to win human rights for my people without meaning or doing any harm to this country."

In the years that followed, Ambedkar veered back and forth in his search for a balance between his identity as an Untouchable and his commitment to India as an Indian. He served his country as its first Law Minister and as a drafter of its new Constitution, but although that Constitution "abolished" Untouchability, he despaired of the Untouchables' ever winning a decent status for themselves as long as they remained Hindus, and that was why he finally took the path of conversion as a way out. Yet even in this, as I have already suggested, his choice of Buddhism was, in essence, a compromise with his sense of nationality. Ambedkar died leaving all these issues unresolved, all these conflicts unsettled. They hang today over those who have followed him. One follower, not convinced that a change of religion was enough of an answer, told me that whenever he was asked that eternal and infernal question "What are you?" he had his answer ready. "When anybody asks me, I say, 'I belong to this nation, India. I'm an *Indian*.' I suppose the person thinks, 'He's an educated Mahar.' If so, I am not ashamed to have him think that. I am proud of my community. But I do really *feel* like an *Indian*. This is the best answer. I consider myself one with my country." The question remains whether the rest of the people of his country will ever be one with him.

—HAROLD R. ISAACS

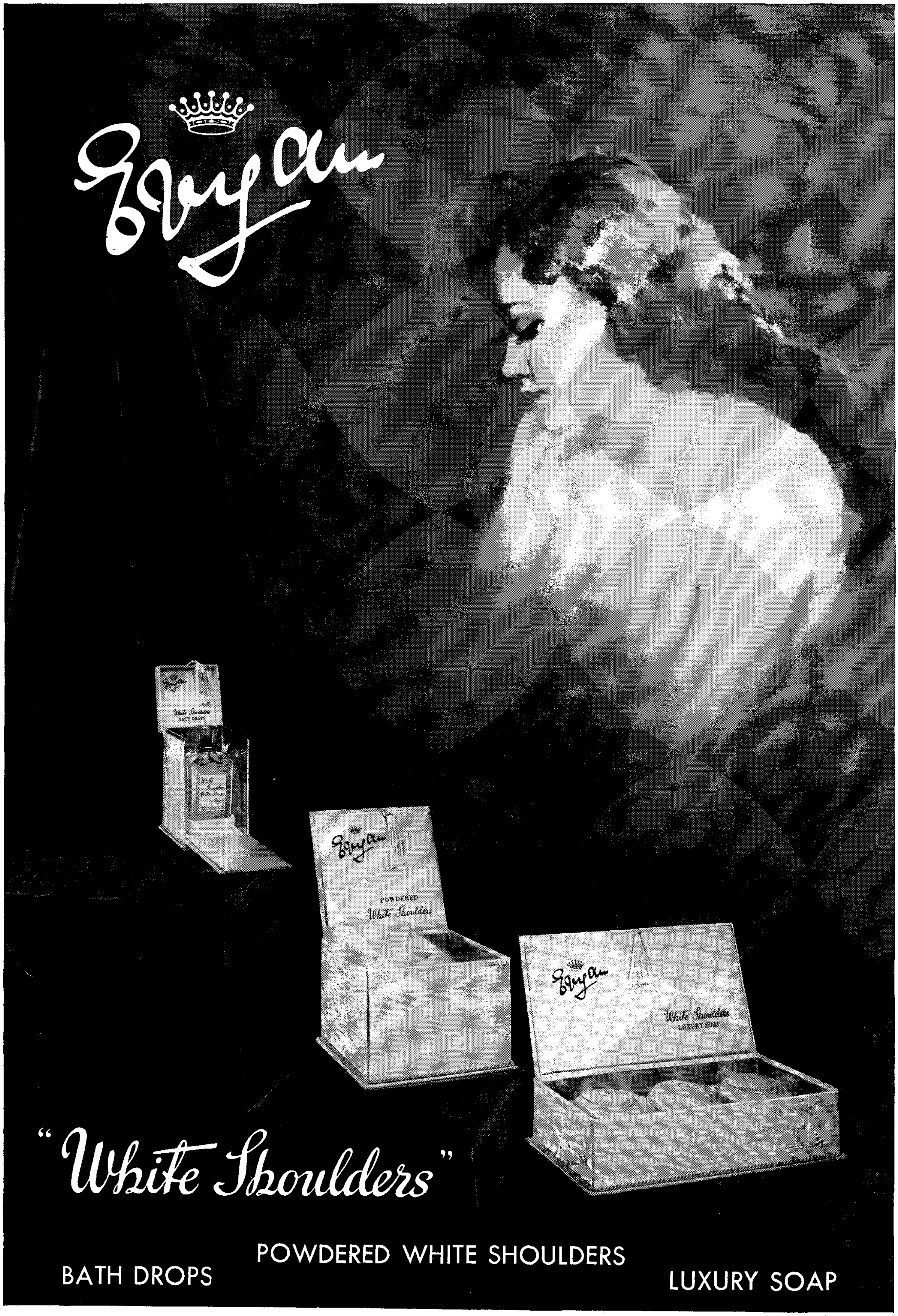
(*This is the second of two articles on the ex-Untouchables of India.*)

• •

In a way, it is all very confusing. If Sophie Tucker celebrated her 40th year in show business in 1947 and her 50th year in show business in 1953, why is 1964?—*The Post.*

and in reply asked, rather sensibly, why it is that

Because. That's why.


Evyan
"White Shoulders"
BATH DROPS
POWDERED WHITE SHOULDERS
LUXURY SOAP

It Can't Be Gay Without

COOL

Chauvenet Red Cap®

F.CHAUVENET
RED CAP
IMPORTED
F.Chauvenet
SPARKLING WINE
VIN MOUSSEUX

FRANCE'S GREAT RED SPARKLING WINE

N. B.
Also remember the same "Chauvenet" for Beaujolais, Pommard, Pouilly Fuisse and many others—all of superb quality.

©1963 SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

RESPECT

My eldest sister, Anne, died in July, 1938, the year after we moved out of the West Virginia city where my family had always lived to a brand-new suburb a few miles away. My mother mourned her, not in the elaborate Italian way of our older relatives, who still lived in the city, but simply, quietly, and endlessly. It was as though she were doling out her grief for a recipe that had no measures. We kids—my two sisters and I—were mystified by this. We know now that Mother was trying to strike some balance between the old customs that she had known as a girl and the way things were done in our new neighborhood. But then we were familiar only with the extremes: the calm, coldly efficient ways of the neighbors and the warmly florid customs of Mother's relatives and friends. We preferred the new ways to the old, to put it mildly, but if the old ways had been forced on us, if all the restrictions of an Italianate mourning had been brought down on us, we would have gone along. We could accept yes or no, black or white, all or nothing, but Mother's attempt at compromise we could not understand.

Anne's funeral itself, though, made sense to us. There was nothing compromised about it. Those who wore black wore it relentlessly; those who cried cried openly. The coffee was thicker than I had ever seen it, and the pot never stopped perking on the stove. Gifts of food were so plentiful that my uncles carried bushel baskets up from the cellar to hold it all, and the food was of the most indulgent kind—syrupy fruit, obese cheeses and salamis, and countless packages of cookies. It was months before we had eaten everything up.

When the funeral was over, when all those strangers went back to the city, we kids thought it was over for good. But it wasn't. The old friends of Mother's family kept coming back. All through the summer and fall, now that they knew where we lived, they kept coming back. Mostly it was the widows—"the black widows," Father called them, for they spun out their time courting death. Some had known Mother as a girl, and these came frequently.

Lena Torre was one of the visitors I remember vividly. She had a son, Corrado, who interested me because he was in college on a football scholarship, but all she talked of was herself and how she had lost a kidney. "One kidney!" she would bawl out at Mother, using a finger for emphasis. "One to go, Bea," she would say, rolling her eyes. She felt a mystical connection with my sister Anne, who had died of nephritis, and she hinted darkly that now that Anne was dead her own number might be coming up. But nobody worried about Lena's health. She was a tough, wiry woman—"Built like a coil spring," Father said. And she kept bouncing in when we least expected her.

The visitors annoyed Father and confused Mother. They reminded Father too much of his own childhood; they were full of advice about how Mother should conduct herself during the mourning period. It was hard for her to decide how strict to be. "Respect the dead," she would say, making some small adjustment in our activity. On Thanksgiving she prepared a roast instead of a turkey, and on Christmas she and Father left the tree undecorated and presented us with one toy each. Helen and Nora, my sisters, were given dolls. My gift was a mechanical toy—a brilliant orange auto on a green runway. A little shove would send it down a ramp, frantically around a circular track, and into a lift mechanism that raised it and tumbled it end over end onto the ramp again. There was nothing to wind; the momentum of the auto triggered the lift. With a small assist from me now and then, the auto would run on and on.

After Christmas Mass (I remember), I count the number of times the auto makes the rounds without needing a good push from me. Twenty times, I count, but if I slant the toy at the right moment, even more. All through lunch, I keep the auto going beside my chair, and afterward, experimenting, I place marbles and pencils in its path to derail it. But how long can you play with a mechanical toy? My sisters hug, dress, and undress their dolls; they pretend to feed them and burp them and put them to nap. My auto needs nothing from me. I set it on a table in the hallway, and with a little attention from my sisters it keeps on going.

When Father comes up from the cellar, where he is taking advantage of his day off to thread pipes for a shower, he stands by the table and laughs. "That damn thing!" he shouts. "Hey, Bea, you got to look."

Mother comes in from the kitchen with a good hold on a saucepan. She distrusts mechanical things, calling anything that runs a "machine."

Father presses his broad thumb down

on the roof of the auto and pushes it off. It goes for him just the way it goes for me. And though I have promised myself never to complain, though I am too big to cry, I watch it roll and think how little it needs from me. "Hey-hey!" Father shouts. "Look, look how she makes the bend." I look at the back of his hands, matted with oil and hair. Now he will get it dirty; I hate the toy but I want it to stay clean. I want Father to leave it alone, to keep it fresh for an exchange, maybe, but then I think that the store will not take it back and I break into tears.

"Sh-h-h," Mother says, setting down the saucepan on the umbrella stand in the hall. She puts a cool hand on my back and pats me down the hall into our old dining room. We have two dining rooms in our house, one with old, heavy furniture—Italianate wedding furniture—and the other with new mahogany-stained furniture purchased from Sears, Roebuck. The new room is usually forbidden to us kids, but now Mother leads me from the old to the new, for that is where we have set up the tree. Seeing the tree, devoid of ornaments as it is, only sets me off again.

"Listen, Joe, listen," Mother says, comforting me. "We have the tree—look at the tree. Is it so bad? . . . Is it so bad?"

"No, no," my sister Helen says. She and Nora have followed us down with my toy.

"Yesssss." They are ganging up on me, and I protest.

"Hey," Mother says, running her hand over my hair. "Let's look at the machine, O.K.? I really never looked at that." I carry it to her, my eyes on the quivering car, balancing the toy carefully, like a bowl of soup. Mother sits down in the captain's chair at the head of the table and takes the toy in her lap; her ringed finger hovers over it, and it becomes something enormous in her lap. She stares down at the toy, her eyes wide and frightened, her brows up. "It needs something flat," she says, gingerly lifting it to the table. But the track tilts in her hands and spills the auto down the ramp. "Gees-zoy!" she shouts, setting the toy down roughly. Around the auto goes, up it goes, down it goes.

"Listen, listen," Mother says, running her hand through her hair, packing the sides, tickling the bun. Her eyes roll up, signalling another story out of her childhood. "I was seven—seven!—just like you, Joe, when my father, your own grandfather, died, too. You know, I told you of the accident on the farm?"

"Yes," I say, but wanting to hear again of my grandfather's meeting

"Thought is only a flash between two long
nights, but this flash is everything."
Henri Poincaré

There is "grind" as well as "glamour"
in the research field. Sometimes the days
seem to have more night than light.

Then there are flashes of insight
that brighten the dark
and make it all seem worth while.

The capacity to refuse permanent
discouragement...and to generate the
flashes...is basic to our research effort.

Allied Chemical Corporation,
61 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

Allied Chemical

Divisions:
Barrett • Fibers • General Chemical
International • National Aniline
Nitrogen • Plastics • Semet-Solvay
Solvay Process • Union Texas Petroleum
In Canada:
Allied Chemical Canada, Ltd., Montreal

with the "machine," with the train.

"Well now, he was always good to me, and when he was kill—*died*, I never forgot him in my prayers. Never once. Well, one night I had a dream. He came to me, all dressed up. Just looked like him, too—but fat, a little fat and healthy, the best I ever saw him. 'Down in the cellar, Beattina'—he called me that—'down in the cellar, in the overalls pocket.' . . . I went down there, like he said to, and there, rolled up—nobody would of found it—stuck down in the pencil hole of the pocket, was the April receipt for the mortgage installment."

Mother's eyes grow round, and I know that a mortgage installment is immense.

"You lost your house, your farm, if you don't keep up the payments and have the receipts. It's your proof. So I didn't ask questions; I went down to the cellar and found the April receipt."

Mother stares hard at me, making a straight line with her mouth. To one side of her dark head, her father and mother stare down from twin oval frames of blackened mahogany. I am not so sure I would like it if my grandfather came to me, if a man with his mustaches bent his face down over me.

"You remember the dead," my mother says, still staring straight at me. "You do good to them, and they do good to you."

"But could they hurt you, Ma?" I ask. "Could dead people hurt you?" I am thinking of my grandmother, in the picture on the wall. She has not been dead for long. I knew my grandmother only slightly; when I was six, we made the trip to the old town twice to see her. I never realized she was near death then. I cannot imagine what I thought she was doing in that great white bed framed in heavy black wood. I remember kissing her on her hard, dry mouth, not understanding how she could kiss and not smile after the kiss. "Come, make up to her," I remember my uncle saying to Mother as I was pulled away from the bed, and I still see the swollen face of Mother moving past me. But now that Grandma is dead, I cannot imagine her coming to me as she is pictured—stern-faced, palely tinted, and oddly blurred, like someone who never lived at all. "Would Grandma hurt me, would *Anne* hurt me?" I say. Nobody—and I know it—ever mentions Anne's name.

Mother sits back. She presses her hand to her throat and swallows. "I didn't mean to put it in the way they would hurt you. You know Anne wouldn't hurt you. I mean, you do

Perfume Dispensers give you more fragrance from your perfume

New patented perfume and cologne dispenser from France sprays such fine mist that perfumes stay fresher, last longer. **Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed.** Beautiful styles for purse and vanity table. As shown, $4.50.

Step 5 E. 57 St., N.Y.
others from $3.50-$35.
At fine stores everywhere

Announcing a secluded new Sheraton paradise in Kauai, Hawaii

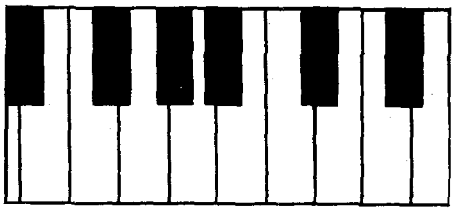
Sheraton SevenSeas Hotel
Kauai Island/Hawaii

Now discover this luxurious new Sheraton Hotel only 30 air minutes from Honolulu. **For Insured Reservations call your travel agent or any Sheraton Hotel.**

L'Armorique

"A bit of Brittany in New York—French Food at its finest." Charming atmosphere. Your host: Marcel, formerly head chef at the Chambord for 10 years.
All credit cards honored.
Open 6 PM-11 PM. Closed Mondays

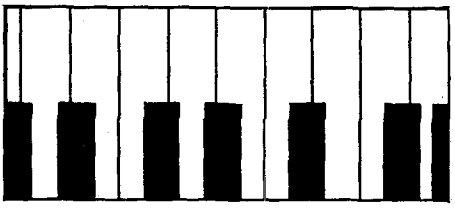
2nd AVENUE, CORNER 54th ST. ■ PL 3-3787



Peter Duchin plays at the St. Regis Maisonette

(and there's music in the air)

Peter plays piano, and with his orchestra, makes nostalgic, romantic music that's definitely to dance to. Dine, dance, dream at the Maisonette, or have dinner at La Boite, the intimate trysting place downstairs. In fact, enjoy all the wonderful traditions of the St. Regis—at fifty-fifth and Fifth. Reservations: PLaza 3-4500



Velveteen Taper
the long lovely look of evening
to wear with or without its own wide sash...
Holly Red
TURQUOISE
SHOCKING PINK
Deep BLACK
sizes 8-18 $29.95
Send for catalog "Fashions from the East"
PenthouseGallery
15 W. 55 ST. N.Y.C.

SINCE 1880

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

OLD WORLD ATMOSPHERE
LITTLE HARRY'S
FAMOUS DETROIT RESTAURANT

Tonight in Farmington, Connecticut

they're serving Hiram Walker Cordials

Anisette
Creme de Menthe
Creme de Cacao

It started to grow colder in the afternoon. You can smell snow in the air. It's time to turn the tree lights on.

An evening to gather around the fire and watch the fields grow dark. To welcome old friends with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Perhaps the greenery of Creme de Menthe, or the rich brown of Creme de Cacao on the rocks. Perhaps Anisette neat with your demitasse.

Or, refreshing Blackberry Sours (1½ oz. jigger of Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy, juice of ½ lemon. Shake in shaved ice, strain into sour glass, add dash of soda, orange slice, top with a cherry.)

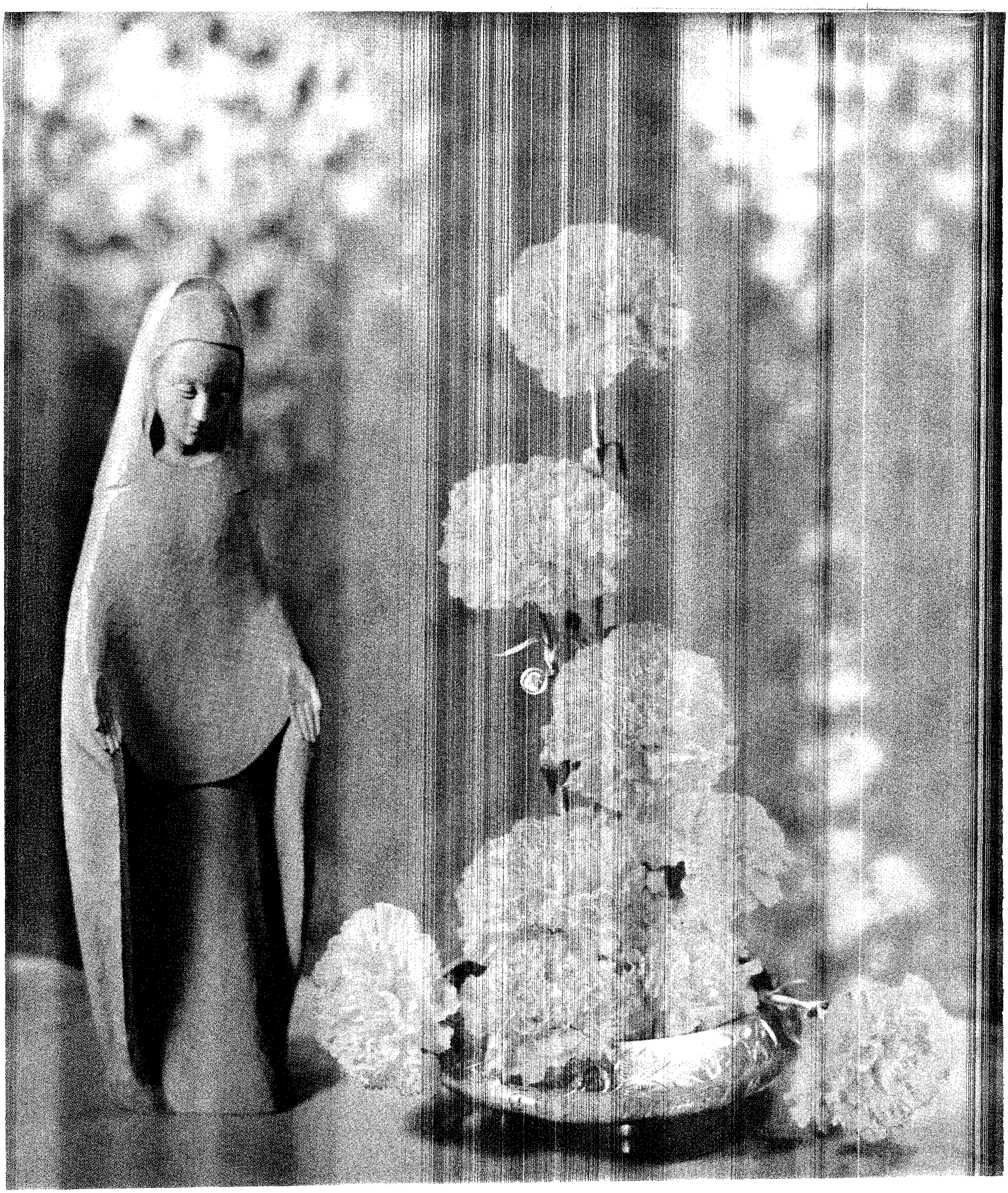
For Hiram Walker Cordials are always a pleasant part of the holiday scene—to serve or to give (there's no extra cost for the handsome gift wrap).

The snow has started to fall. There's no hurry. A pleasant time to be in pleasant company with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, Anisette, 60 proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS

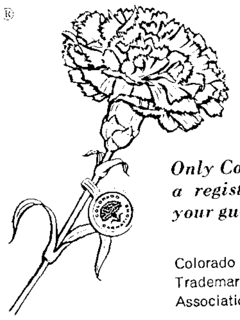
A RAINBOW OF 21 DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS



This Christmas, Enjoy Fresh Colorado Carnations®

You'll love the bright colors and fragrance of your Christmas bouquet of Colorado Carnations. In winter-time, fresh flowers are such a treat, and longer-lasting Colorado Carnations set the season's mood beautifully. Why not be your own Santa and order Colorado Carnations as a gift for friends or for your own home today?

COLORADO FLOWER GROWERS ASSOCIATION, INC.
901 SHERMAN STREET, SUITE 1410 • DENVER, COLORADO 80203



Only Colorado Carnations wear a registered trademark seal— your guarantee of finest quality.

Colorado Carnations® is the Registered Trademark of Colorado Flower Growers Association, Inc.

the wrong thing in your thoughts and you worry yourself."

It was true; I could not imagine my sister Anne hurting me. Even before her death she was a nebulous thing, and now I had only a shadowy picture of her in my mind. Tall and slender, she would pad through the house in flannel white, disappearing for long spells behind her door and mysteriously reappearing again. She painted watercolor picture stories on the back of wallpaper scraps cut into folios, which she then bound with yarn into books; this she did in bed, accompanied by a faint, white radio, always tuned in, it seemed, to Glenn Miller or Jack Benny. At rare times, she would come down to the kitchen when we were away from the house, leaving us a plate of rock candy that she had made, as fragile and pale as she was.

No, Anne wouldn't hurt me, but I would have preferred Mother saying that ghosts did walk and did hurt people. Safe at home, with Mother there, with the sentinel Christmas tree, with Father downstairs at the workbench, with my sisters watching my every move, I would have preferred the more exciting possibility. I would have liked to be scared.

MOTHER has told us that no one, not even relatives, will come on Christmas Day. It would be unseemly for the relatives to come; one glass of wine would lead to two—it *is* Christmas, is it not? And two? Where would two lead? No, they would not come. But later in the afternoon Lena Torre and her son Corrado drive up in a black Oldsmobile sedan. I see them parking the car and run out on the porch to meet them. They puff up our front steps, sending vapor into the sharp air. "Hey-hey, hello," Corrado huffs, and his mother, solid in black, chugs up hoarsely behind him. "Sh-h-h," she says. "They are in mourning." Corrado puts his hand over his baby mouth so that his gloved fingers press into the crescent-shaped scar on his cheekbone. It is a football scar, a year old, but superficial (everyone says), and it will fade away. Just the same, I tilt my head to *see* if it has faded, and then I open the front door and lead them in.

Lena and Mother embrace, coming out of it with Lena's mantilla snarled in Mother's side bobby pin. They fumble and laugh until Corrado shouts, "Look out!" and takes over. He is in engineering and he takes over. "Hold still," he says crossly, forcing Lena and Mother to attention. While Corrado untangles them, they make fish faces at one another. "O.K.," he says finally, resting

DELMONICO'S

Elegant, quiet, agreeable surroundings
Friendly people, no push buttons
Grand cuisine
Great swinging bar
Beautiful view of Park Avenue
Instant room service
Rolls Royce with bar and phone to fetch you
Telephone: ELdorado 5-2500
59th Street and Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The wines you loved in Paris are here!

Look for B&G Wines at your wine merchants—and on the Wine List when dining out. They are wines you can enjoy with pride.

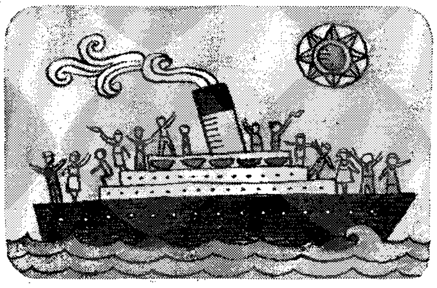
The finest wines of France

B&G
Barton & Guestier

Portrait of Miss Frances Lord Seymour
by
GEORGE LUKS

Painted: 1912
Collection: Family of the sitter.

HIRSCHL & ADLER
Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. · NY 21 · LE 5-8810



IS SHIP TRAVEL STILL POPULAR?

It sure is! Although jets carry more people to Europe and round-the-world than before, the love of the sea does not seem to diminish either. New luxury ships are coming into service constantly and the number of cruise passengers keeps mounting year to year.

The House of Travel's cruise department has special staffs aboard several ships, including the Bremen and Stella Polaris, and its steamship division sells more tickets than ever.

A sea voyage can be the most enjoyable and most rewarding travel experience, particularly when the ship meets the passenger's needs and tastes. We can book your passage on practically any steamer afloat (or any airline) and through unbiased counsel help you pick the most suitable ship and trip for you. Contact us soon.

THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
17 East 49th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. MU 8-0185

Gaston
SUPERB CUISINE
FABULOUS WINE CELLAR
48 E. 49 ST., N.Y.C. ■ PLaza 5-4285

back on one foot like a dressmaker, and they pull away. Mother asks how Lena's back is, and Father asks Corrado if the college girls are O.K. "Yes," they both say together. "O.K." Nora lifts up her doll's dress and looks at its backside, and Helen peers under her doll's dress from below. "For Christmas?" Lena asks, looking at the dolls, looking at Mother. Mother turns her hands, palms up, apologetically.

I show Corrado my new auto. "Hey," he says to me, "Big Detroit!" I place the toy on the floor in front of his yellow shoes and show him how it works. When it finally slows down, when the lift spring dies and drops the auto back, the hall fills up with a heavy stillness. Corrado looks from Mother to Father, bobbing his head. "It's like life," Corrado says sadly, meaning to give us sympathy. "It goes and it goes," Lena moans, crossing her breast, tilting, catching wind, and finally, in full gale, letting go.

Nora, frightened by Lena's wailing, dashes down the hallway, skidding on a throw rug in front of the cellar door. Father backs away, half turning, and I think he is going to run, too. "Hey, Corrado, come look at my shower," he says, and he raises a quivering thumb to his mouth, meaning that they will have wine. "Just one," Corrado says, for he is in training still, and the two men take shelter in the cellar.

Mother leads Lena into our new dining room and pats her down into the captain's chair. Lena rests her face in a white handkerchief. There are pierced holes in her ears, and I think there is some connection between these and the fact that she has one kidney. I sit under the Christmas tree staring up at her. In the light from the drawn window blind, her skin is yellowish, like the figures in the picture above the living-room sofa. The mother in the picture holds a white handkerchief in her hand like Lena; she is crying because her baby is sick. There is also the father, his arm around the mother. I think that maybe I should get up and put my arm around Lena's shoulders, but there is a small run in her stocking, and the heels on her patent-leather shoes are so unevenly worn that her feet lean away from each other. I cannot put my arm around someone whose feet lean away from each other.

Mother brings Lena a large glass of water for her kidney, and they have coffee and anise waffles. I stay down on the floor in front of the tree, pretending to play with my auto.

"So you have a tree," Lena says to Mother.

"Yes," Mother says defensively.

SPLENDID WITH SPAGHETTI...
BRILLIANT WITH BARBECUE

CHIANTI
BERTOLLI

BERTOLLI CHIANTI
CLASSICO
IMPORTED FROM ITALY
Costs a little more but well worth it —because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!
Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

Fine Italian Retaurant
COCKTAILS AND DINNER SERVED IN A TYPICAL GROCERY STORE ATMOSPHERE.
LA "GROCERIA"
WEST 4th STREET and 6th AVENUE • CH 2-3200

Restaurant
VOISIN
30 East 65th Street
Open every day for luncheon, cocktails, dinner
Reservations, Michel: LE 5-3800

FREE 2nd PORTION
FREE HORS D'OEUVRES
FREE CELEBRATION CAKE
FREE PARKING for Dinner
Guests, 5:30 P.M. to 6 A.M. daily or All Day Sunday
Hippodrome Garage
43rd St. & 6th Ave.
43rd St., East of B'way
JU 2-3200
Rosoff's
RESTAURANT
Times Square Theatre Landmark
SINCE 1899

Lena rolls her eyes to the ceiling. "It's taking chances, Bea."

"Look, Lena—for the kids. And the neighbors, they would laugh here if I didn't have a tree; they think I'm old-fashioned enough."

"The neighbors," Lena says, raising her head and turning it slowly in the direction of the window, smelling them out. I sniff the air, but get only the scent of fir and coffee.

Mother draws herself up. "Listen, Lena. When my mother—my own mother—died, I wore black for a year, and don't think I wasn't a little laughingstock. My own mother!"

"Ha!" Lena says, sniffing again. "Turks! Mamelukes!"

Mother shrugs. "Are we so right? It's enough to go through it, but this show, this outside show . . . It's respect—they say that, yes—but I ask myself that."

"It's respect!" Lena repeats fiercely. She makes a gesture with her hands that makes me think respect is softly inflated, like a beach ball. "You have respect, Bea. You're like me that way."

Mother sips from her coffee cup, staring at Lena to see how much alike they are. I try to shape Mother's soft, oval face into Lena's black and beaky profile.

"Lena," Mother says at last, and she whispers. "Lena, Ma used to braid my hair tight—like this."

I look up at Mother's face. She is gripping her hair so tightly at the bun that her eyebrows and eyes point up like Anna May Wong's.

"Every morning she would put it that way. She wanted me home, Lena, doing for the boarders, not in the schoolhouse. See, Da was late going to work one day, and here is Ma pulling my hair, fixing it for school—she hated fixing it for school—and Da comes in. He sees this . . . and, Lena, he—*shook!* 'Giovanna,' he said, 'Gi-o-vanna, never do I want to see the hand in her hair—never again. Use a comb—a comb!—no hands, a comb!' "

Mother makes a slicing motion into the lace tablecloth. "And when Da died, Lena, that was the finish of school for me. It was the farm, day and night, night and day, waiting on boarders." Mother adds softly, "Lena, is that the life to respect?"

Lena's mouth puckers out to meet the tumbler, but then she withdraws. "Bea," she says, and I fear another explosion.

"Yes?"

"This water—delicious! Is it fresh or tap?"

AFTER Lena and Corrado leave, Mother says, "Well, now I'll get something done." She comes, arms

Just Drop in the Film...

New Yashica 8UL Threads Itself

The new Yashica 8UL power zoom movie camera is so automatic it even threads itself. Just drop in the film, press the trigger and it's loaded instantly. Twin electric motors let you power-zoom without running film. Ultra-sensitive CdS electric eye is fully automatic (with manual override). The 9-28mm Yashinon f/1.8 zoom lens is reflex focusing, with rangefinder. With many other fine features, so see your dealer today. Under **$190**, Trigger grip extra.

YASHICA®

YASHICA INC., DEPT. N-12, 50-17 QUEENS BLVD., N.Y. 11377

IN JAMAICA

...play it cool under the MONTEGO SUN!

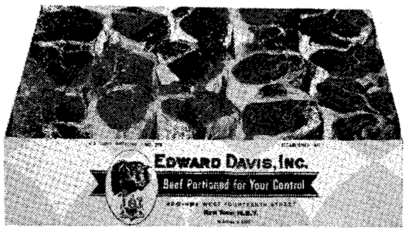
Play it fast...play it slow...play it easy. It's all up to you at this luxurious resort overlooking famous Doctor's Cave Beach. Play it slow and easy while tanning on the beach or at Casa Montego's unique pool. Enjoy golf at 3 championship courses...tennis, deep-sea fishing. Play it slow and softly while dining and dancing under the stars. Floor shows nightly and Beachcomber's Dinner twice weekly.

CASA MONTEGO

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, W. I.
James M. Tapson, General Manager

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
630 5th Ave., JUdson 6-4500
also in Boston
Washington/Chicago/Miami/Toronto

for the DISCRIMINATING PERSON



Fifteen 8 oz. taste tempting filet steaks 1¼ inches thick specially aged for finer flavor. These gourmet treats cannot be purchased retail—are sent express prepaid to your home or to your friends. At last after 60 years, you can now have the same top quality meats that Edward Davis and Co. has been serving in the top restaurants and hotels. The entire mouth watering assortment ready for the grill and the table—delivered complete and guaranteed for only $33.00.

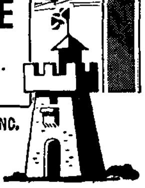
Write:

Dept. A. Edward Davis and Co.
420 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10014

Tower Isle is Jamaica

Beautifully placed amid twelve flowering acres, Tower Isle is the *complete* Jamaica beach resort ♜ Service is unexcelled, food preparation is a fine art ♜ Small wonder that for so many who know the West Indies, Tower Isle IS Jamaica! ♜

TOWER ISLE
An Issa Hotel
Ocho Rios, Jamaica W.I.
Nick Brimo, Gen. Mgr.



See your Travel Agent or LEONARD HICKS, JR., INC.
New York, Chicago, Miami, Detroit
Washington D.C., Atlanta, Toronto
RICHARD EARL ASSOC., San Francisco

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
Saito
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOMS
Cocktail Lounge • Private Banquet Rooms
131 W. 52 St., Bet. 6th & 7th Aves. JU 2-7809

akimbo, into the new dining room, but there is nothing to do. She stands by the tree for a moment, staring up at the spire. "O.K.," she says finally. "Let's put the jingle bells on."

"Now?" Father says.

"Let's!" we shout.

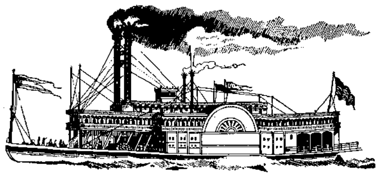
"Not me," he says, but he carries the dusty boxes up from the cellar, and after Mother shucks each wrapped ornament—suspiciously, like an ear of corn—he is back on hand to screw the lights into working order. While Helen and Nora unravel tinsel, I tie black thread to hooks. I thread them all—dirty glass grapes, a faded dwarf Santa, a brilliant blue trombone (the mouthpiece is shattered, but I string it up by the slide), balls that are halved and caved in, a peeled upright bear with a potbelly and no sex, and a high-heeled slipper, its glaze so worn that a ring of rainbow glass shows through at the heel. Helen and Nora choose the new balls first, and the rest, the old ones I have threaded, sit abandoned. I wonder if the tree is too small to accommodate the leftovers, but in the end they are bunched into the lower limbs, for neither can Mother bear to pack them away.

As my sisters set up the Nativity scene, Father backs away and frames his hands. "Hey-hey," he says, peering through. "That's the preeee-tiest tree we ever had." But we all know it is not; it is the smallest and most hurriedly put together tree we ever had. And now that it is finished, weighted as it is with ornaments in the bottom branches, it looks all wrong. There is nothing under it but the Nativity scene, and nothing is to be put under it. Tomorrow will be the day *after* Christmas, and the tree stands, like a cheated bride, waiting for nothing. "The lights," Father says, and he plugs them in. But it is still daylight outside, fading the tree lights into cheap pastels.

Father gathers up the empty boxes, carrying them out into the old dining room. We follow after, hovering around the table, watching him stack the boxes on the window seat. My Christmas toy sits motionless on the table. When Father turns around, he idly reaches out and gives the auto a tap. It rolls down the incline, picking up speed as it makes the curve. Around it goes, down it goes and up—and then, more slowly, down it goes again. When the lift barely hoists it up for the last time, Nora, Helen, and I reach out, but Mother leans across from the other side of the table. Her hand is up, and she wants to push it next.

—JOSEPH SLATE

All the flavor of New Orleans



in a cup...

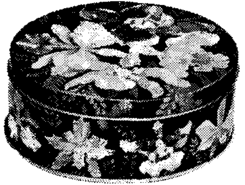
French Market
COFFEE & CHICORY

Now available Coast-to-Coast. Gracious coffees, selected from choice imports, are carefully blended and roasted to ultimate flavor. Then we add the vital stimulus of chicory. Serve it "half and half" (cafe au lait)—or demitasse, black as sin. For name of nearest supplier and "Conversation Coffee Recipes", write us.

French Market
COFFEE-CHICORY

Blended, roasted and packed since 1890 by
American Coffee Company, Inc,
Box 52018, New Orleans, La.

By Jove!



They're smashingly delicious. Enjoy the delightfully British flavor of superlative Peek Frean's Biscuits. Something about them is simply sensational. Available at finer food and department stores.

Peek Frean's Famous English Biscuits
A. GOLDMARK & SONS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

SINGING SPREE NIGHTLY ★
SHOW TUNES ★
OPERA
Superb Italian Cuisine
Steaks & Chops
Closed Sundays

BIANCHI AND MARGHERITA
186 W. 4th St. • Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.
CH 2-2756 • OR 5-9852

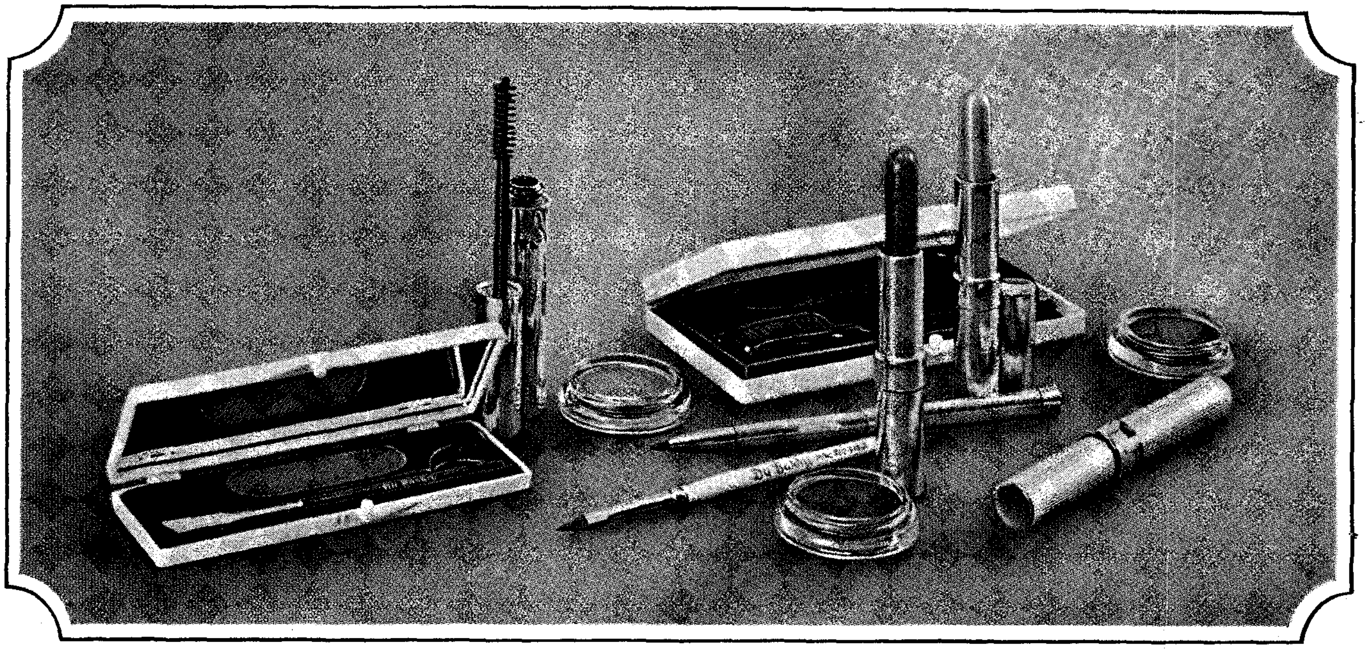
SPORTSMAN OR LAZY BONES
Lakeside Inn
Here is everything for a
FLORIDA VACATION
Contact James W. Carr, Gen. Mgr.
Lakeside Inn, Mount Dora, Fla.

IMPORTED
HARVEYS
CHOICEST FULL PALE SHERRY
Never serve the coffee without the Cream...Harvey's Bristol Cream

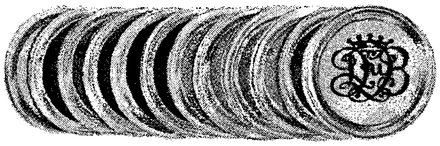
An after-dinner drink should be sweet...but it shouldn't get sticky about it. Harvey's Bristol Cream® doesn't. The sweetness of this rare imported sherry is subtle, its lightness refreshing. Small wonder people enjoy it before the meal as well. (And we might add, it makes a highly complimentary gift for the holidays.) Just chill before serving.

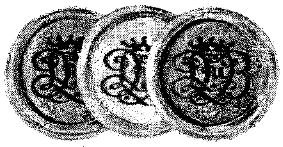
John Harvey and Sons, Ltd.

© 1963, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.



This is
the Eye-Fashion Collection that launched a thousand looks





Even if you've been all thumbs before, Du Barry Colour Cake Shadow/Liner can do no wrong! It comes in a complete range of alluring new brush-and-blend shades so you can mix your *own* special look . . . the way the models do. (Plus a *neo-neutral* that lets you look wonderfully wide-eyed.) Just stroke Colour Cake on... with a moistened brush...as much as you want for sheerest tint or deepest shadow. (Eye make-up was never so *easy!*)

COPYRIGHT DUBARRY 1964

This big beautiful mascara brush is one secret of long devastating eyelashes. Another secret: Du Barry's velvety-smooth take-the-cake Mascara. Totally new formula designed to create the illusion of naturally thick luxuriant lashes. (Genuine *fake* eyelashes never looked this *lush!*)

Du Barry®

...the most elegant name in cosmetics

And to "top" everything... Du Barry Glacé—a shimmering iridescent overglaze in gold, silver or pearl. To dust with fingertip touch over eyelid make-up...or to wear alone. (What a way to *glow!*) **The complete Du Barry Eye Fashion Collection** also includes: Cream stick Eye Shadow, Brush-On Fluid Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil, Brush-On Brow Liner. *(Everything* you need to create the look that's *yours alone!)* At fine drug and department stores everywhere.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love in the Rain

CAIN, Herod, Tamerlane, Lady Macbeth—I've been trying in vain to think of someone whose heart would be flinty enough to resist the manifold seductions of "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," a French fairy tale about young love, told entirely in song and mostly in what I recall as affectionate monosyllables, against a background of colors that might have been plundered from the palette of some gifted child. At its première, in Paris, hardened reviewers are said to have sobbed with delight over the bittersweet fate of the handsome pair whose story this is, and while my admiration for the picture stops on the near side of tears, it's no less ample and ardent on that account; the picture is something altogether new in the way of sophisticated sentimentality, and how it achieves its effects remains, for me, agreeably mysterious. Perhaps one reason that even the most dedicated presser of sour grapes would find it difficult to deplore the pervasive sweetness of "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" is that, like any good fairy tale, it defies criticism by defying reason, or, rather, by establishing its own outrageous terms of reasonableness; the action it recounts, having been made to seem immaculately mindless, is as little to be quarrelled with as, say, the action of "Hansel and Gretel." The world that lies under the taut tops of its innumerable umbrellas (I gather that one of our local downpours would pass in Cherbourg for fair weather) deliberately excludes such tiresome commonplaces as that real life bristles with alternatives, both wise and foolish; in "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" the young couple, tender and unsure and sad even when they are happy, move, in Cummings' phrase, "through dooms of love," and nothing that they allow to happen to them, however unlikely, could possibly have happened otherwise.

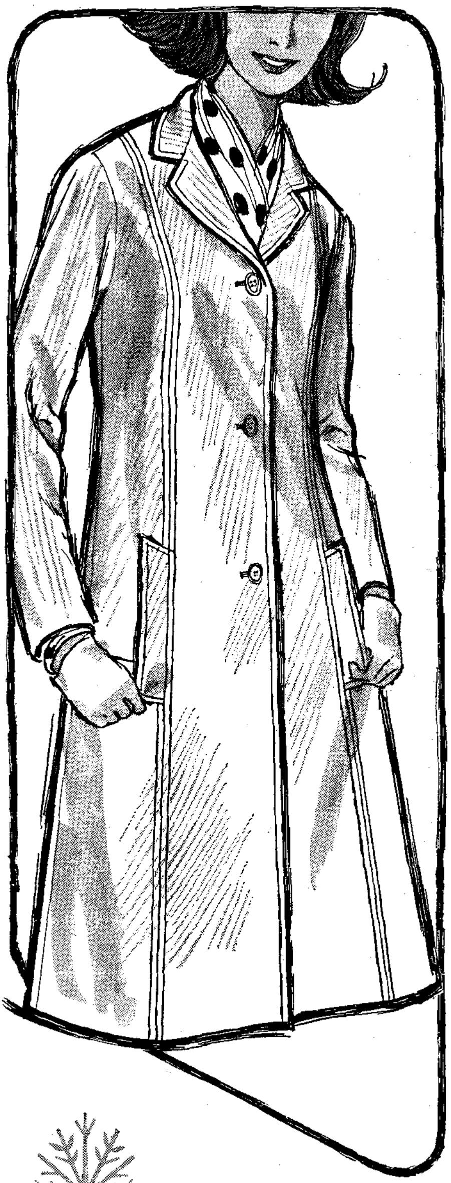
CINEMA
SUSAN

The inventors of this extraordinary film are its director, Jacques Demy, who also wrote the screenplay and lyrics, and Michel Legrand, who composed and conducted the music. I applaud them for the boldness of their concept and for the delicacy of its execution. I applaud, too, Catherine Deneuve, as the girl (when she weeps, her eyes are as veritably rainy as the streets beyond her window); Nino Castelnuovo, as the boy; and Anne Vernon, Marc Michel, and Ellen Farner, as, respectively, the girl's mother, the young man whom the girl eventually marries, and the true-blue friend whom the boy eventually marries.

"ZORBA THE GREEK" gives Anthony Quinn a chance to play the sort of role he apparently likes best and is certainly best at—that of a big, loud, coarse, and extravagantly passionate brute, who when he trusts his instincts never goes wrong and when he trusts his intelligence never goes right. He is the Life Force incarnate, and is opposed, in this blazing, black-and-white movie, by the Death Wish incarnate: a timid, sexless young intellectual, played rather too dimly by Alan Bates. Taken from a well-known novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, the picture has been directed with enormous verve by Michael Cacoyannis, who has also provided the not very tidy, not very plausible screenplay. The setting is Crete, and though Mr. Cacoyannis, with the help of Walter Lassally's photography, superbly conveys the fierce sunlight and unforgiving shadows of that stony island, he is much less successful at moving his characters about on it, and I fear that in the climactic scene he grossly overplays his hand; when I ought to have been breathless with horror, I heard myself pronouncing the fatal word "preposterous." Irene Pappas, who was the star of Mr. Cacoyannis's "Electra," has a small part that she does little to enlarge, but Lila Kedrova pours so much merriment and pathos into her timeworn role of an aging, forgotten courtesan that she comes within an ace of stealing the picture from Mr. Quinn.

"FATHER GOOSE" offers us a surly, slatternly, unshaven, and hard-drinking Cary Grant in a part that would have suited Humphrey Bogart to a T but suits Mr. Grant only to about a J. His opposite number in this heavy-handed comic melodrama concerning an island in the South Pacific during the Second World War is Leslie Caron, who is called on to play a snobbish and bad-tempered French bluestocking, and when I tell you that Miss Caron and Mr. Grant are surrounded throughout the picture by a pack of shrilly chattering schoolgirls— But enough! Homer nodded and Cary Grant made "Father Goose."

—BRENDAN GILL



To shine on the season like a star . . . pure white wool, with soft ribbing, like wind-patterns on fresh snow. The Wellesley coat; gently bred, a breath of quiet in the hectic months. John Meyer shapes it to a long curve by seams in front and back. 8 to 16. About $50 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

Virginia & Perique and nothing else

Only two kinds of tobacco ever go into Cope's Escudo. Virginia and luscious dark Perique from Louisiana. No other tobaccos—and emphatically no scent or flavouring. It was back in 1912 that one of our blenders had this wild idea of creating a luxury tobacco using just two kinds of leaf. Or rather it was then that he perfected the blend: no-one knows how long it took him. Today we still make Escudo the same way, from the same two aristocratic leaves. We still go through the pleasant business of rolling it in string to mature (a method pinched from England's old mariners). And we still think Escudo is the most civilised tobacco in the world. See if you don't agree.

If you have any difficulty in getting Escudo, please write for the address of your nearest stockist to the importers: A. Oppenheimer & Co. Inc., 230 West Passaic Street, Maywood, New Jersey.

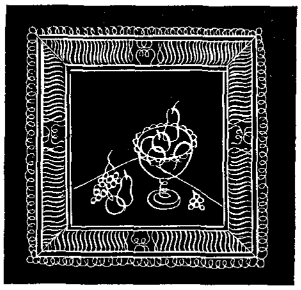
ESCUDO - Cope's very special tobacco from England

COPE'S ESCUDO NAVY DE LUXE PURE TOBACCO

A GALLAHER GROUP PRODUCT

THE ART GALLERIES

Whither, Whither?



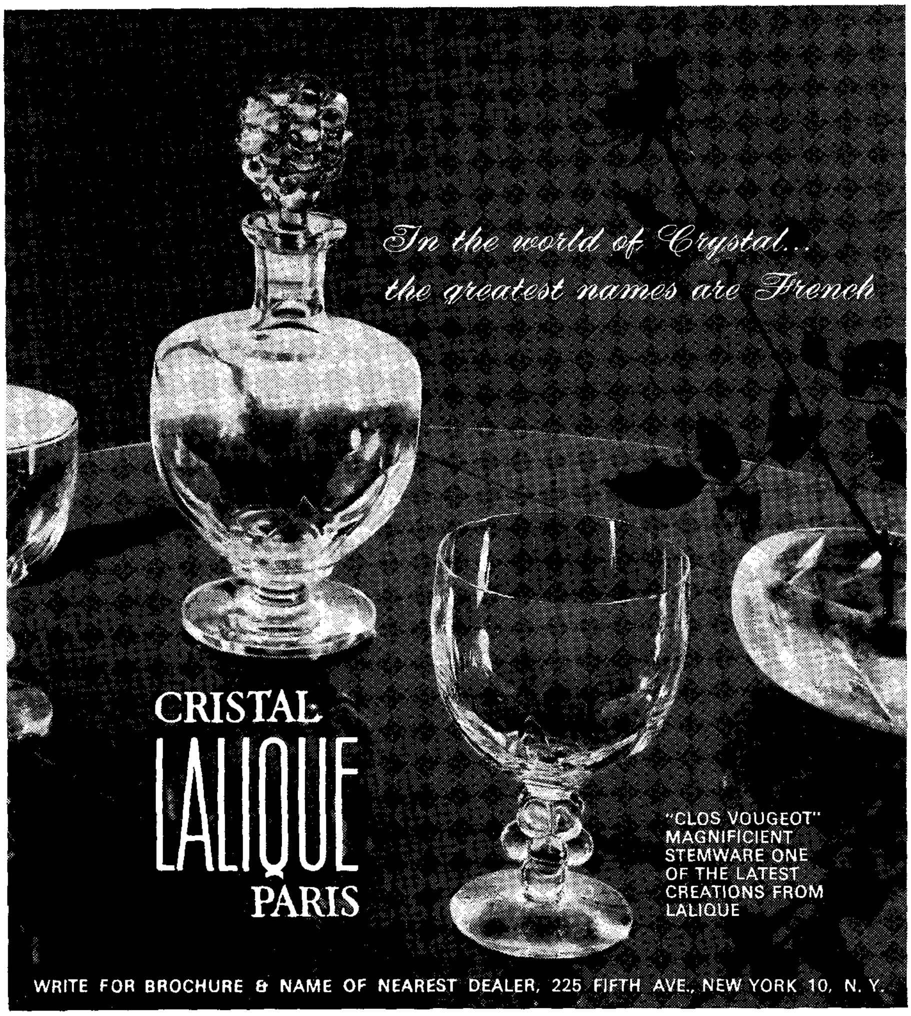
THE absurdity explosion, which in the field of what is broadly called painting has already produced the phenomenon of "pure-art" artists sedulously imitating the works of "impure" artists on the order of cartoonists, makers of comic strips, poster painters, and similar former artistic untouchables; the phenomenon of artists, at work in a field that might vaguely be called "relief" (or even three-dimensional), striving mightily to produce painted plaster replicas of blueberry pies on a plate, ice-cream cones, biscuits, and platters of pork chops, in the style of the men of the Lower Fourth Avenue Restaurant Supply Store school, who make the same items for shop windows; and—perhaps the crowning touch—the possibility (cheerily entertained by the press) that another pure artist, who turned out a composition made up entirely of cartons for Brillo, might be threatened with a lawsuit by the man who designed the cartons, himself a "pure" artist most of the time but one who apparently dabbles in impurity now and then for financial reasons . . . Well, I have got myself involved in a fairly long sentence, but the nub of the matter is that this same explosion seems now to have carried far enough to include sculpture. That is, if the new Whitney Annual—the first in a good many years, I believe, to be devoted entirely to that one branch of the arts—is to be trusted, and I think it is, for the exhibition gives every indication of both careful and catholic selection. It suggests, too, by the way, that when the explosion zeroed in on sculpture, it scattered it in just about all directions.

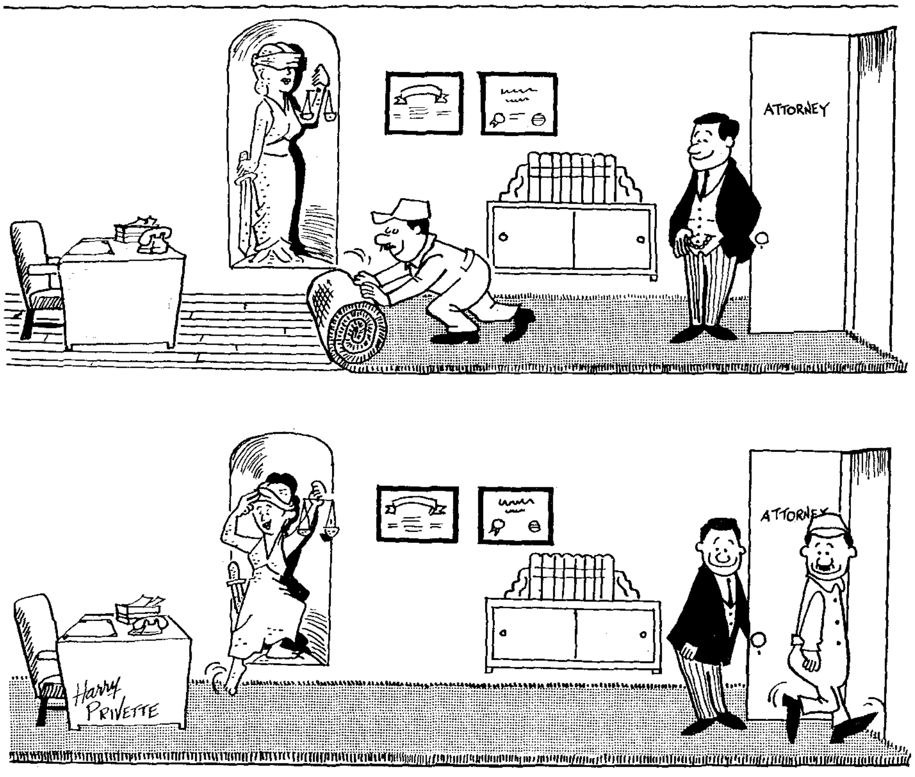
Sculpture used to be a fairly staid art form compared to its flightier sister, painting, and the modes it embraced were simple in classification. There were old, established terms for them—most of them, oddly, derived from painting—and they were readily understandable to even the most casually instructed amateur. One spoke of "Impressionist" sculpture (Rodin) and "Classic" (Maillol), "Abstract" (Archipenko, Arp), "Constructivist" (Gabo, Pevsner), and that, plus a very few other sorts—oh, yes, Dada, which brought in the cult of the "found" object (Duchamp)—was the whole of it. Things are harder now. How should one classify, in the Whitney show, John Chamberlain's "Kandy Krunch," one of those monolithic assemblages of auto parts crushed up in a junk-metal baler—as Constructivist or Destructivist? Or Jason Seley's "Primavera," a columnar celebration of spring and the open road made up solely of car bumpers? Is William King's elongated standing figure called "Business Man," made of burlap carefully stitched around an armature, to be called pop art, or straight caricature in its own right? (Incidentally—and though I don't advance this as evidence of a trend, I think it is worth noting—a number of male sculptors have turned to needle and thread in assembling their works, the most notable example being Claes Oldenburg's somehow very likable "Soft Wall Switches," which is exactly that: a huge, puffed-out, pillowy replica of a pair of light switches on a wall.) And is—to conclude the list of my dilemmas—Tauno Kauppi's "Wave" a relief or a kind of surge of potato chips? Apart from admitting to a mild amount of restlessness at the difficulties this spraying out of techniques and attitudes presents to the reviewer, I would not want to say anything that could be understood as a complaint about all these divergences. On the contrary, I think they are enjoyable, and one of the nicer things about the collection at the Whitney is that one can't help feeling that for the most part the artists involved also found their work fun. There are a hundred and twenty-three of them in all—a group that is nationwide in scope—and I have a feeling that the jury of selection enjoyed its work, too.

Of the dozen or more styles and mixtures of styles (it might be more accurate to refer to them as different ways of attacking the artistic problems involved), one of the more prominent is a three-dimensional variant or adaptation of pop art. One finds this in such pieces as Elias Friedensohn's "Pyramus and Thisbe," made principally of painted wood, in which Pyramus is talking to his lady on a pay telephone; Frank Gallo's deflated-looking nude, "Girl in Sling Chair;" and "The Car," Marisol's superb "assemblage," as she calls it, mostly in painted wood. And there are here—as elsewhere in the collection—what might be termed "fringe" examples of the category: in this case, pieces like "S Begins," a slightly maladroit compilation of metal and other materials by Tania, and the more inventive "Marat, No. 4," in which the poor old revolutionary is practically submerged in his hip bath, presumably a while after Charlotte Corday got through with him.

Constructivism comes next, I should say, in order of numerical importance, and again in a wild variety of modes and manners. These range from Richard Stankiewicz's untitled compilation of automobile parts in a kind of back-of-the-garage relief, through Lucas Samaras's montage of straw, pins, and frayed rope called "Box No. 3," to the truly handsome, large, and dramatic exercise in the development of butterfly forms called "American Monarch," by Theodore Roszak. I liked, too (I suppose they come under the general heading of Constructivism), Louise Nevelson's "Silent Music 7" and Sahl Swarz's totemic "Landmark III."

The mention of Roszak and Nevelson reminds me that a number of other relative old-timers (Noguchi with a subtle, circular "Black Sun" in granite, George Rickey with one of his kinetics, "Peristyle (6 Lines)," and Lipchitz with a highly stylized "Lesson of a Disaster" are among the first to come to mind) are represented. So is Conrad Marca-Relli, with his grim, segmented flat figure (untitled) in black-painted aluminum. And, to tick off a few more outstanding items, I'd mention, without any regard to categories, David Hare's wholly nonsensical, and charming, cutout "Horse," Peter Lipman-Wulf's slithery "Mermaid," and Seymour Lipton's overlarge but well-organized "Manuscript," again an exercise (and, again, another trend?) in reducing sculpture almost to the two-dimensional. Here and there, peering out from the welter, are several old-fashioned naturalistic sculptures. Even these, though, are a bit far out, and while they are refreshing, in a way (as with the traditional old shoe, there is something comfortable about old-style art), I was a trifle disconcerted by the tendency even of the realists to go a bit wacky—as in Milton Hebald's oddly posed "Bacchante" and Richard Miller's tripartite "Mary: Walking Sequence." Bruno Lucchesi's bronze "Woman Undressing," a series of fourteen tiered reliefs, offers a modern par-

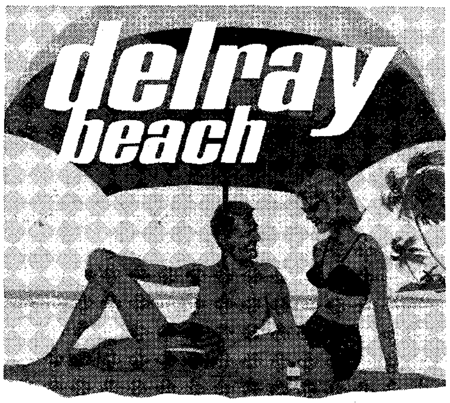

In the world of Crystal...
the greatest names are French
CRISTAL
LALIQUE
PARIS
"CLOS VOUGEOT" MAGNIFICIENT STEMWARE ONE OF THE LATEST CREATIONS FROM LALIQUE
WRITE FOR BROCHURE & NAME OF NEAREST DEALER, 225 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Have the scales of success tipped in your favor? Now's the time to argue your case for a Bigelow. Short of adding your name to the shingle, there's hardly a nicer way to tell your colleagues the good news. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)



and why it's best for you

There is a gracious simplicity about Delray Beach that makes a Florida holiday far more fun — far better for you.

It's free of the hustle and pace of more commercialized resorts. Yet it is handy to every attraction of the lower east coast.

Ocean bathing, golf, lawn bowling, deep-sea fishing — all the sunshine sports are more enjoyed in its unhurried, country-squireish setting.

For full details on places to stay, drop us a note or simply mail the coupon.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, DEPT. NY-4
DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA 33444
PLEASE RUSH FREE COLOR BROCHURE AND LODGINGS INFORMATION FOR A PARTY OF
______PEOPLE FOR DATES______TO______
NAME______
ADDRESS______
CITY______STATE______

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL
A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—*never a convention.*

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Sts., N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.
In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402
or see your travel agent.
FREE INDOOR PARKING

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

allel to similar studies of, say, the "Expulsion from Eden" on Renaissance church doors, and Luise Kaish has contributed an "Expulsion from Eden," also a relief in bronze, whose sweeping energy parallels the turbulence of Turner in painting.

As in any showing so varied and adventurous, there are a number—fairly small, fortunately—of just plain bad pieces. For the most part, these result from an excess of some quality—a striving for intricacy of design, as in Claire Falkenstein's rather rickety wire "Chariot" and John Clague's madly complicated "Overture in Black and White," or, conversely, a tendency to oversimplify, at times heavy-handedly, as in Lyman Kipp's blunt, blocky arrangement of rectangular boxes called "Nexus," as well as in Tony Delap's "Isis," in which all Egypt is reduced to a series of nested triangles. For all that, this whole affair, too, was as much fun to explore as it has been to write about.

At the Sidney Janis is an exhibition called "Three Generations," and though it is made up mainly of paintings, it gives a few sidelong hints on how the sculpture explosion I have spoken of came about. It is also an excellent showing in its own right. The three generations, perhaps arbitrarily delimited, are classed as the Cubist and Surrealist Generation (Arp, Braque, Picasso, Ernst, Dali, and so on), followed by the Abstract Expressionist one (de Kooning, Gorky, Motherwell, and so on) and, finally, the New Realist Generation (Dine, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, Warhol, and so on). The show, while fairly large (some forty pieces) and skillfully selected, does not pretend to be a definitive survey, being too disconnected for that. But as an easygoing, rather skimming one, it still gives a fair notion of the alternating waves and waverings of artistic impulses that led up from the Cubists, around 1910 (the date of Braque's "Le Jacquet," the earliest work in the collection), to the present. Along the way, there are some excellent pieces, notably a fine fairly early Gris still-life ("Coffee Mill and Bottle"), an interesting "brick-wall" study by Mondrian (also fairly early), a handsome de Chirico, "La Magie de la Nuit," and—to move more rapidly in time—a bland Ernst "Sun and Sea," a neat Magritte ("Unexpected Reply"), a big, dashing Franz Kline ("Diamond"), a relatively sedate Rauschenberg compilation called "Crocus," and a Segal grouping of life-

THE NEW RESTAURANT OF OLD VIENNA

le Palais
Cuisine that made Vienna famous • Traditional Vintages and a fine selection of Austrian Wines
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
A la carte, but offering a superb full course Dinner at $6.75
HANS HANSBERG and his ZITHER
RESERVATIONS: GREGORY/ PL 5-1000
Sheraton-East
Park Avenue at 51st Street
Harold P. Bock, V. P. & Gen. Mgr.

SEE NEW YORK'S GLAMOROUS LEFT BANK
FREE GUIDED GREENWICH VILLAGE BUS TOUR
Oldest Village Landmark
SIDEWALK CAFE
ALL YOU CAN EAT
SIRLOIN STEAK
JUMBO SHRIMP and HAM STEAK
$2.95
COMPLETE DINNER
ALBERT FRENCH RESTAURANT
42 EAST 11th ST., N.Y.C. • OR 3-3890

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
JU 6-5950

size plaster figures, titled "Rock and Roll Combo." And if the show doesn't explain anything, it certainly gives a person to think—especially if one relates it to the Whitney—about such matters as the ever-widening influence of Gorky (represented here by a beautifully fluent untitled oil, diagonal in design), the permanence of Arp ("Torse Chorée," in marble), and, to keep things in perspective, the violent zigzags between the Abstract Expressionists (Romantics, as we see them now) and the so far slightly raucous Third Generation, with its frequent tendency to use a sledgehammer to drive home the point, even if it is only a tack to begin with. I am thinking now of Wesselmann's "Interior No. 3," with a refrigerator, some 7-Up bottles, a clock, and a radio (a working one, too, and I'm getting tired of that device), of Warhol's four-part *Photoplay*-style portrait, "Liz" (Taylor, of course), and of a "Double Isometric Self Portrait," by Dine, of a couple of stylized bathrobes, which isn't isometric at all, or else my high-school course in mechanical drafting led me far astray. Come to think of it, in "Combo," the Segal presentation, the group—aside from the girl singer—consists of only two players, which is, technically, a duo, and the instruments (bass drum and traps and guitar) are real. This is hardly fair, for it mixes real reality with a simulated one. What are we coming to, anyway? —ROBERT M. COATES

•

HARRY C. BYRD (D) (College Park): "Basically, all international problems develop out of our relations with other nations."—*From a question-and-answer sheet circulated by a political organization in Maryland.*

We love a straight thinker.

•

Mr. Melvin C. Holland and Mr. Donald Eakin, Science and Vocational Agriculture teachers, respectfully, each have two year sexperience at Douglass. —*Nacogdoches (Texas) Daily Sentinel.*

Yeah, but can they teach what they know? And to whom do they show respect?

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Goleta (Calif.) Valley Times*]

A mock bombing of a Japanese island using Bibles instead of bombs will be depicted by Sam Cochran in his production of "Light for the Lost" given at First Assembly of God of North Hollywood, 11455 Burbank Blvd., at 7 p.m. Sunday.

BACCARAT . . . the crystal of Kings . . . since 1764

BACCARAT . . . for brides . . . for gourmets . . . for hostesses

BACCARAT . . . for stemware . . . for gifts . . . from France

In the world of crystal, the greatest names are French.

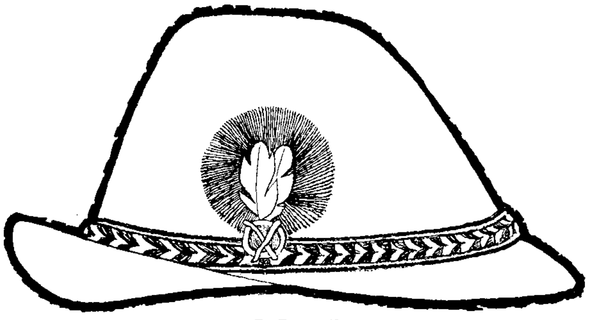
BACCARAT, now two hundred years old, is justly famous among connoisseurs and discriminating hostesses for its stemware and gourmet glasses, either plain or cut, modern or traditional, from $5 per glass. The CARCASSONNE pattern above, with a cut bowl and stem, is $9.75 each.

Write Dept. Y19 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware or gifts, 25c each, and/or one dollar for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

VERMOUTH INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Only one man knows Tribuno's secret...



TRIBUNO
EXTRA DRY
EXTRA DRY
TRIBUNO
VERMOUTH
DRY
FOR PERFECT DRY MARTINIS
"21" Brands, Inc.

. . . and he keeps it under his hat!

If you were John L. Tribuno — and possessed a treasured secret for producing one of America's great Vermouths—would you tell? ■ The secret of Tribuno's smooth, delicate extra-dry flavor consists of blending 30 rare Botanicals imported from the remote corners of the world. ■ No other vermouth can endow your cocktails with the unique taste and flavor of Tribuno. Extra dry, extra-light, never overpowers. Extra dry for Martinis, sweet for Manhattans. Try Tribuno—today?

"21" Brands, Inc. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.

TRIBUNO Vermouth

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 10

A PRESIDENT with matchless energy, manifold skills, and an enormous desire for posterity's esteem sits in the White House preparing to exercise what he has every reason to regard as a clear and urgent mandate to get on with the building of the New Jerusalem, his vision of which he has described in almost cadenced rhetoric: "So here's the Great Society. It's the time—and it's going to be soon—when nobody in this country is poor. It's the time—and there's no point in waiting—when every boy or girl can have all the education that boy or girl can put to good use. It's the time when there is a job for everybody who wants to work. It's the time when every slum is gone from every city in America, and America is beautiful. It's the time when man gains full domination under God over his own destiny. It's the time of peace on earth and good will among men." Thus spoke the President on October 27th in Pittsburgh—an improbable but certainly an appropriate place for describing such dreams. He had little doubt then that he would be returned to office, but he could not have been certain that the electorate would give him a Congress eager to follow, and perhaps even to lead, him to the Holy City. What he did know was that throughout our present, less than great society there were hundreds of social architects and engineers working away at the design for the new order of things, and that when, or if, the opportunity he sought presented itself, he would be ready to make the most of it. Within a few weeks after he took office last year, he had instructed various aides to mobilize battalions of experts who could provide him with (as he put it in a letter to one whose cooperation he sought) "general thoughts and specific new proposals which you feel would be helpful in my efforts to give our nation the kind of vigorous and imaginative leadership which it deserves." As he knew he would be, he has been deluged not only with "general thoughts and specific new proposals" but with the most elaborate and detailed blueprints, accompanied by ingenious financing schemes and drafts of legislation. And in three weeks there will come together a Congress that, if its Democratic leaders are correct in their appraisals, will enact just about any programs the President asks for and will appropriate funds in the amounts he requests.

It might be supposed, then, that the atmosphere in this city today is one of excitement and anticipation. Here is a President who is bold enough, at least in speech, to strike out for Utopia and who has most of the basic provisions—popular support, governmental power, and money—thought to be necessary for such a journey. At his side is a brilliant team of advisers, and at their sides are the élite of the Utopian planners. How, in such extraordinary circumstances, can the air fail to be electric? It is necessary, however, to report that while excitement may break out at any moment, there is hardly a trace of it here now, nor has there been throughout the post-election period. It is entirely possible that things were livelier in this city in the middle years of the Pierce administration than they have been in the past few weeks. There is some desultory talk of whether Postmaster General Gronouski will remain in office, a bit of speculation about whether the President will junk the multilateral nuclear force, and occasional discussion of what the future holds for Robert F. Kennedy. But far more is heard of what Barry Goldwater is likely to do than of what Lyndon Johnson is likely to do. The future of Dean Burch and the past of Bobby Baker attract more attention than any fulfillment of the great expectations raised by the President.

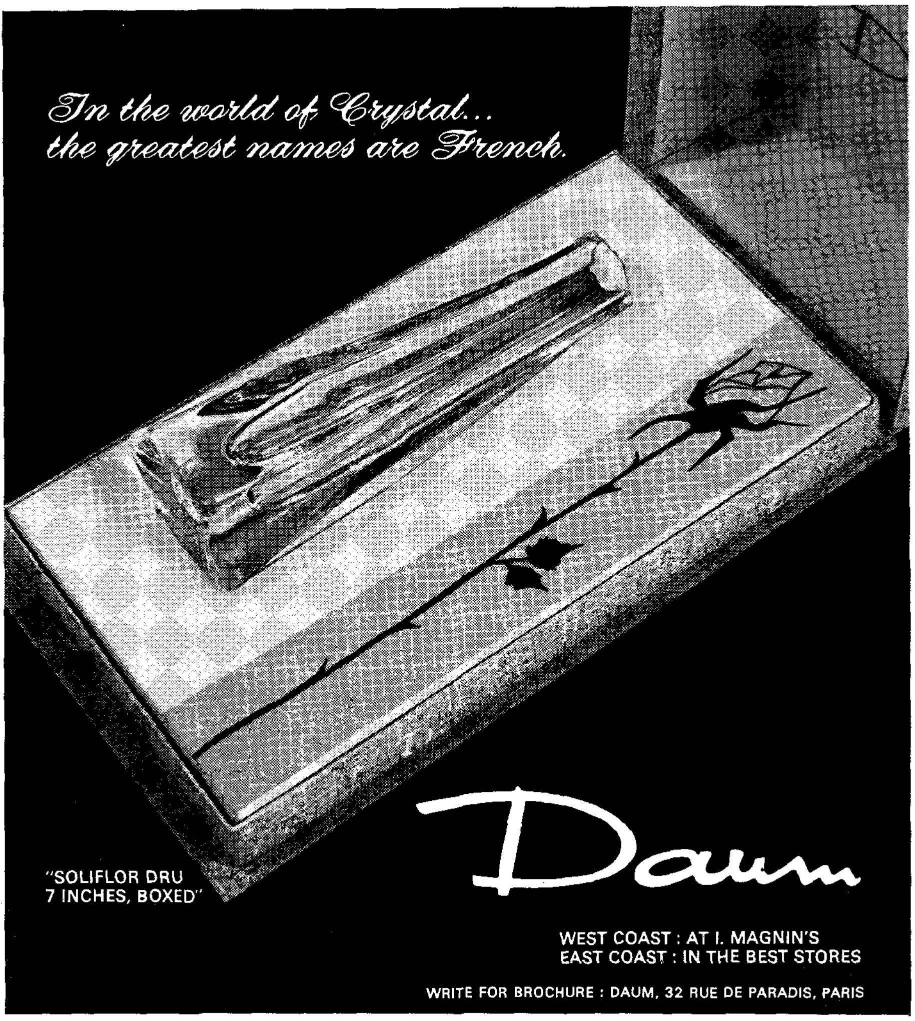
The explanation of this state of affairs is not that a lack of interest or curiosity exists. It is simply that, outside a small circle of Presidential advisers with zippered lips, there is no information. It is impossible to discuss the future of the administration, not only because no one knows what the President plans to do but because no one has much of a clue to what he is *thinking* of doing. No one knows what proposals are under discussion—or, for that matter, what proposals have been made, or by whom. It is known that bulky reports have been turned in by Presidential "task forces" and are being studied by various members of the administration. Some of these men acknowledge—often with considerable pride—the existence of the reports. They will remove them from desk drawers to show that they are hefty. But their contents are strictly classified. Proposals regarding the form and dimensions of federal aid to education are guarded as carefully as if they were war plans or diplomatic codes. Studies of the problems of mass transit are top secret, like reports from C.I.A. agents in East Germany or the findings of reconnaissance satellites. There is much generalized talk about the scores of planners, economists, and academic specialists of every conceivable sort who are mapping the Great Society, but beyond that nothing—not even the identity of the planners—has been revealed to anyone but a handful of White House staff members, who have been given to understand that the penalties will be swift and severe if they share any part of their knowledge with others. A few names found their way into the press last fall, and the President was as outraged as if the darkest of state secrets had been handed over to an enemy. From time to time, it has been reported that Eric F. Goldman, a Princeton historian who has been a special consultant to the President since early in the year, is the coördinator of this underground brain trust, but each report has been followed by a denial, and no one seems to know what Goldman does. No one, indeed, seems to know what anyone in the White House—apart from the President and a few domestics and secretaries—does. Only today, George Reedy, the President's press secretary, provoked unrestrained hilarity when, upon announcing the appointment of Richard N. Goodwin as a special assistant to the President, he was asked what Goodwin's duties would be. He answered by saying that Goodwin had "for the past few months

DINE
RESTAURANT
DANCING & ENTERTAINMENT
PALACE FLORIST
FLORIST
R. MacMillan

been detailed to the White House, working in areas similar to those he now formally undertakes." Reedy was unable to restrain himself from joining in the mirth.

It is all part of Lyndon Johnson's method. The lid is on. It will be raised from time to time by the President himself, it would seem, but rarely, if ever, by any lesser personage. And in the case of the President it is always hard to tell whether he is lifting the lid or merely playing with it. For example, at a press conference on his ranch a couple of weeks ago he said he was by no means sure that it would be possible to submit a budget of less than a hundred billion dollars for the coming fiscal year. If Dwight Eisenhower or John Kennedy had said this, correspondents would have taken it as tantamount to an announcement that he would request more than a hundred billion, and this may be what the President was trying to convey. On the other hand, many people who know him rather well were ready to bet that he would present a budget of under a hundred billion. He is a man who likes to say that the brook is far too broad for leaping, and then leap it. They recalled that he said last year he didn't see how he could trim his requests below a hundred and three billion dollars, and then presented to the Congress a budget calling for expenditures of only ninety-eight billion. If a man can define the miraculous as something he knows to be within his capabilities, he can perform miracles every day. Johnson's sleight of hand with the budget for the current fiscal year is thought to have helped greatly in persuading businessmen to subscribe to his "consensus."

Not only is the President running his own show, as Presidents are expected to do; he *is* his own show. This is all well and good, but the President cannot be onstage every minute. The Presidency, as Johnson's predecessor demonstrated, need not be a one-man act. The Kennedy administration was interesting not only because the star was interesting but because he surrounded himself with a first-rate supporting cast. From the look of things at the moment, the White House during the next few years is likely to resemble the Eisenhower White House more than the Kennedy White House. During the Eisenhower years, the place—except in moments of crisis—seemed lifeless, not worth a visit except by those whom the lessee himself would receive. (For this, it was necessary to be a soft-drink tycoon, a successful football coach, or a newspaper publisher.) This was less because the President


In the world of Crystal...
the greatest names are French.
"SOLIFLOR DRU
7 INCHES, BOXED"
Daum
WEST COAST : AT I. MAGNIN'S
EAST COAST : IN THE BEST STORES
WRITE FOR BROCHURE : DAUM, 32 RUE DE PARADIS, PARIS

This business of "getting what you pay for" certainly holds for liqueurs. Take Crème de Menthe, for example.

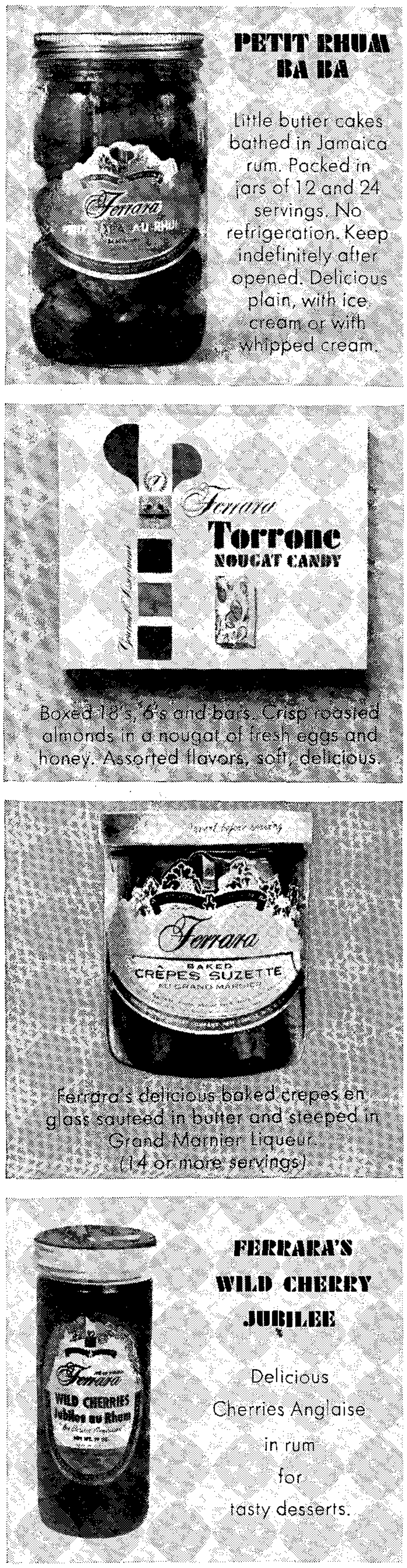
Is it true that some are better than others? Of course it is, and the better ones cost more...for good reasons. Nowhere in the world does mint grow as flavorful and fragrant as in France and the United Kingdom. So the best Crème de Menthe must be produced from these leaves, and they must be plucked at their peak and processed immediately to preserve their full flavor.

Mint leaves, tender and fragrant, are vital to a superb Crème de Menthe. But that's not all. The liqueur must be bottled as soon as possible after it is made. For this is one sure way to capture its flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Crème de Menthe—and 18 other delicious flavors—all made and bottled in France.

"Yes, I Know... Marie Brizard"

Sole U.S. Distributors
Schieffelin & Co., New York

Crème de Menthe 60 Proof



PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.

Ferrara Torrone NOUGAT CANDY

Boxed 18's, 6's and bars. Crisp roasted almonds in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.

Ferrara's delicious baked crepes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)

FERRARA'S WILD CHERRY JUBILEE

Delicious Cherries Anglaise in rum for tasty desserts.

Try our Panettone (Italian Coffee Cake), Panforte Siena style, Marron au rhum, Imported Apricots and Figs in cordials and Rum Nesselrode.
WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

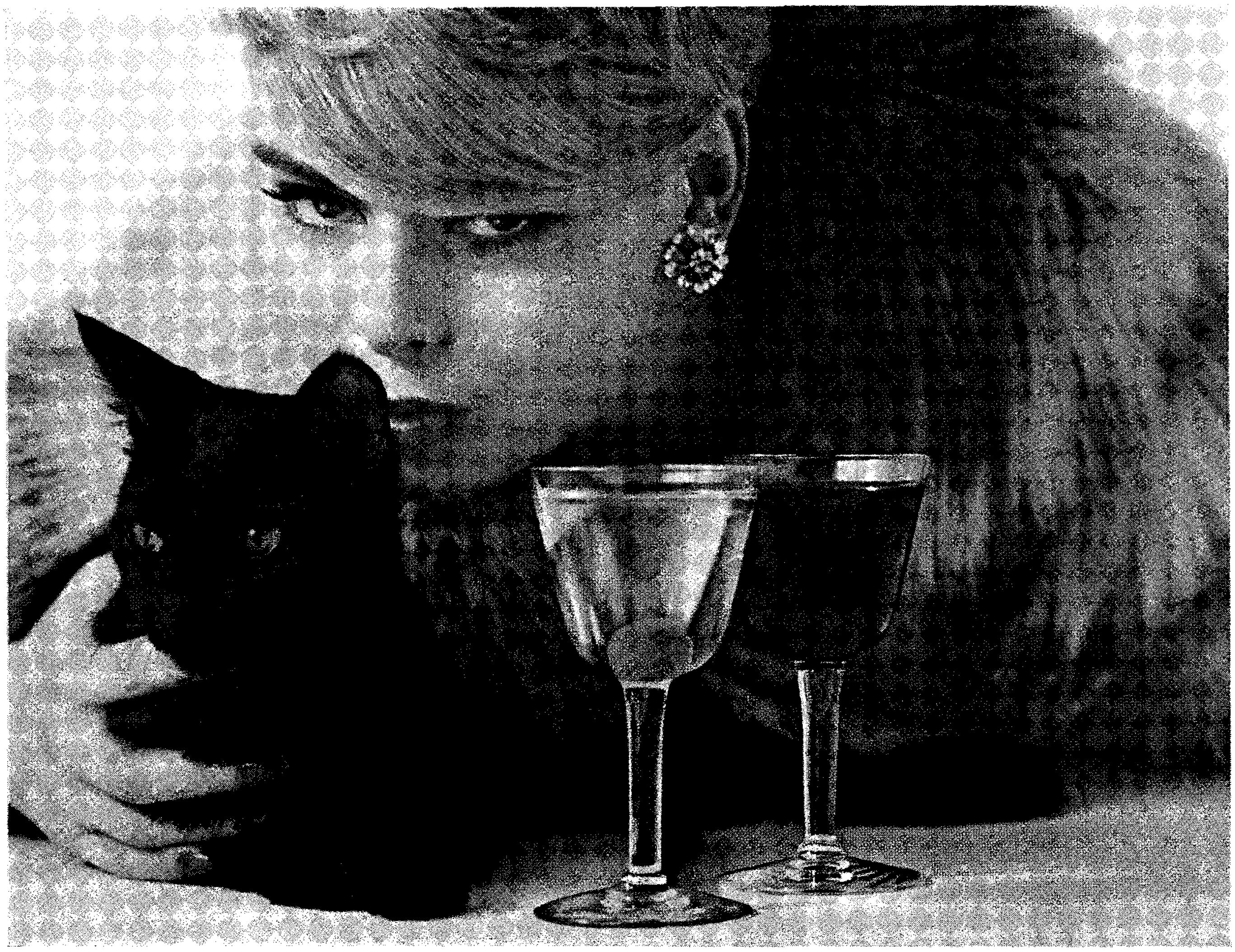
Ferrara
ESTABLISHED 1892
PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL
COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

ordered his assistants to keep their mouths shut—though on occasion he did exactly that—than because not much was going on. In the Kennedy years, there was plenty going on, and the White House was a very lively place because the President saw some value, political and otherwise, in promoting interest, encouraging speculation, and even provoking controversy over his own schemes. There is probably more astir in Johnson's White House than there was in Kennedy's. Kennedy dreamed of a Great Society—or, at any rate, of a good civilization—but he wasn't quite up to describing it, and he didn't think that a man who had beaten Richard Nixon by a hundred and thirteen thousand votes could do more than get to its frontier. But his headquarters was a noisy, vibrant place, while Johnson's is, at the moment, one from which nothing but silence issues except when the President himself speaks. When he is silent, so is most of the government that he heads.

It is not altogether clear why President Johnson wishes it to be this way. His infrequent explanations have explained rather little. He has said, for instance, that he thinks it unwise to reveal the names of his advisers outside the government because they, in turn, would be bothered by people eager to advise *them*. He has said, too, that he thinks anonymity is conducive to objectivity. All that he knows of anonymity could easily be inscribed on the head of a pin. It is a condition of which he has had absolutely no first-hand experience, and unless the people advising him differ greatly from the majority of their predecessors, it is a condition they are not likely to appreciate. It seems probable that they would put up with unsolicited advice from others (they might even be happy to receive it) in exchange for having it known that they were laying some bricks and spreading some mortar for the Great Society. It has been said that the President is the Alfred Hitchcock of politics—that he is a master of suspense, and that suspense is an essential element of the Johnson style. If details of his program leaked out from time to time, the suspense would be lost, and there would be little interest in his Inaugural Address, his State of the Union Message, and his budget. The idea is to keep it all behind a curtain, which he will pull open next year, revealing splendid vistas not piecemeal but in their gorgeous entirety. His apologists recall that he succeeded in creating interest in what would otherwise have been a spiritless ceremony at Atlantic City last August by declining to make known his Vice-Presidential choice until the Convention had only a few hours to run and then putting Hubert Humphrey's name in nomination himself. It is one thing, though, to make a cliff-hanger out of what appears to be a contest between ambitious men, and quite another to make one out of an item in a budget. (It is also easier to have an opinion about whether Senator Humphrey, of Minnesota, or Senator Dodd, of Connecticut, would make an acceptable Vice-President than it is to know how much money is required to find an acceptable solution to the problem of high-school dropouts.) In any case, a President who is as secretive as this one over matters of public policy denies himself and his programs the advantages—and they are thought by many politicians to be numerous—of widespread public discussion, examination, and criticism. And it would seem difficult to arouse much interest in programs that the public can only approve or disapprove. Johnson may have found a way of getting to the Great Society, but it is also a way of making the political process as tiresome a spectacle for onlookers as a friendly game of catch.

It is possible, of course, that the President will change his ways after he gets settled in a bit more. He has always played his cards close to his chest, but then he has always, in the past, been in a poker game of one sort or another. Now, except when outsiders like Harold Wilson and Andrei Gromyko stop by, he sits alone at the table, with no one to bluff, no one to outsmart, no one betting against him. In his present situation, the rewards of foxiness are few. He has only his "mandate" to interpret, and it is natural enough that he should wish to interpret it himself. "The people have spoken," someone remarked after the election of 1936, "and in the fullness of time Franklin Roosevelt will tell us what they have said." In a fairly short time, Johnson will do the same. He will explain what the "consensus" is that more than sixty per cent of Americans subscribe to, and then, perhaps, he may come to feel a need for generating some interest in the means by which he will lead us to our noble ends. But right now, more than a month after the electorate decided to move ahead to the Great Society, about the only really definitive word we have had from the leader is that he proposes to begin the journey on January 20th in a plain

For cocktails that purr...the gentle touch
of Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth.
Extra Dry for silken smooth Martinis,
Sweet for superb Manhattans. This serene Vermouth
is the nation's favorite—naturally!

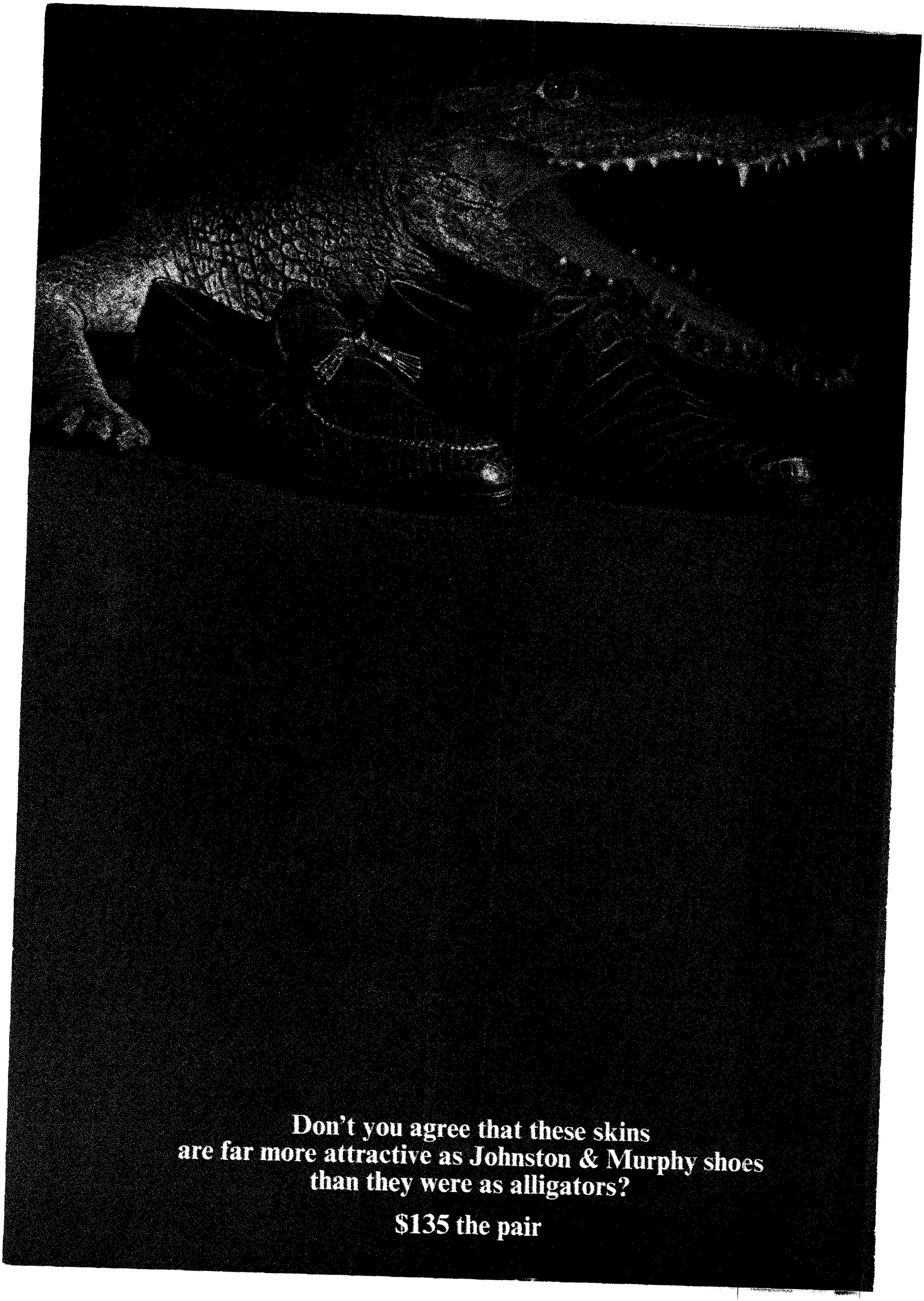


RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI
MARTINI
MARTINI & ROSSI

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH


Don't you agree that these skins
are far more attractive as Johnston & Murphy shoes
than they were as alligators?
$135 the pair

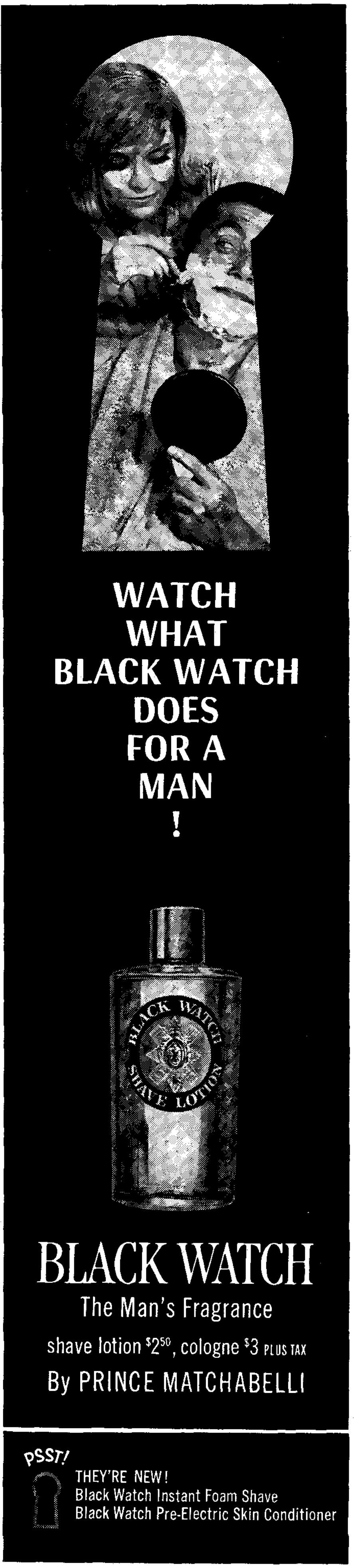
Johnston & Murphy Alligator Shoes featured at these fine stores:

Alabama, *Birmingham,* J. Blach & Sons
Arizona, *Phoenix,* Hanny's
Tucson, Mills-Touche
Arkansas, *Little Rock,* Bauman's
California, *Beverly Hills,* The London Shop
Bixby Knolls, De Santis
Burbank, Lyon's
Burlingame, Robert W. Gates
Canoga Park, Stuart McDonald
Carmel, Derek Rayne
Chula Vista, Raya's
Indio, Bob Williams
Inglewood, Mort Kamins
La Jolla, Stuard's
Long Beach, Buffum's
Los Angeles, Desmond's
Los Angeles, Innes Shoe Co.
Sacramento, Bonney & Gordon
San Francisco, Sommer & Kaufmann
San Jose, Bert Schroeder
Southern Calif., Desmond's
Stockton, The Oxford Shop
Studio City, Studio Boot Shop
Van Nuys, Marv Miller
Colorado, *Denver,* Neusteter's
District of Columbia, *Washington,* Snyder & Little
Florida, *Ft. Lauderdale,* Whitehouse & Hardy
Miami Beach, Cuzzen's-Fontainebleau
Hawaii, *Honolulu,* Andrade & Co.
Illinois, *Chicago,* Capper & Capper
Chicago, J&M Shop
Chicago, M. L. Rothschild
Maryland, *Baltimore,* Hess Shoes
Massachusetts, *Boston,* J. L. Esart
Boston, Louis
Lawrence, The Gentry Shop
Michigan, *Birmingham,* Jacobson's
Dearborn, Jacobson's
Detroit, Capper & Capper
Detroit, Whitehouse & Hardy
Jackson, Jacobson's
Mississippi, *Jackson,* Gus Mayer
Missouri, *Kansas City,* Woolf Bros.
Montana, *Great Falls,* Kaufman's
Nevada, *Las Vegas,* Christensen's
Las Vegas, Jackman's
Las Vegas, Frank Richard's
Las Vegas, Stuard's-Sahara
Reno, Menard's
New Jersey, *Short Hills,* Whitehouse & Hardy
New York, *Brooklyn,* Field Brothers
Buffalo, Peller & Mure
New York, Kolmer-Marcus
New York, F. R. Tripler
New York, Whitehouse & Hardy
Ohio, *Cleveland,* Steven's
Oklahoma, *Tulsa,* Woolf Bros.
Oregon, *Portland,* The Clothes Horse
Pennsylvania, *Philadelphia,* Morville Clothes Co.
Tennessee, *Memphis,* Phil A. Halle
Texas, *Amarillo,* Harry Holland
Dallas, Dreyfuss & Son
Fort Worth, John L. Ashe
Laredo, Joe Brand
San Antonio, Hutchins Bros.
Utah, *Ogden,* Buehler-Bingham
Salt Lake City, Maurice Anderson
West Virginia, *Charleston,* Schwabe-May

business suit and that he will change, the first night out, into a dinner jacket.

SENATOR GOLDWATER and Chairman Burch have returned from New York, where the Senator attended a "summit meeting" with General Eisenhower and Richard Nixon while the Chairman sat on one of the lower slopes awaiting his patron's descent. The feeling here is that the days of both Goldwater and Burch in national politics are numbered, and it appears that Burch can no longer count on much support even from Goldwater. Eisenhower and Nixon made it plain—simply by excluding Burch from the discussion—that they did not regard him as an important person to talk with while discussing the future of Republican politics. In their comments after the meeting, they made it plain that they told the defeated candidate that the Party could not be run by the leaders of a single faction. Goldwater emerged saying that he agreed with the two other summiteers and that he thought everyone should "give a bit." All that he has to give at the moment is Burch, for whom he offered, in his brief public statement, no defense. In the six weeks that remain before the Republican National Committee meets in Chicago, Goldwater will no doubt make some effort to persuade committee members to vote for Burch's retention, but he will do it with the knowledge that it is a matter of slight political importance. As Nixon said a few days after last month's election, if Burch should manage to hang on to the chairmanship he would quickly discover that what he headed was "an organizational chart, not an army." The troops would be withdrawn from his command, and supplies would be cut off by state parties throughout most of the country.

Burch will be either dismissed or kept in an isolation ward. Goldwater will receive no harsh treatment. For a time, indeed, he is likely to find himself more frequently consulted and cultivated than he has ever been before, for he is one of the few Republicans around with a following. It is small, it is wild, it is endlessly troublesome, but it is nevertheless a collection of bodies—some of them quite rich, nearly all of them willing, and each of them with a vote. The Republicans cannot afford to lose them, though it is not altogether certain that they will be able to keep them. An outright repudiation of Goldwater at this stage would almost certainly make the rebuilding of the Party a hopeless proposition. At the same time, it is hard to see how Goldwater can



WATCH WHAT BLACK WATCH DOES FOR A MAN !

BLACK WATCH
The Man's Fragrance
shave lotion $2^{50}, cologne $3 PLUS TAX
By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

PSST!
THEY'RE NEW!
Black Watch Instant Foam Shave
Black Watch Pre-Electric Skin Conditioner

J. N. MILLER
G. T. EICHORN
HANDMADE
STERLING

Traditional in every way—hand hammered today, as in centuries past by craftsmen, knowledgeable in the Art of the Silversmith. PROUDLY DISPLAYED BY QUALITY RETAILERS AND GRATEFUL RECIPIENTS—bowl diameters 4½" and 6" respectively—$140 each.

Available at: America House, New York City, and Goldwaters, Phoenix, Arizona.

J. N. Miller • G. T. Eichorn • Silversmiths
The Island • Wisconsin Rapids • Wisconsin

The serious skier's lip pomade

with Sun Screen

Kristi prevents dry, chapped lips even in penetrating winds and sun. Creamy, soothing emollients, a special sun screen, protect, moisturize. Won't cake or clot with lipstick. No serious skier would be without it. At smart shops.

BONNE BELL, INC.
Dept. Kn
Cleveland, Ohio 44107
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
Enclosed is **$1.00** for each KRISTI stick.

5 LIFTS • NO WAITING
at
Skimobile
SKIMOBILE
MT. CRANMORE • No. CONWAY, N.H.
Hannes Schneider Ski School • Carroll Reed Rentals
Eating House Restaurant • Write for Folder N

continue to lead, or speak for, his rightist faction. He built his reputation and his power largely through his services as chairman of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee. Now he will not even be a senator. And while his personal following may have grown somewhat in the course of the last year, not only he but most of his allies lost their positions of power last month. There will be very few Goldwater followers in public office during the next few years, and even some of them show signs of wanting to keep the Senator at arm's length. (Senator-elect George Murphy, the soft-shoe dancer who defeated Senator Pierre Salinger in California, was a rabid Goldwaterite who went through the campaign speaking as if he had no particular interest in who became President.) A decline in power is always accompanied by a decline in publicity, which is an important element of power. Before long, the kind of attention that Goldwater will be getting from the press and television will be in the where-are-they-now spirit. If he were really the kind of militant that many people, admirers as well as detractors, suppose him to be, he might send out enough thunder from Arizona to keep his name before the public and his leadership strong within the Party. But there has never been much evidence that he is a true militant. He is an indefatigable hobbyist, who, even when he was campaigning, would take time off from the struggle to fiddle with his short-wave equipment. One common complaint about his campaign was that he put less energy into the work than any other man who has sought the Presidency in recent years. In the midst of it all he told an interviewer, "I have no desire to get back into politics if I don't make it this time. . . . I'll just go home and sort of settle down in my house and do some writing and some reading and studying. You know, I never finished college. I had one year at the University of Arizona, and then I dropped out, and I've often thought I'd like to go back and finish." He could presumably enter as a sophomore. It seems improbable that he will. It seems more improbable that he will succeed where so many defeated candidates before him have failed—in staying around very long in national politics.

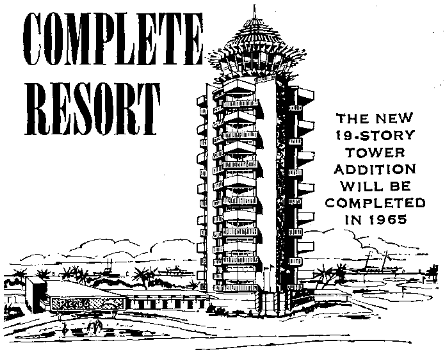
—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

About 2737 B.C., the Chinese Emperch of India can travel long distances over land and, on occasions, pharmacy.—*Port Chester* (*N.Y.*) *Daily Item.*

It was 2736, to be exact.

PIER 66
FORT LAUDERDALE'S COMPLETE RESORT


THE NEW 19-STORY TOWER ADDITION WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1965

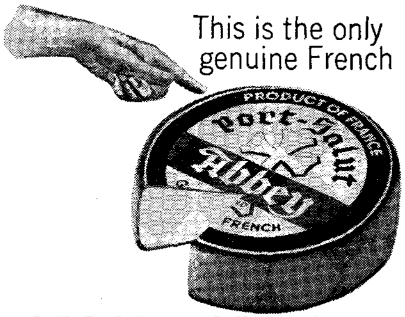
Why skimp on a Fort Lauderdale holiday when you can command 22 acres of resort facilities at Pier 66 and pay no more?

Live in luxurious rooms or suites overlooking blue water and green fairways. Golf on our 9-hole par 3 course. Go boating or deep-sea fishing directly from our yacht basin.

Enjoy fine foods in three distinctive restaurants or in our waterfront supper club. Five attractive lounges. Nightly entertainment. Two swim pools.

Sound like fun? You'll know it is when you see our exciting brochure with full details. Send for your copy now; plan an early visit.

PIER 66 — DEPT. NY-1
INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY AT 17th ST. CAUSEWAY
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33316



ABBEY PORT SALUT
One of the world's great cheeses.
At fine cheese counters.

The EMPRESS
Authentic
CHINESE CUISINE
Free Parking after 6:30
710 THIRD AVE. (bet. 44-45 Sts.) YU 6-5995
Diners & Am. Express

Sad Sam
$4.95
Floppy and lovable, a child's cuddly companion. One of many soft toys. Top quality. Reasonably priced. Send for free catalog.
Size 17"
Guaranteed
No C.O.D.
BOX 297
Toy Parade Sandy Springs, Ga.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Christmas Treats

THERE was a time when the appropriate form of Christmas entertainment for children was considered to be the reading of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." But Scrooge & Co. are now a thing of the past, having been replaced by Gian Carlo Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," and, for people in the metropolitan area, by the New York City Ballet's annual performances of Tchaikovsky's "The Nutcracker." "The Nutcracker" reappeared last Friday afternoon and evening at the State Theatre, in Lincoln Center, and it will remain there throughout the holidays. It is not my favorite ballet, but for children, and some grownups, it is unquestionably a thrilling spectacle. The scenery for the first half is an enlarged replica of the set that had become traditional at the City Center, and the set for the divertissements of the second half is a new and charming affair by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, depicting an extravagant never-never land of ice cream, candy, and pastry. The small fry from the company's ballet school had their place in the spotlight, along with six-foot mice, dancing peppermint sticks, and other attractions. The audience at the evening performance, which I attended, seemed to be having a high old time.

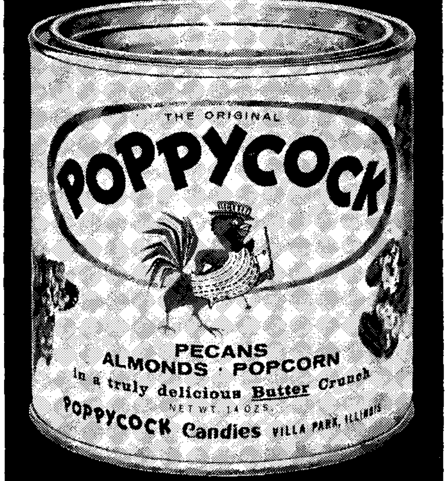
I was saddened to see, by the next morning's papers, however, that Lincoln Kirstein, the company's founder and impresario, had felt obliged to add to the current dustup at Lincoln Center by announcing that his company was withdrawing from the State Theatre and would go back to the City Center. I am unfamiliar with the deeper issues of the controversy that now besets our Acropolis of the performing arts, but even as an outsider I find myself gravely disturbed. I was led to believe, some time ago, that the State Theatre was being built primarily to serve as the home for two organizations that are vital to the cultural health of the city—the New York City Ballet and the New York City Opera. The latter has not appeared in the theatre, because it aims to keep its box-office prices low and to preserve its independence. Now the former is to leave. The situation, if not remedied, is sure to be tragic for Lincoln Center—if one regards Lincoln Center as a true focus of artistic endeavor. It would certainly be ironic if the ugly old City Center of Music and Drama remained the principal arena for our most courageous musico-dramatic undertakings while the State Theatre became a place mainly devoted to revivals of successful musical shows by Richard Rodgers, who is the director of its musical theatre. Not that I have anything against Mr. Rodgers' musical shows. The point is that he has plenty of other theatres to produce them in. Moreover, I think that both Mr. Rodgers and William Schuman, Lincoln Center's president, are involved in a certain amount of conflict of interest (quite a number of Schuman works get performed there). I am reminded of the exemplary behavior of Gian Carlo Menotti when he founded the Spoleto Festival. Mr. Menotti simply decreed that none of his compositions was ever to be performed at his festival—a decree that has always struck me as eminently proper.

ONE of the great events of the season took place in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday evening, when the outstanding soprano Astrid Varnay returned to New York, after an absence of eight years, to sing the principal role in Richard Strauss's "Elektra" with the New York Philharmonic, under William Steinberg. Miss Varnay, whom I remember as a singer with some wobbles and other vocal troubles, seems to have recovered the accurate use of her voice and to have gone even further. Her interpretation of Strauss's most tempestuous role was breathtaking in its intensity, and it was accomplished without shouting. Her large voice was quite adequate to the maximum demands of the part, and was used with instinctive musicality and beautiful tone throughout the performance. She was backed up by an ideal cast, in which, of course, the next most prominent figure was Klytemnestra, and the Klytemnestra was the inimitable Regina Resnik. Miss Resnik manages to introduce a note of grim theatricality even into a concert performance of this work. She appeared in a black-and-scarlet cloak and artificial-looking blond wig that were exactly right for a modern-dress version of this debauched, guilt-ridden character, and she was as fine a Klytemnestra as I can remem-

Trim your tree with Poppycock

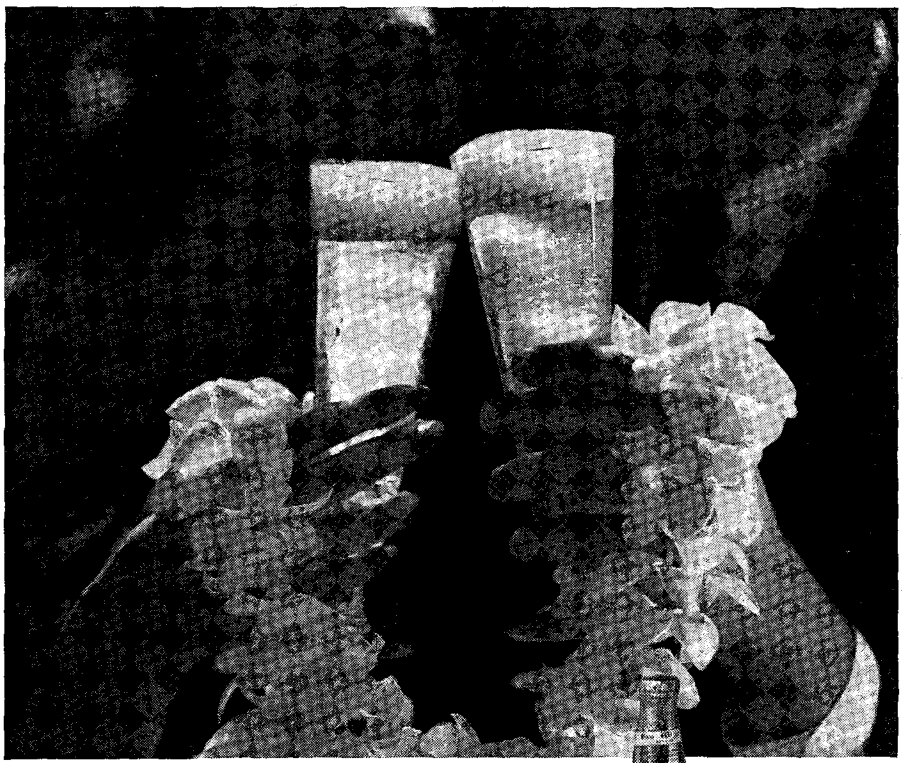
(the millionaire's popcorn)

for only $92.00


THE ORIGINAL
POPPYCOCK
PECANS
ALMONDS · POPCORN
in a truly delicious Butter Crunch
NET WT. 14 OZS.
POPPYCOCK Candies VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS

Poppycock, as every millionaire knows, is the most sumptuous thing that has ever happened to popcorn. We mix it with many times its weight in toasted pecans and almonds. Then gather it all together in a carmelized crunch into which tubs of creamery butter have been stirred, ever so gently, so as not to bruise the nutmeats. Poppycock is priced at $2 a can. Forty-six cans for $92 should trim a medium-size tree quite nicely. Or you can get two cans of this golden confection in a charming Christmas carol wrap, and gift a friend deliciously for $4. Sold mostly in fancier food and department stores.

POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.



San Miguel

World's finest beer?

Try it...and discover why San Miguel is Number 1 across the Pacific and a favorite of connoisseurs the world over.

SILVER CHEST

from our collection of dining room furniture

Created in elegant simplicity . . . designed for functional performance . . . a strikingly handsome, fitted chest that holds up to 600 pieces of your treasured table silver with ease. Crafted in luxurious, mellow inlaid mahogany; with tarnish resistant lining throughout. Inspired by an 18th Century collectors cabinet. Width 21", Depth 15½", Height 39¾". **$169**

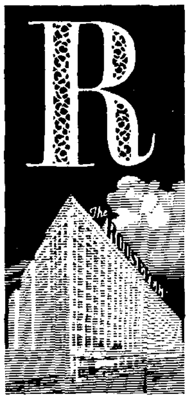
Mail Orders Shipped F.O.B.
New York City. Add $10 crating
charge beyond normal delivery area.

Lloyds enjoys a unique reputation for being the best "first stop" in town. Amid the huge and ever-changing stock of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and unusual collectors pieces, you'll see the things that reflect your own sense of good taste and value . . . the items that belong in your own home. Stop in just to browse if you wish. You'll agree that there's no other shop like Lloyds.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00

LLOYDS

116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313



Seasoned travelers say:
In New Orleans choose
THE ROOSEVELT

Why? More than $3,000,000 has been spent in the past two years to refurnish and redecorate this world famous hotel. Here is every concept of modern comfort plus the spacious rooms and gracious charm of the Old South. 100% air-conditioned. Five dining rooms, superb cuisine, free garage, family plan rates. Convenient to everything. For reservations, contact:

The ROOSEVELT HOTEL
New Orleans, La. 70140
Phone 529-7111

Seymour Weiss, Pres. & Mgn. Dir.
A. C. Bellande, Mgr.

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

A mountain retreat just a pleasant ride away. Superb food. Modest price. Japanese decor. Dick Handle at the piano nightly. **The Restaurant on the Mountain.** Suffern, N.Y. Exit 15 N.Y. Thruway. Call 914 EL 7-1500.

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.

Le Bijou

168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338

Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

ber. Phyllis Curtin was perfect as the timid sister, Chrysothemis; Walter Cassel made an admirably heroic Orestes; Arturo Sergi sang his bit as Aegisthus dramatically; and all the lesser roles were done as well as could be desired. My one reservation concerned Mr. Steinberg's conducting, which produced a metronomic and not very imaginative reading of the score. However, it was good to hear the massive Strauss orchestration again in the hands of a large and first-rate ensemble.

TO me, the most interesting thing about the Metropolitan Opera's revival of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra" on Wednesday evening of last week was the singing of the young American tenor George Shirley in the role of Gabriele Adorno. This was Mr. Shirley's first crack at one of the big Verdi *tenore-robusto* roles (he has previously appeared in lighter parts), and he did it magnificently, filling the auditorium with big, brassy, and expressive tone, and acting with authority and a noble stage presence. I hope that he is not pushing himself too fast. There is always the danger of overstrain on a fine lyric voice that is placed prematurely in heavy dramatic territory. But Mr. Shirley showed no signs of strain the other night. In fact, I got the impression that here, at last, was a tenor who might someday aspire to the supreme place still occupied by Richard Tucker. The remainder of the production, though uneven here and there, was not to be disparaged. Renata Tebaldi, as Amelia, hit a few top notes very harshly during the earlier part of the evening, and they were not only harsh but flat. She redeemed herself, however, as the evening continued, and did some fine singing, especially in the middle register. Simon is one of Anselmo Colzani's most effective roles, and he sang and acted it with real Mediterranean vigor. Giorgio Tozzi made a splendid Fiesco; William Walker, a last-minute replacement for Justino Diaz as Paolo, did about as well as could be expected with little rehearsal; and Fausto Cleva conducted a smooth performance of this dramatically baffling and musically patched but nevertheless towering opera. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

●

Only a few hours after our group of editors left an old DC-3 type plane in the central Asian area of Samarkand, clutching rosary beads and saying Methodist prayers because of a misbehaving right engine, it fell in the wilderness near Tashkent.—*Eugene (Ore.) Register Guard.*

Its prayers unanswered.

BOOKS

How How It Is Was

HOW it is I quote and unquote by Samuel Beckett published by Grove Press translated from the French by the author Samuel Beckett

in French how it is is comment c'est which is a pun id est commencez which means begin in English no pun simply how it is otherwise not much probably lost in translation

begin beginning not so easy book is written how it is I quote unquote in words like this unpunctuated clumps of words with spaces white between the I guess you'd call them paragraphs I write it as I read it

word clumps no punctuation commas no periods colons no semi colons none of them ampersands and asterisks not one but now and then in caps I said in ARE YOU LISTENING capitals to make it quite clear CAPITALS and there it is how how it is is written technically considered

aesthetically considered

something wrong here

aesthetically considered quote how it is unquote can hardly be considered as it is deliberately antiaesthetic like graphic art of Dubuffet like plastic art of Giacometti whose figures cosmic vastness whittles to such a painful smallness

style if style it is perhaps conveys effect of panting more or less for hero who is crawling face down in the mud and dragging sack of jute containing cans of food also something incantatory also makes of language something viscous which images push through with effort awful effort blue sky there was one blue did you see it sky

plot faceless nameless hero crawling through the mud as mentioned dragging sack of cans as mentioned can opener not mentioned there is one nameless hero murmuring in the mud and dark alone

when something other in the dark and mud called Pim the name is PIM comes lies beside or under difficult to gather precisely which and suffers being stabbed in many places inducing speech or yells when stabbed with the can opener just mentioned

then departs or fades or sinks or was entirely imagined by hero faceless nameless who retrospectively divides his crawl through mud into three stages before Pim with Pim after Pim and that is plot of how it is

delightfully retold and thank you

welcome surely clearly hero faceless voice is us mankind you me brother and mud the earth or hell or both and sack the body dragged along and Pim is Christ name in Greek begins chi rho iota looks XPI take away X add M which is Sam SAM Beckett's favorite letter and you have PIM whose name is also BOM to come the second coming of PIM is BOM mob spelled backwards also bomb also KRIM a scribe a tribe of scribes to follow PIM must be the Christian church apostles popes so that before Pim with Pim after Pim is human history how it is demarcated Christianly surely not sure not clear you're welcome

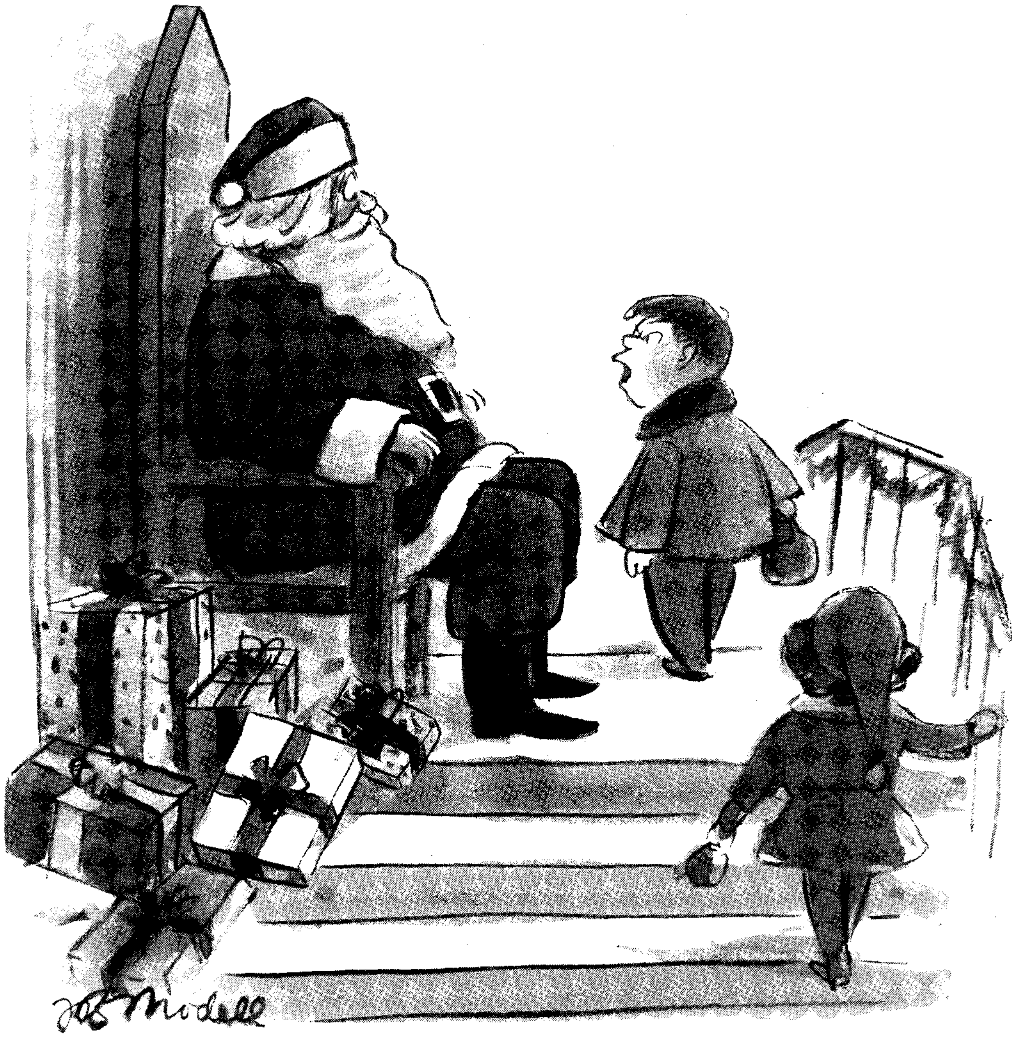
hero everyman not only Christianly but biologically for as with elementary organisms mouth and cloaca are confused and tongue and genitalia and mud and merde and words the same somehow the panting wriggling struggle evokes the fish who out of water gasped to breathe evolving manwards

incarnation felt as animal encounter analogy a worm encounters a pebble nibbles then must crawl around it

Pim and hero cruelly copulate with graphic inexpertness a blasphemous analogy with buggery that Beckett LOUDLY underlines also analogy with any love affair I quote there wherewith to beguile a moment of this vast season end of quote

the period after Pim full of numbers analogy with modern science the empty universe proliferates with the explicit mathematicism in which the author so boringly delights OKAY

attempt to take the novel into bowels beneath society and circumstance COMMENDABLE obstinancy in producing novels each one of which is smaller than the one before ADMI-



"And no teaching toys."

THE FIRSTBORN

LAURIE LEE

The author of *The Edge of Day* looks at innocence as he writes disarmingly of his first born child, arrived in the twelfth year of his marriage. His own photographs of mother and child which illustrate this volume have the style and grace of Italian paintings of the High Renaissance.

For Christmas giving — and for all-year-round giving — especially to new or expectant mothers and fathers! Gift-boxed for mailing. At bookstores, $2.00

MORROW

SUKI

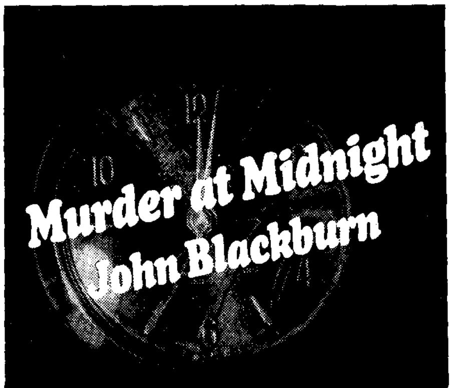
A Little Tiger

Photographed by LAELIA GOEHR

Text by ELSPETH HUXLEY

Only a dyed-in-the-wool animal hater could resist this story of a little tiger who had an unusual upbringing in the London Zoo. *At all bookstores, $3.75*

MORROW



A novel of suspense focussed on the question: How much does any man really know about the woman he marries? $3.50

MILL-MORROW

RABLE with less furniture VERY WORTHY kind of fierce poetry YOU BET out of rancid Platonism WHY NOT but BUT

something wrong here

something undergraduate inert a neoclassicism in which one's early works are taken as the classics a laziness in which young urgencies become old rhetoric hermetic avantgardism unviolated by the outer world the world beyond the skin except the customary almost automatic glimpse of rural maybe Irish bliss which bothers Beckett like a mote of blue sky in his eye

this proud priest perfecting his forlorn ritual

the plays OKAY very the stage an altar anyway the radio plays EVEN BETTER the ear rebuilds the actors foist existence on the words I remember videlicet the wonderful lavender sandals of the messenger boy in a certain production of Godot and his mystical haircut BUT

in how it is where Joyce and Kafka intersect one misses now the one and now the other compare The Burrow compare Nighttown compare The Penal Colony and deplore the relative thinness the sterile stridency

question is the novel no longer a fit vessel for Beckett's noble sorrow and quote comedy of incapacity unquote Hugh Kenner

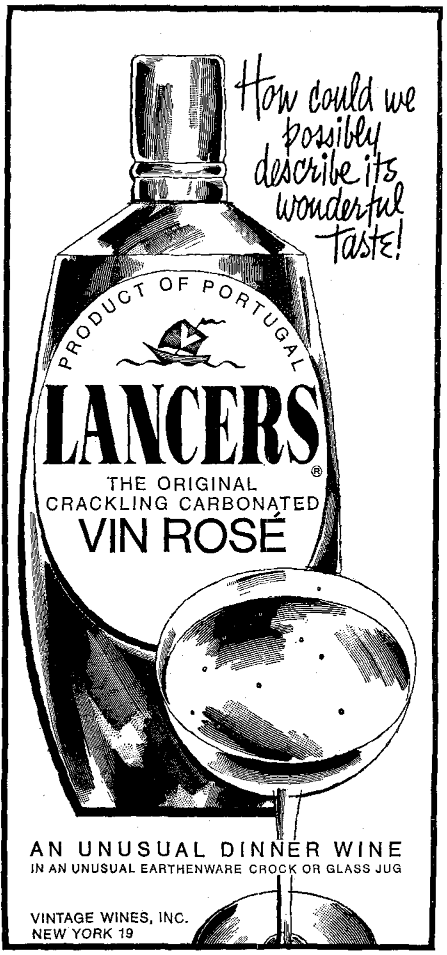
unanswered but good the end of review the END of meditating upon this mud and subprimate sadism NO MORE no more thinking upon it few books have I read I will not reread sooner SORRY but that is how it is

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FLEE SEVEN WAYS, by James Burke (Pantheon). A fast novel—very fast, very funny, and consistently outrageous, like its hero, Harry Sprockett, a brash would-be business tycoon, no longer young, who still holds to his boyhood faith in the immense wealth and power that wait for him and are kept from him by the mean machinations of lesser men, nearsighted men, peasants in the world where he was meant to be a king, or at least a duke. The scene is Canada, and Harry, who has fallen flat on his face more than once, takes the whole of this book to fall very flat on his face again, and again through his own


How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED
VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19

Poetry Handbook

A Dictionary of Terms

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

This revised edition of a classic work by one of America's most successful poets includes material on "beat" poetry and other recent developments. Definitions and discussions are illustrated by the works of more than 150 poets.

"A remarkable combination of scholarship and taste—will be an essential tool for any writer."—Louise Bogan

At all bookstores, **$3.95**

Funk & Wagnalls
360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17

Now that the holiday party season is on, give her

THE seventeen BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND ENTERTAINING

by Enid A. Haupt

At all bookstores • $5.95 • McKAY

fault, because he is so fond of being wily that he forgets to be smart. But he picks himself up with a smile, and you have to admire him—the man that you love to visit (in a book, that is) but that nobody in his senses would want to live with, or even know. This is a rousing first novel, and Mr. Burke is to be congratulated.

THE ITALIAN GIRL, by Iris Murdoch (Viking). An English tale that shows, vaguely, the childhood that has produced a set of unhappy, humorless, grown-up children—the Narraway brothers and their intimates. Edmund Narraway, an engraver, goes home after a long absence to attend his mother's funeral. Over forty, Edmund is a pallid, withdrawn bachelor who is as complacent as can be about himself. He is a vegetarian, he does not drink or smoke, and he keeps himself free of all people, and especially of women. A dull man, he walks into his dead mother's dull house and finds his own disappointment and selfishness reflected in every face there. The household includes his elder brother, Otto, who is a stonemason; Otto's frustrated wife; their daughter Flora, who at sixteen is in possession of a complete set of perfectly formed grudges against the world; the mother's Italian maid, Maggie; and two newcomers—a mad whore named Elsa and her posturing young brother, an apprentice stonemason. These are all very burdensome people, and Miss Murdoch's heavy, tuneless prose does not improve their story.

GENERAL

THE NEW MEANING OF TREASON, by Rebecca West (Viking). Shortly after the Second World War, Miss West began to write the stories of Britons who had betrayed their country on Germany's behalf. The present volume includes essays on pro-Nazi traitors (some of these appeared in *The New Yorker*), but most of it deals with another crop, whose disloyalty has aided the Soviet Union. This deplorable assortment includes scientists, diplomats, and government employees, along with chip-on-the-shoulder nonentities and others who are hard to classify except as criminal types. The book is written with Miss West's usual clarity, force, and brilliant irony. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

CONGRESSMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI, by Frank E. Smith (Pantheon). Mr.

Will you be Boo Sun's sponsor?

Boo Sun lives with 9 relatives in a one-room hut in an impoverished South Korean village.

All she ever wanted was "to be a teacher, so I could make little children wise."

But education is not free in South Korea. And Boo Sun's parents are desperately poor.

They're also proud. That's why they refuse charity.

But if they had a cow to do the plowing, they could grow enough rice to earn money to send Boo Sun to school.

. . . Will you buy Boo Sun a cow?

Your contribution to Save the Children Federation, though tax-deductible, is not charity. It's used instead for self-help. Children, families, entire communities in Korea, Greece, Lebanon, Tanganyika, Colombia, Italy, and American Indians as well, are aided to stand on their feet through Save the Children self-help funds. As a sponsor, you or your group receive the story and photograph of the child you help to help himself, and the opportunity for person-to-person correspondence.

Won't you fill in the coupon?

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help a ( ) girl ( ) boy in________(countries listed on left) or where the need is greatest ( ).

Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ( ) $37.50 a quarter ( )
$75 semi-annually ( ) $150 annually ( )

I cannot sponsor a child:
enclosed is contribution of $________
Name________
Address________
City________Zip____State____
Contributions are income tax deductible. NY 12-19-4

"A rare blend of compassion and hard-nosed realism . . . intellectually and emotionally shattering."
—CHARLES E. SILBERMAN

A deeply disturbing report on the civil rights crisis

MISSISSIPPI NOTEBOOK

by Nicholas von Hoffman
Photos by Henry Herr Gill
DAVID WHITE
publishers
$4.50

Poppy Cannon's
THE FAST GOURMET COOKBOOK

Found: a way to save busy women *at least* 14 hours per week in the kitchen and still assure her 134 gourmet meals that are out of this world! *The Fast Gourmet Cookbook* contains *hundreds* of fabulous Poppy-tested recipes, *none of which takes over 30 minutes cooking time* . . . plus tips on Instant Elegance to shorten and sweeten entertaining! That's why it's called The *Fast* Gourmet!

AT ALL BOOKSTORES — $4.95
FLEET 230 Park Ave., New York City

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.*)

NAME

ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP code*)

Aspirations

John Maynard Keynes, the English economist, lived a rich, full life—but died wishing he had drunk more champagne.

Most of us miss *some* of the good things of life, of course. Sometimes we just can't help it. But sometimes we can. And when we can, shouldn't we do everything in our power to realize our fondest dreams?

Perhaps you've always wanted to own a Braque or a boat, support an orphan or a cause, see Angkor Wat or Zermatt, collect Sevres or Georgian silver. Or drink more champagne.

Even if your financial resources aren't equal to such enterprises now, perhaps they can be in the future. One way of giving yourself a chance of improving them is to take your surplus cash and put it to work in good common stocks. There's some risk, of course, and profits can't be guaranteed. But as the American economy expands, your resources may grow, too, and bring those dreams within reach.

Our Research Department will help you choose investments based on your aims. Whenever you're ready, simply telephone or write—or come in to see us.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

Smith served in the House of Representatives from 1950 to 1962, when he lost his seat because he could not utter enthusiastic anti-Negro noises—noises that are now almost the entire substance of Mississippi campaigning. Up to the moment of Mr. Smith's arrival in Washington, his book is an amiable, entertaining, sketchy autobiography. From that point on, it gets better and better. His account of being a member of Congress is written with professional skill (he used to be a newspaperman) and with reminiscent, though not regretful, gusto. The experience has never been better explained, and Mr. Smith's report sharply contradicts those political scientists who tell of the impotence of the Lower House and of the nullity of individual members. Mr. Smith doesn't pretend to have wielded great power, but he was by no means ineffectual; he originated and helped shape a considerable number of good laws, and he supported and was supported by such influential figures as Speaker Rayburn and President Kennedy. Much of the book, especially its description of the State of Mississippi, is depressing, but the core of the story—the doings of a useful, likable legislator—is as heartening as it is engaging.

THE USELESS SEX, by Oriana Fallaci, translated from the Italian by Pamela Swinglehurst (Horizon). Miss Fallaci is a young Italian journalist who travelled to Pakistan, India, Malaya, Hong Kong, Japan, Hawaii, and New York in search of a society in which women are happy. Her quest was not fruitful, her research was not diligent, her observations are not intelligent, her style is not witty, her conclusions are not interesting, and her translator is dreadful.

•

As we understand it only female elephants are ever used in circuses or for hauling in the Orient. There are a few male elephants in zoos but most of those are females too.

Correct us if we're mistaken.—*Highland (N.Y.) Mid-Hudson Post.*

Nope. We're staying out of it.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

WADE FAIRCHILD
7 EAST TWELFTH STREET
NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

You'll have to say this for us—we don't give up easily! . . .

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY SHERRY
FINDLATER MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD LONDON

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE

Sole property of and bottled by Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London

U.S. Agent

ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

The key to a wonderful winter holiday is the Dennis in Atlantic City.

NEW MOTEL • INDOOR POOL • GREAT FOOD

On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.

RESERVATIONS:
phone Atlantic City
609-344-8111

New York Tie Line
WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

LE VALOIS

45 EAST 58th ST. • MUrray Hill 8-7630

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER

Also Superb Private Facilities (Parties of 40 or Less)

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

JAMAICA

©JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD

In a land where scrambled eggs grow on trees, money doesn't have to. Come to Jamaica and pick your breakfast right off the limb. Free. (If you're too dignified to climb, the most it can cost you is a shilling tip.)

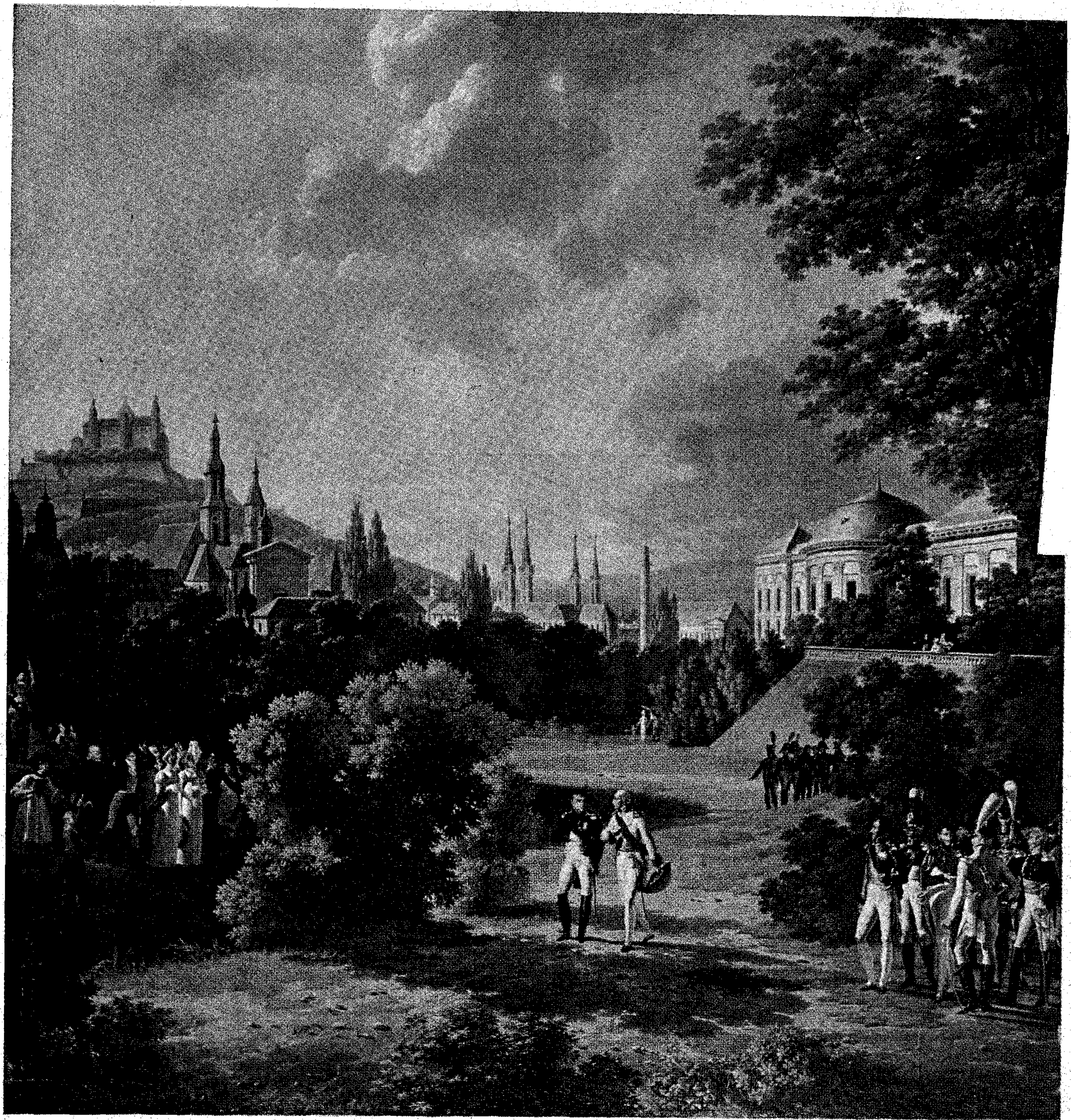
Shinny up a Scrambled Egg Tree (or, ask one of our army of small, semiprofessional tree climbers to do it for you). And get an armload of Jamaica's ubiquitous national vegetable—beautiful, ripe ackee. Remove pod, pulp and seeds—then drop the golden meat right into a pot of boiling water, add salt, and you have a dish that not only *looks* like scrambled eggs, it *tastes* like scrambled eggs. (There are a lot of out-of-work chickens in Jamaica these days.) If you don't happen to have a pot with you, you can always jolly the chef at your hotel into preparing your ackee for you. If he's as imaginative as most Jamaicans are with ackee, you'll end up with something more than just plain scrambled eggs. Perhaps Baked Ackee au Gratin, with parmesan, cheddar, milk, light cream and some real eggs. Or an Ackee Soufflé, served with a rich curry sauce. Or Ackee, Creole Style, with tomato, sweet pepper, bacon and onion. Or Ackee Canapé, sautéed with curry and chopped onion, salt, pepper—and served on hot buttered toast with anchovy. (If you're too hungry to wait for all the fixings, you can nibble on raw ackee, like a carrot.)

Thirsty? Have a glass of Jamaican *no-cow.* Milk from the heart of a sweet coconut. (7¢ each, from your friendly roadside coconut man.)

Need some bread to complete your meal? Find a breadfruit tree. And roast 'til ready. (In some sections of Jamaica, when the breadfruit is ripe and free for the taking, bakeries have to close down for lack of business.)

How about a lobster for dinner? Strap on your aqualung, mask and fins—and flutter down to the bottom of transparent blue-green sea. And pluck a big, fat one right off a rock. No charge, compliments of the Caribbean.

For other compliments of the Caribbean, see your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board, Dept. 6N, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.



Entrevue de Napoléon et du Grand-duc Ferdinand à Wurtzbourg. Détail de la peinture par Hippolyte Lecomte. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon confers with his host at Würzburg, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose niece, Marie-Louise, was destined to become the second Empress of the French in 1810. A few days after this interview, Napoleon attacked Prussia and was completely victorious at Jena and Auerstädt on October 14, 1806.

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

How the splendours of the past are recaptured in the rarest of pleasures today! Courvoisier Cognac, with its matchless flavour and bouquet, reveals itself as *The Brandy of Napoleon*—a part of the *"honneur, gloire et richesse"* that his own words proclaimed. And as we sip it, we discover why Courvoisier has long been the choice of kings and statesmen, of all who can command the finest.

80 Proof
V.S.O.P.
COURVOISIER
The Brandy of Napoleon
FINE CHAMPAGNE
*The Brandy of Napoleon

*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.